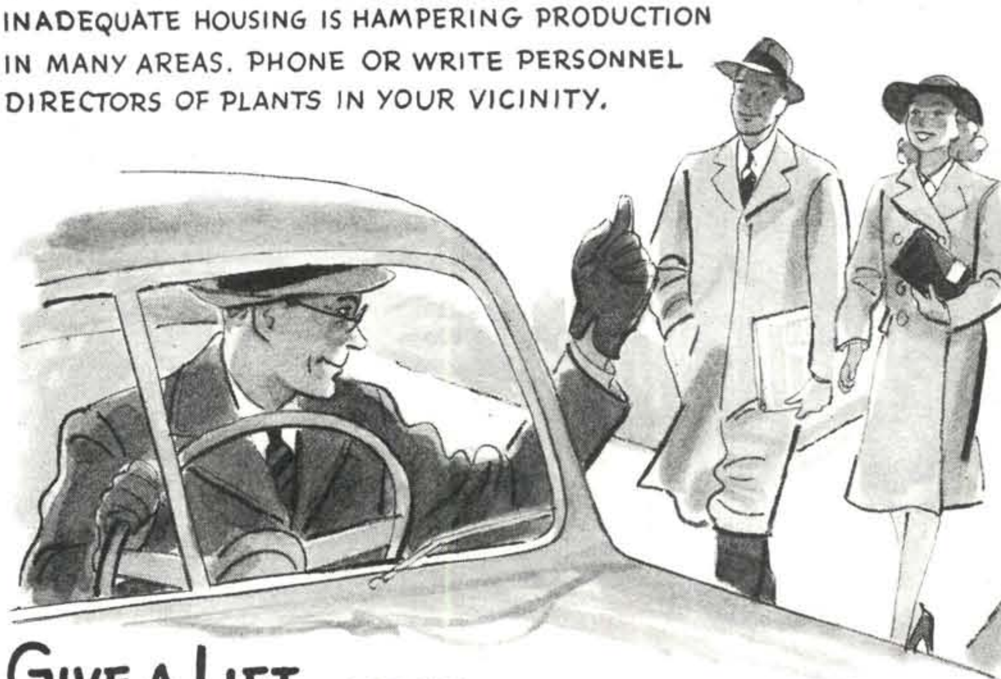
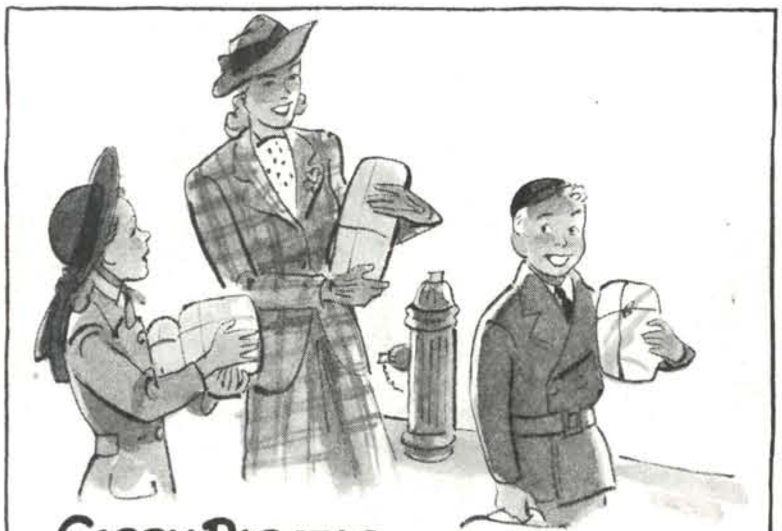
HOW YOU CAN HELP WIN THE WAR!

NOT ALL OF US CAN SHOULDER A GUN OR MAKE A PLANE, BUT ALL OF US CAN DO SOMETHING TO BACK UP THE BOYS AT THE FRONT. BELIEVING THAT EVERYONE, YOUNG AND OLD, IS ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHAT TO DO, THE MENNEN COMPANY VOLUNTARILY SUBORDINATES ITS OWN ADVERTISING TO FURTHER CIVILIAN WAR EFFORTS. HERE ARE A FEW WAYS YOU CAN HELP—

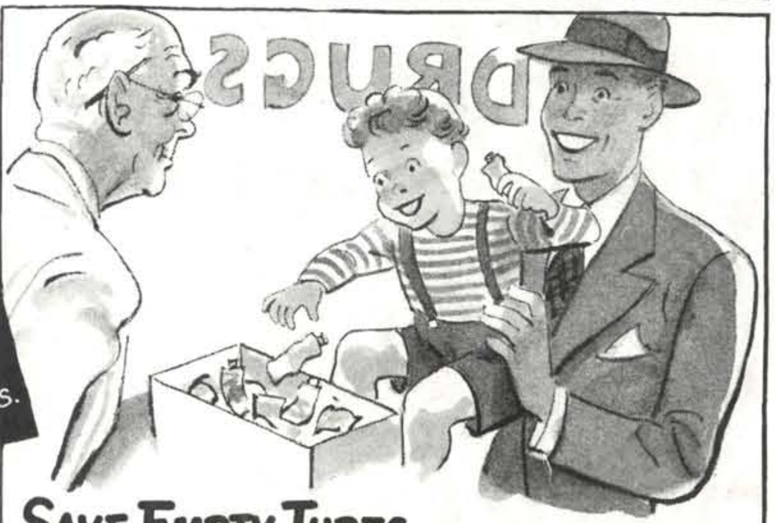
RENT SPARE ROOMS TO WAR WORKERS. INADEQUATE HOUSING IS HAMPERING PRODUCTION IN MANY AREAS. PHONE OR WRITE PERSONNEL DIRECTORS OF PLANTS IN YOUR VICINITY.



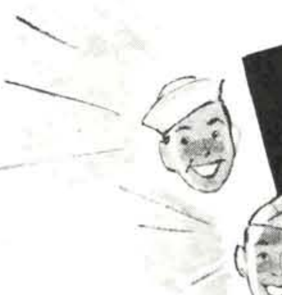


CARRY PARCELS TO SAVE GASOLINE, OIL, TIRES, AND MANPOWER ON DELIVERY TRUCKS — YOU'LL BE HELPING TO DELIVER MORE BOMBS ON THE ENEMY.

GIVE A LIFT TO OTHERS. IT COSTS NO MORE TO CARRY SEVERAL PEOPLE - AND SAVES PRECIOUS TIME AND TIRES. WORK OUT A "SHARE-THE-CAR" PLAN WITH NEIGHBORS AND FELLOW WORKERS.



SAVE EMPTY TUBES FROM SHAVE CREAM, TOOTHPASTE, ETC. THEY HAVE A HIGH CONTENT OF BADLY NEEDED TIN. LEAVE THEM WITH YOUR DRUGGIST WHO WILL FORWARD THEM TO A CENTRAL DEPOT.

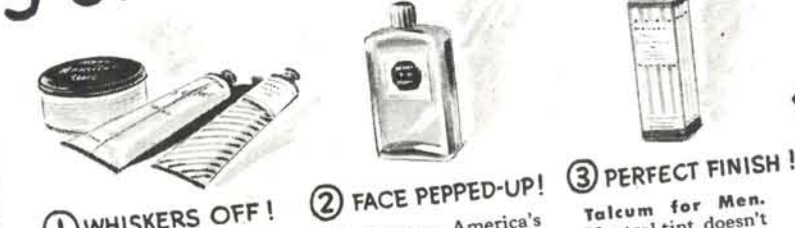


NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR OUR BOYS!

ALL BRANCHES OF THE ARMED SERVICES ARE USING LARGE QUANTITIES OF MENNEN SHAVE PRODUCTS TO MAKE LIFE A LITTLE EASIER FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN. DON'T BLAME YOUR DRUGGIST IF HE HAPPENS TO BE TEMPORARILY OUT OF YOUR FAVORITE MENNEN SHAVE PRODUCTS.

Post this page on bulletin boards of offices, plants, schools, churches, clubs, etc.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE



① **WHISKERS OFF!**

Mennen Brushless. It's the fastest-growing Brushless. In tubes or glass jars.

Lather, plain or Menthol-iced (best-seller of its kind).

② **FACE PEPPED-UP!**

Skin Bracer — America's best-selling shave lotion. Cools, refreshes. Everyone likes its manly odor.

③ **PERFECT FINISH!**

Talcum for Men. Neutral tint, doesn't show. Most popular men's talcum.

The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Toronto

GROW VEGETABLES IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD FOR YOUR FAMILY. START A COMMUNITY-GARDEN MOVEMENT TO MAKE VACANT GROUND PRODUCE. THIS WILL RELEASE FOOD FOR OUR FORCES AND ALLIES.

April 4-1942-

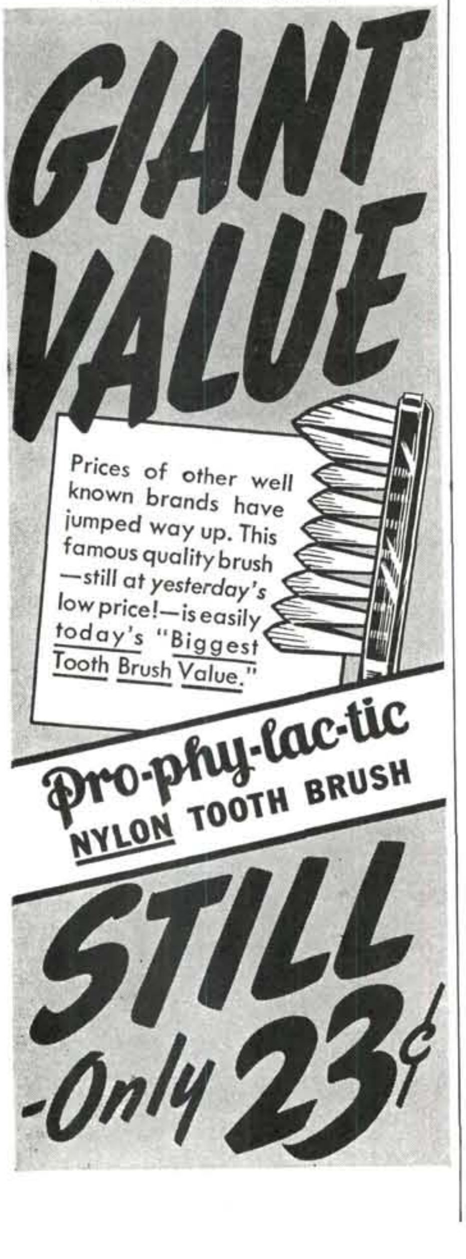
WANT A BETTER SHAVE?
USE ME
WITH A
BETTER
CREAM

DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream *with the same blade you were complaining about!* No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Brushless and Lather

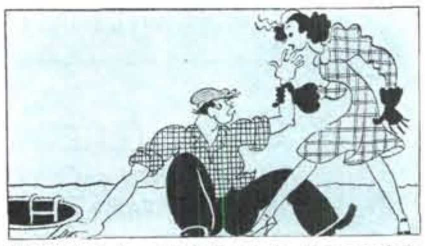

GIANT VALUE
Prices of other well known brands have jumped way up. This famous quality brush—still at yesterday's low price!—is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."
Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
STILL -Only 23¢

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
CLARENCE H. ROY Syntax
W. B. COURTNEY Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

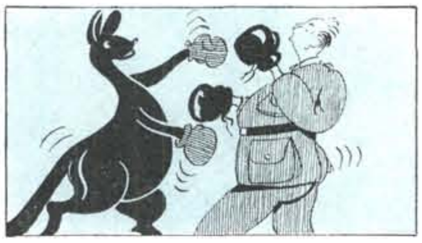
ANY WEEK

THROUGH Mrs. Gail W. Milligan of Victoria de las Tunas, Cuba, we are kept in touch with the activities of Negro society in the British West Indies. In turn Mrs. Milligan is informed by Professor Leonardo Bryan in his excellent column in the Havana Post. This time it has to do with a concert which was "given under the auspices of Moss Mills' Day School, leaving nothing short of what was anticipated despite the inclement weather. Gaiety, rhythm, drama and melody beamed in their supermost splendor intermingling incessantly with laughter and meditation. The musicians deserved much praise and this was not minced . . ." This does not remind us of an invitation we received in Boise, Idaho, from Judge Hooker (Sawtooth) Fingree. The judge was throwing a soiree to celebrate the election of James K. Polk to the Presidency. This honor to Mr. Polk was somewhat belated, the party being given in 1936. But the judge explained that he was celebrating the elections of all our Presidents, one a month, and had started eleven months before: "You are invited with fervency to assist with measured dignity, liquidly and vocally, in celebrating the election of the Honorable James K. Polk, eleventh President of the United States. A collation provided anxiously by the guests will be freely offered. If your presence is not accounted for on the stroke, the brethren will come and procure you."

AND Mr. Jonathan Rollicks of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, knows a lady who has been taking first-aid training against the day when many of us may be very glad that she knows what to do for air-raid victims. Her enthusiasm knew very few bounds. Nobody in all Sewickley, no matter how insignificant his ailment, was quite safe from her. Driving home from a lecture on artificial respiration, she saw a man lying face down on the sidewalk. She leaped from her car and pounced upon the fellow. He came to with flattering alacrity. Rolling away from the manhole he was peering into preparatory to making some repairs below, and tossing his first-aider off, he roared, "Lady, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, attacking a married man in broad daylight."



IT WILL be good news to the readers of this magazine that W. B. Courtney, who quit being one of nature's noblemen to become a war correspondent, has departed for journalistic duties with our armed forces beyond our shores. This means that we don't know just where he will fetch up—only that he is going by sea. We helped inspect his equipment before he left and may say that he has a sufficient variety of gear to match any climate and meet any geographic emergency. We noticed however that Mr. Courtney had a list of last-minute purchases on which was the note, "One set of boxing gloves." When we asked why, Mr. Courtney explained that he might get to Australia and meet a few kangaroos which, he said, were enthusiastic boxers.



SOME TIME ago we published a letter from Corporal Cyril William St. Brave. The corporal asked that American girls write to him. Therefore he sent his address: Tillsbury Service Flats, Hyacinth Gardens, East Fleury, Herts, England. Miss Rosie O'Grady of Riverside, California, wrote to the corporal. Six weeks later the letter returned to Miss O'Grady stamped: Insufficient Address. Miss O'Grady would like to know how much address the British post office wants. "Next time," complains she, "give the English post office something to work on. What's the number of his room? Does he share a bed with someone? Let's be specific. If you can't tell me exactly where this St. Brave gent lives, never mind. Some time ago I was given the name of an American soldier, told to drop him a line. I dropped him four patriotic pages, closely written. His reply almost collided with my letter. This boy was on his toes. I will quote his reply in full: 'Thanks for your letter, baby. What gives with you? Let me know quick. My outfit is moving soon. Be nice and I'll bring you a Jappie to wear on your hat. I mean quick.' "

NO MATTER what they tell you, don't believe too completely that this conflict is wholly different from the first World War. We, for example, have received not fewer than a dozen letters informing us that the war will not last more than six months because So-and-So, who never held a job for more than that, is now in the Army.

(Continued on page 63)

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Collier's

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
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THIS WEEK

APRIL 4, 1942

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●

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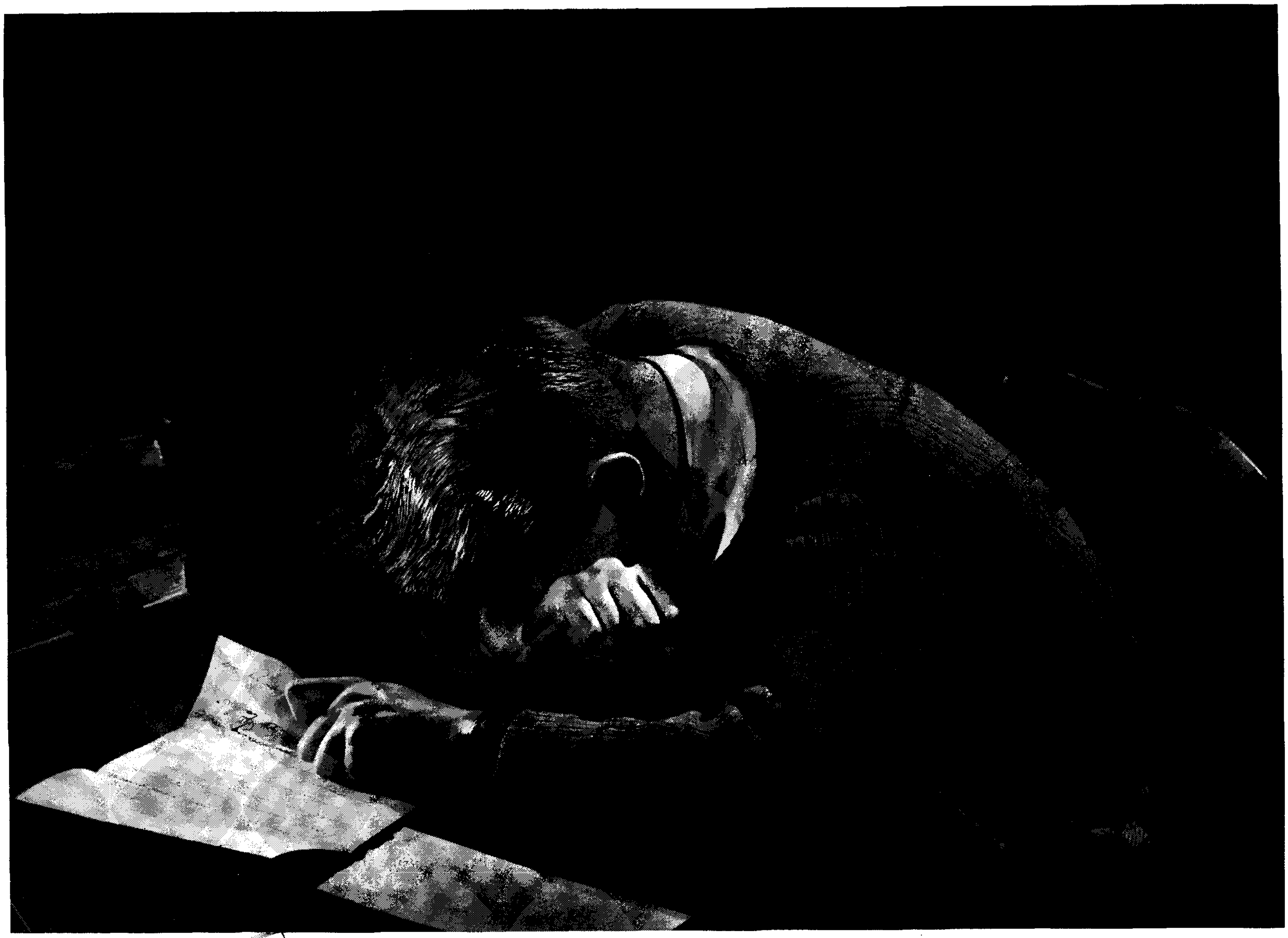
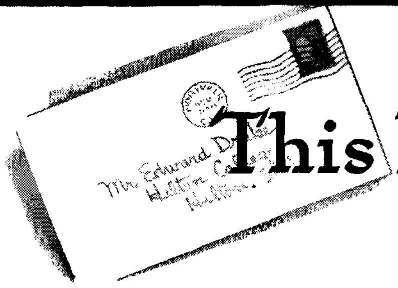
COVER GILP DARI




Mr. Edward D...
Hilton Co...
Hilton...

This letter need never have been written...

It took Eddie's Dad three hours to write. It came the afternoon of the big game. And it just about broke Eddie's heart.

"I'm afraid this means the end of college, son," the letter said. "You'll have to go to work and help your mother and me. We'll need all the money we can scrape together to pay that judgment."

Eddie's Dad had been a careful driver all his life. But that wasn't enough. He wasn't able to pull out of a skid one rainy night, and the damages to both cars were heavy—staggeringly heavy to a family like Eddie's.

No, Eddie's Dad didn't carry auto insurance. If he had, everything would have been all right. If he had realized that what happens to scores of drivers every day could some time happen to *him*—then he would have been prepared.

It's Easy to Prevent Tragedies Like This

explained by G. J. Mecherle
Founder and Chairman of the Board

"Years ago, auto insurance cost a lot of money. When a group of us founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922, we set out to better this situation.

"We aimed to make auto insurance so reasonable in cost that every self-respecting driver could afford to own it.

"We pioneered new economies that could reduce the cost of auto insurance. State Farm Mutual has since become the largest automobile casualty company in the world! We do business now in 40 states through 7,000 licensed representatives.

"Yes, more than a million drivers have enjoyed the security of State Farm protection. And we figure these drivers have saved in excess of $50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance during the last 20 years.

"Here's one of our economies: Your State Farm Mutual policy is renewed from year to year (so long as the risk remains the same) instead of being reissued. Hence you pay the acquisition cost of your policy *once a lifetime* instead of *once a year.*

"Economies like this make it possible for State Farm Mutual to offer you *more insurance for your money*—broader protection and better service.

"Whether your car is now insured in another company or whether you carry no insurance, you should get the facts about State Farm's *More Protection for Your Money Plan.* Just mail the coupon today."

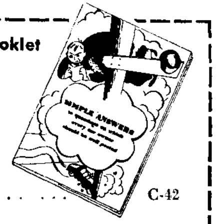
STATE FARM
INSURANCE COMPANIES
Bloomington, Illinois

Pacific Coast Office
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Canadian Office
TORONTO, CANADA

MODERN COLLISION INSURANCE PLAN. State Farm Mutual's 80% Collision Plan is the most popular plan in America. Details in new booklet. Mail coupon. Booklet also covers Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Plan, Medical Payment Plan, Free Travel Service, and making a 3-Way Saving in Car Financing.

FREE to Drivers—New Informative Booklet



Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois
Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

C-42

Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City . . . . *State* . . . .

"My hair looks better since I checked dry scalp!"

"I USED TO DOUSE IT!"

"Like lots of men, I used to douse my hair in order to comb it. Result: a plastered down look! When the dousing evaporated my hair would be all haywire. Then I found something you don't have to douse on. A preparation that goes to the root of the trouble and checks dry scalp; leaves my hair looking natural and well-groomed all day long.

"BOY! WHAT A CHANGE!"

"With 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, all I do is put a few drops on my comb and run it through my hair several times. Sometimes I put a little on my fingertips and apply it directly to my scalp. What a difference! My hair looks natural for a change. At the same time I've checked loose dandruff; stopped that dry, itchy feeling. Of course, I give my hair a thorough massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic whenever I wash it, because it supplements the scalp oils that soap and water wash away. I've got better-looking, healthier-looking hair, and a lot healthier scalp in the bargain. My advice is to try it."

40¢ and 70¢

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Recently two German spies rowed across the Channel from France to England and established themselves in a vacant farmhouse. A few days later, one of them, speaking faultless English, walked into a local tavern during the period when drinks are not served and ordered a beer. The bartender, becoming suspicious of anyone ignorant of the liquor regulations, telephoned the police, and the spy and his accomplice were captured.

The only foreign sovereign ever portrayed on a coin of the United States was Queen Isabella of Spain, whose head appeared on a quarter dollar minted in 1893.—*By R. C. Charles, Hollywood, California.*

General Kikuzo Otani of Japan was the commander in chief of the ten thousand American soldiers who, with smaller contingents from the British, French and Japanese armies, were sent to Vladivostok in August, 1918, to help restore order in Russia.—*By T. Duncan Ferguson, Halcyon, California.*

Until recently, dairymen annually discarded millions of gallons of milk contaminated by the cows' consumption of garlic, onions and foul-smelling weeds. Today such odors are removed by adding a small quantity of white oil and agitating the mixture. After standing, the oil, which has absorbed the particles of fat containing the offensive substance, rises to the top and is siphoned off.—*By John B. Tuttle, New York, New York.*

Various species of deer constitute nearly ninety-five per cent of the 5,800,000 big-game animals in the United States. The other five per cent consist chiefly of antelopes, peccaries, wild boars, mountain goats, bighorn sheep, and black and grizzly bears.

The streamlining of airplanes has been developed to a point where, for example, the wind resistance of a modern single-engine pursuit machine, at any speed, is no greater than that of a flat plate twenty-two inches square.—*By Toivo A. Kauppi, Midland, Michigan.*

One of the closest finishes in automobile racing occurred on October 12, 1926, during the running of a 200-mile race on the Rockingham Speedway in Salem, New Hampshire. After the winner, Harry Hartz, had crossed the line, Pete Dreis followed in 3.91 seconds and Leon Duray followed Dreis in 3/100ths of a second. In other words, these first three cars in the race crossed the finish line in less than four seconds.

A skeleton of a deer, discovered by miners digging iron ore from a bog in Virginia about a century ago, was found to be "ferrified," not petrified, having turned to iron from long immersion in iron-bearing water.—*By F. D. McHugh, New York, New York.*

A public school in Central City, Colorado, meets the cost of furnishing hot lunches to its students by leasing out gambling slot machines, while the schools of Hart County, Georgia, help pay their general expenses by selling display advertising space on their report cards. —*By J. V. Cooper, Elizabeth, Colorado.*

Several dictionaries of animal vocabularies, which alphabetize and define "words" that animals use in communicating with one another, have been compiled. These include one on wolves by Pfungst, cats by Romer, horses by von Maday, monkeys by Learned, hens by Schmid and reptiles by Landois. —*By Sheldon D. Klein, Springfield, Illinois.*

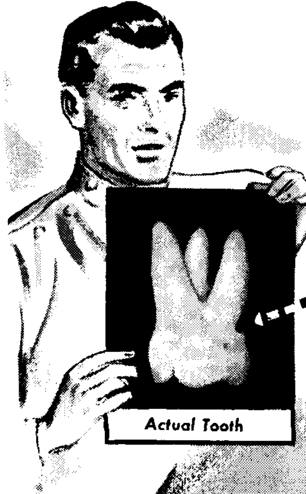
A recent demonstration of the minute work that can be done with a certain pantograph engraving machine was the engraving of the sixty-odd words of the Lord's Prayer on the point of a pin whose diameter is scarcely 1/1000 of an inch.—*By Malcolm Harner, Lawrence, Kansas.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

HERE'S HOW TO SAVE YOUR TEETH FROM THIS INJURY

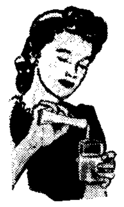
ARE YOU ONE OF THE MILLIONS SLOWLY BRUSHING CAVITIES INTO THE EXPOSED, SOFTER PARTS OF TEETH?

Scientific Research Now Reveals Cause of Injury —And Tells How You Can Escape It


Actual Tooth

Scientific tests prove this damage is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives. You may be exposed to this danger. For 8 out of 10 adults examined in clinical studies* *do* risk this serious injury because softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed (usually due to shrinking gums) with no hard enamel to protect it.

It's easy now to escape this trouble. Make this test to see if dentifrice contains abrasives that do the damage. Stir your dentifrice into glass of water. Let stand overnight. White sediment at bottom shows your dentifrice contains an abrasive which can injure teeth.


How to tell if Dentifrice contains abrasives that cause trouble

Teel Liquid Dentifrice leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives. So change to safe, new Teel at once and avoid serious injury to your teeth.

*AS REPORTED IN AUTHORITATIVE SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL

You Can Avoid This Trouble With New Liquid Dentifrice It Beautifies Teeth Safely – Without Abrasives!

Dental scientists have recently made an important discovery. They now know that millions of people are innocently brushing cavities into softer parts of their teeth along the gum line.

You may be running this risk to *your* teeth. In fact, clinical studies show the odds can be 4 to 1 that people 20 years of age or older actually have one or more teeth exposed to this danger by shrinking gums. So read carefully to learn the *cause* of this needless injury and how to *avoid* it.

Expert research has proved this serious trouble is definitely caused by brushing teeth regularly with a dentifrice that contains abrasives.

Many suffer unknowingly. For the abrasive particles that do the damage are so small you can't see or feel them. Yet they are so hard that water won't dissolve them. (Test given above shows how to avoid dentifrices which contain them.) As you brush these abrasive particles back and forth, they slowly but surely wear away the softer, exposed part of your teeth.

How Teel Safely Reveals Beauty of Your Smile

You can save your teeth from this costly injury simply by changing to the revolutionary new dentifrice for brushing teeth—TEEL. For Teel is different than any tooth paste or powder you ever used. It is a ruby-clear liquid and contains *absolutely no abrasives.* Tests show that it cannot injure teeth in any way.

The reason is simple. Teel does not depend upon abrasives for cleansing your teeth. Instead, Teel uses a new-type, patented *liquid* cleansing discovery that bursts into thousands of tiny, surging bubbles—actually multiplies over 30 times in the mouth. These bubbles instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth look so much brighter, cleaner, more thrillingly beautiful!

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

What's more, Teel's amazing liquid action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing clean "feel." It helps sweeten bad breath. You will also find that a few drops of Teel in ½ glass of water is truly delightful as a mouth wash. And children love Teel's grand taste.

Teel is also easy to use and so economical. A bottle lasts and lasts. Get Teel today at any drug, department or 10¢ store. Begin at once to follow this safe, new-day way in tooth cleansing. And visit your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS

Most people are lucky. Daily brushing with Teel removes ordinary surface stains from their teeth the safe, *liquid* way—without abrasives, without danger of injury shown above.

A few are not so fortunate. Due to unusual mouth conditions, it is harder to remove surface stains from their teeth. These people may need an *occasional* abrasive scouring.

For them, we recommend this easy method of removing those unusual surface stains: (1) Use Teel daily. (2) Use salt and soda or any ordinary dentifrice—*not more than once or twice a week.* Remember, *regular* use of any abrasive may be dangerous and cause trouble.

CHANGE TO

Teel

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

Teel
FOR TEETH

Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders

"Cheer up, dear! We can't buy a car. So what? Let's fix this one for the duration and put what we save in U. S. Defense Bonds for Junior."

SHE'S S-M-O-O-T-H BUT SAVING, TOO!

. . . so are cars, new or old, with Sealed Power Piston Rings

Save oil, save gas, save engine wear

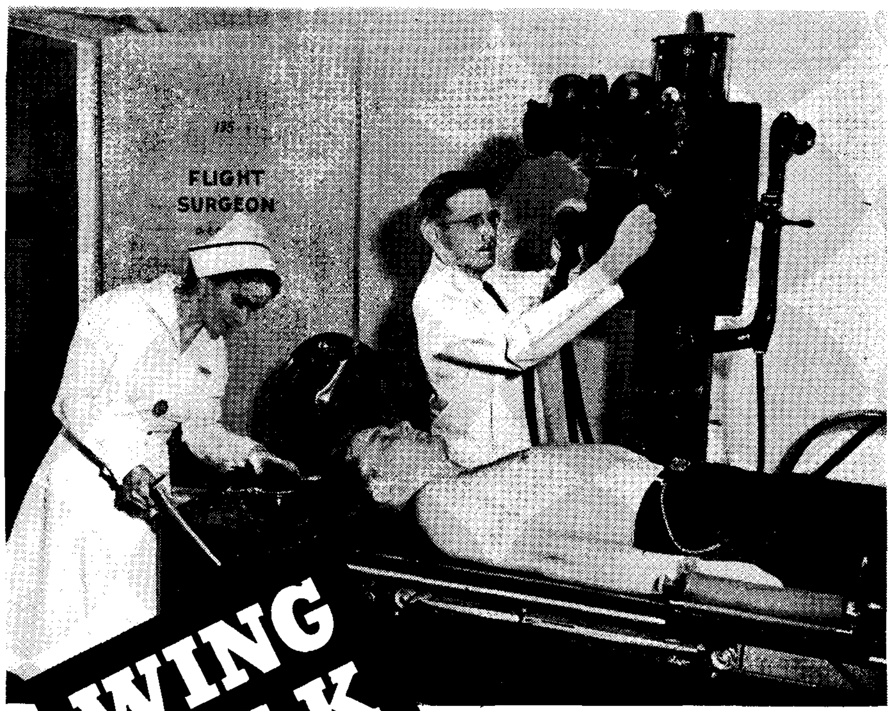
Repower with

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

MAKE that old engine smooth, peppy, economical with Sealed Power Piston Rings. There's a packaged set matched, balanced, engineered specially for your particular make and model. Protect the important investment in your car by repowering with the brand of rings chosen as original equipment by factory engineers of 4 out of 5 American cars and trucks. Sealed Power Rings add years to the life of your engine and save more than their cost in gas and oil. Yet they cost no more than ordinary rings. Your mechanic is glad to use them for he knows a Sealed Power job makes the customer happy. Sealed Power Corp., Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines

© 1942, Sealed Power Corp.



WING TALK

WILLIAM T. HOFF

First Officer Warren Wilkerson, of American Air Lines, being readied for X-rays as part of the "pilot maintenance" program

ARMY, Navy, air-line and commercial pilots are required to submit to rigid physical examinations at least twice a year. Pilots used to look upon such checks with disdain and frequently accused the medical examiners of trying to find something that would ground them (which meant no pay). Now the idea of physicals has been accepted by them as "pilot maintenance" and placed in the same class as airplane maintenance. Rigid maintenance of the plane is undertaken to prevent accidents; careful maintenance of the pilot's health is to discover little things that later could result in grounding, or might suddenly manifest themselves in the air and jeopardize the lives of the pilot and others aboard. These pilots now understand that, for instance, abscessed teeth, if not eliminated immediately, can result in rheumatism, damage to the eyes and to the heart valves—and provide a good long rest on the ground.

Dr. Hodges McKnight, flight surgeon for American Air Lines, typifies the current attitude of the medicos toward pilots in these reassuring words: "The flight surgeon realizes that his success is measured not by how many defects he finds, but by how many pilots he can keep flying safely as long as possible. This is the purpose of the periodical examination of the flying personnel and fortunately there is more and more mutual confidence in this respect."

However, the private pilot, who is prohibited from engaging in commercial flying, is required to submit to a physical examination only once every 14 months. Since he does not *have* to fly unless he wants to, as contrasted with Service and commercial pilots, the burden of more frequent examinations and the cost involved were never imposed. Nevertheless, Drs. H. Dorwin Hinshaw and Walter M. Boothby, of the Mayo Foundation (Dr. Boothby was co-winner of the Collier Trophy for 1939), have a few thoughts for the private pilot. They say: "Every pilot should realize that it is unsafe for him to pilot an airplane if he has taken any type of sedative drug in any dosage. This includes the barbiturates, bromides, alcohol and possibly such salicylates as acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin). No sulfonamide compound should be taken within at least two or three days before piloting a plane. Some persons have vestibular disturbances from quinine and other drugs such as may be included in remedies for infection of the respiratory tract."

The doctors also warn the private pilot not to fly on an empty stomach, and, conversely, large and heavy meals may result in considerable discomfort, especially from certain types of food, if flight involves high altitude where intestinal gases expand appreciably.

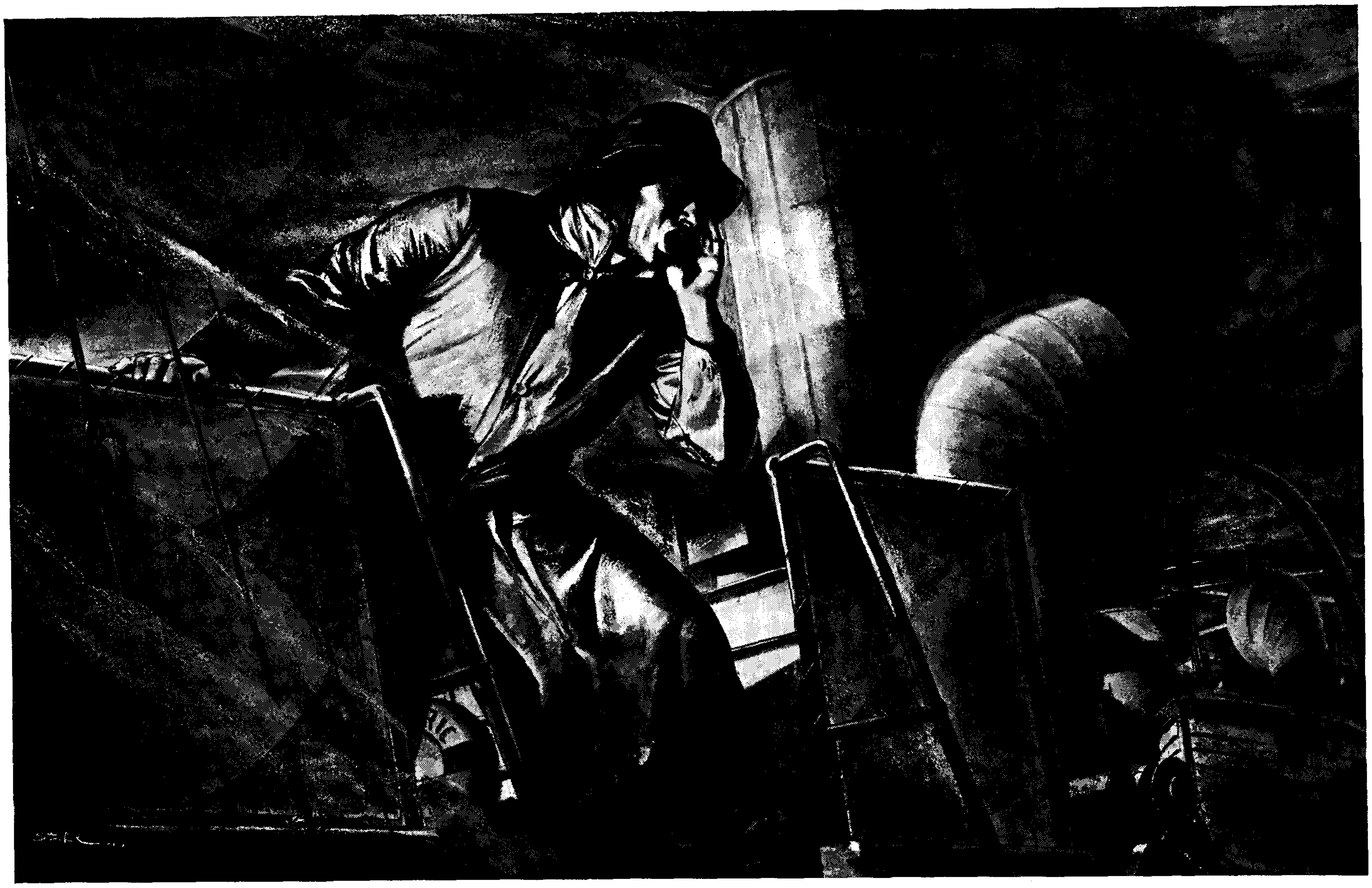
PLANES equipped for night flying carry a pure white tail light. Follow one of these into a landing with a lighted city below and see how readily it can blend in with street and other white lights on the ground. Even on the ground, at the edge of a runway ready for take-off, the white light, under certain combinations of airport boundary lights, can merge with them and give no sure warning that it is attached to an airplane. Several ground accidents of this nature and potential flight accidents have brought forth the need for a more distinguishing tail light as air traffic is increasing. Latest proposal for adoption, first by the air lines, is a tail installation, with red and white flashing lights of high intensity.

RATS, termites and snakes do not exclude airplanes as they work their way through life. A mouse was directly responsible for a recent fatal accident because he had a strong appetite for the doped fabric on an aileron. He had gnawed it neatly along the piano hinge, causing failure in flight. Termites prefer wood construction, and snakes, while displaying no appetite for any particular part of the plane, like to coil up in a corner and sleep out a flight.

One famous commercial pilot who has to hop around the country is mortally afraid of snakes in or out of airplanes. When his ship has to be in the warm South he never takes off without first going over the interior with a flashlight, from nose to tail. Though he has never jumped from an airplane in the 25 years he has been flying, he would bail out at once if he saw a rattler or a copperhead dozing away in a corner of the cockpit. We won't tell you his name for fear a practical joker will deposit a novelty-store snake in the plane some day and really cause trouble.

F. R. N.

"TO PROVIDE FOR THE COMMON DEFENSE, TO PROMOTE THE GENERAL WELFARE"



Reykjavik off the port bow!

TONIGHT, in the chill waters near Iceland, or perhaps somewhere in the phosphorescence of the Pacific, a man stands on the bridge of a freighter with the lifeline of a nation in his hands.

From the wind-blown flying bridge the skipper strains his eyes for a landfall . . . the islands that are our country's first line of defense. To these islands must be transported huge quantities of guns, ammunition, food, and material. And the only answer is ships, ships, and more ships.

How is America meeting this tremendous responsibility? You can get the answer if you'll look at the shipyards from Maine to Oregon, at such great factories as the Westinghouse plant where the machinery to drive many of those supply ships is being built, or at the huge Westinghouse-operated Maritime Commission plant which is now being erected alongside it.

The "know how" that works 24 hours a day

We're proud that the Maritime Commission has chosen Westinghouse to aid in this vital task. For there, in dramatic terms, is an example of how Westinghouse "know how" is doing a job for National Defense.

What is this "know how"? It is the ability to get things done in the best possible way. It's industrial ingenuity and individual craftsmanship . . . hard-earned experience and never-ending research. It's the very essence of the Westinghouse way of doing things—learned in building products for the general welfare and now used in building materials for the common defense.

The same skill and ingenuity that are building those turbines for the merchant fleet, not long ago built more efficient electric refrigerators and washing machines. Again, the research skill that developed intricate new radio equipment has found ways of utilizing that equipment in important defense work.

At 17 Westinghouse Divisions, and in the plants of more than 300 sub-contractors, our energies today are almost exclusively concentrated on the creation of $400,000,000 worth of defense materials. It's our way of speeding the day when our "know how" will be serving you again—in the home, the farm, and the factory.

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Armor-piercing shot
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Airplane generators
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For the General Welfare

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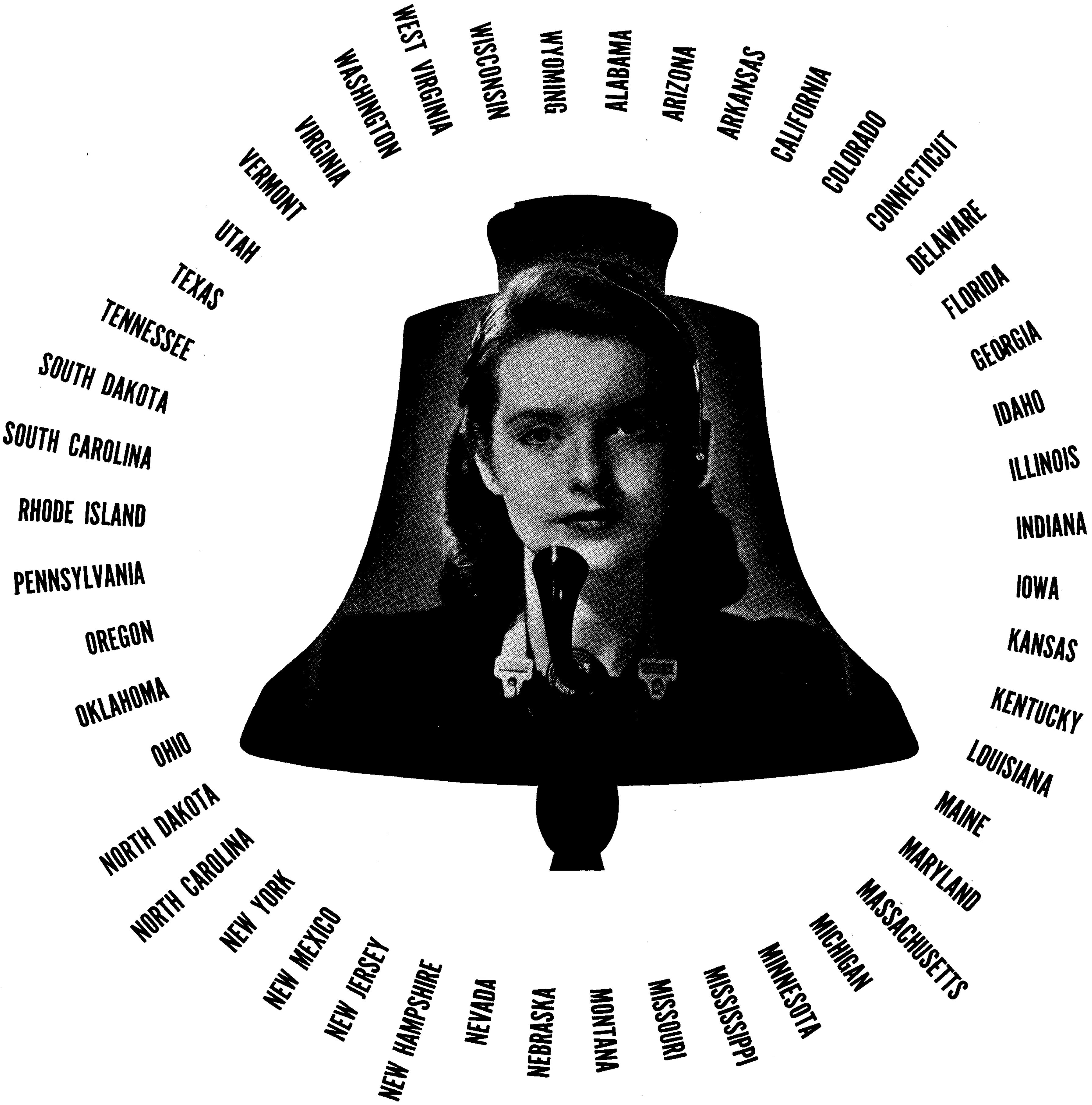
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ARKANSAS
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DELAWARE
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The nation is united—and Long Distance telephone lines help to tie it together for war's work. . . . You can keep materials moving, wheels turning, men working — if you can reach any one, anywhere in the land, in a hurry. . . . It takes a *lot* of telephone calls to build fighting planes, freighters or factories—to move men and machines around the map. . . . If the rush of war interferes here and there with the accustomed smoothness of regular Long Distance traffic, we hope you will understand.

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SERVICE TO THE NATION IN PEACE AND IN WAR

Thunder Road

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The education of an honest man. Goddard learned that treachery is no less deadly if it hides itself in friendship

THE most difficult thing for Dr. George Goddard to realize was that Bob would follow the radiogram in so short a time. Patients waited in the reception room, but Goddard did not press the buzzer to tell his nurse to send another of them to him. Instead, smiling, he walked to the window and looked up, as if the gleaming transpacific plane might already be circling for its landing.

He saw thin clouds, white, pearly gray, and silver. Honolulu morning. How was it to the east? Would Bob be able to see Mauna Kea?

Returning to his desk, he pressed the buzzer twice, the nurse's own call. Mary was probably worried, because the message could have contained some bad news; but when she stepped inside and closed the door behind her, Goddard saw the happy color of her cheeks. Her honest breathlessness added to his contentment. She would be a splendid wife for Bob.

He said, "How did you guess, Mary?"

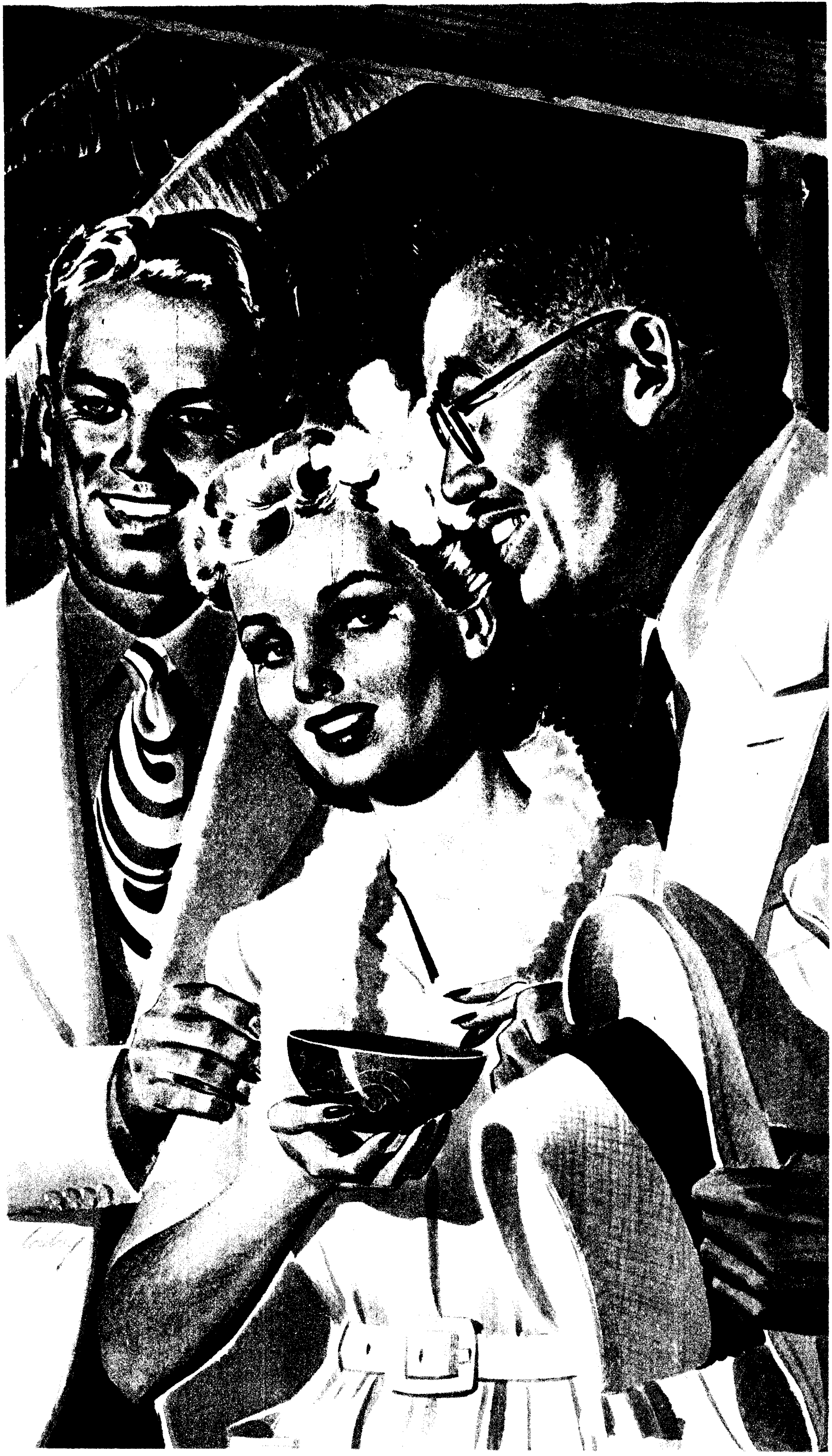
"I heard you say 'Bob!' and then you whistled, Doctor," Mary Hinman said. "It had to be something good. I hoped that he was coming home."

Dr. Goddard said, "He is. This afternoon. Tomorrow," he added grimly, "is Sunday. Someone else shall make my calls." Almost shyly, Goddard continued, "I didn't think we would see him for at least a year."

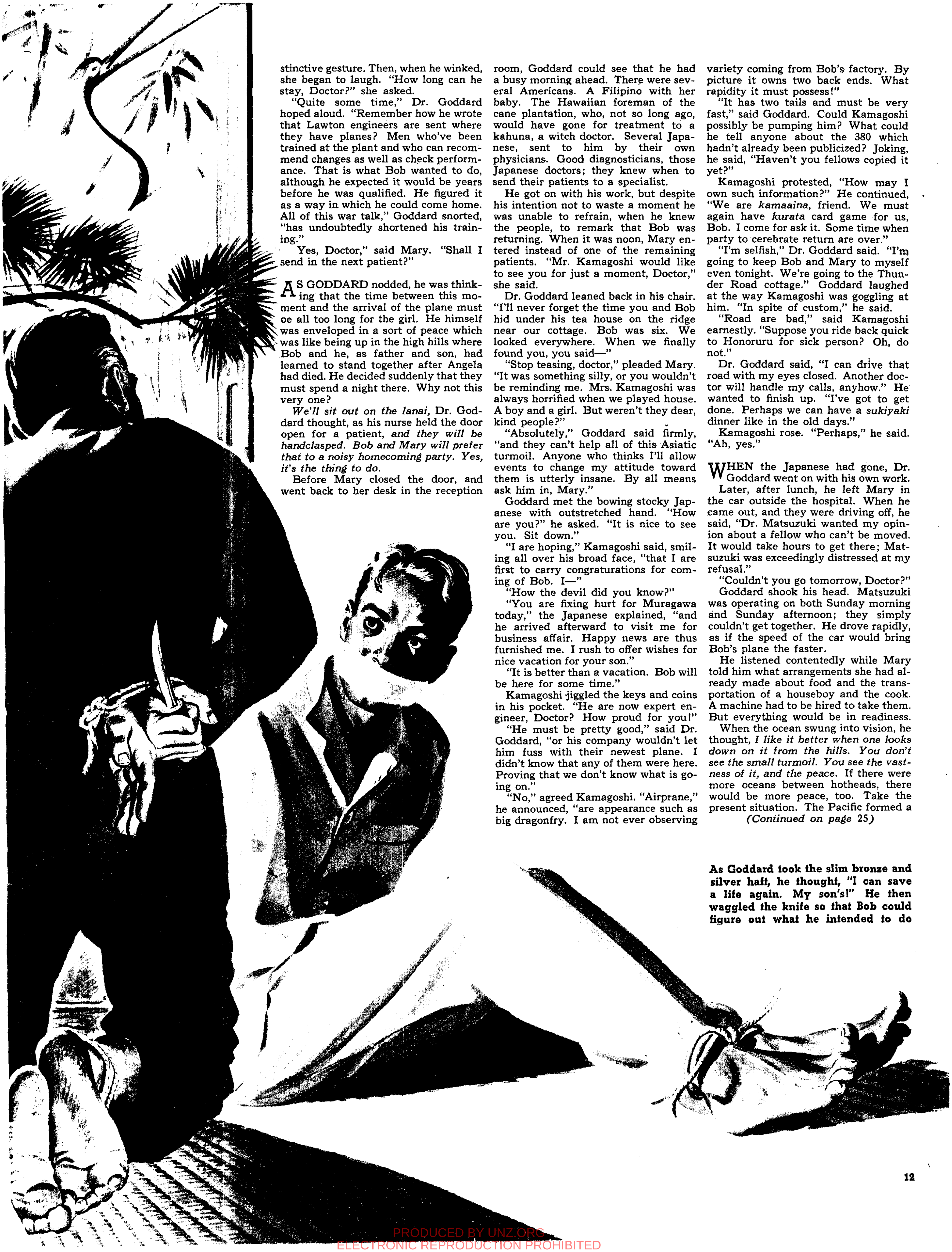
He was so proud that he wanted to shout, "Lawton Aircraft is sending him to check on the new fighters. Interceptors, he calls them. Those marvelous 380s we read about." He wondered if Mary would ask why Bob was coming. When he looked at her again he understood that the reason made no difference to her, and that the fact was sufficient. Goddard liked that.

"We'll clean everything up this morning," he said, "and then we'll meet him. Or," he teased, "will you be too busy?"

Mary Hinman put a hand to her hair, as if it were already wind-blown while she waited for the plane's descent; the doctor's broad smile caused her to adjust her cap in hasty defense of the in-



Bob opened the gifts, Mary exclaiming, the Japanese deprecating. Red lacquer bowls, the sacred badger, porcelain dogs



stinctive gesture. Then, when he winked, she began to laugh. "How long can he stay, Doctor?" she asked.

"Quite some time," Dr. Goddard hoped aloud. "Remember how he wrote that Lawton engineers are sent where they have planes? Men who've been trained at the plant and who can recommend changes as well as check performance. That is what Bob wanted to do, although he expected it would be years before he was qualified. He figured it as a way in which he could come home. All of this war talk," Goddard snorted, "has undoubtedly shortened his training."

Yes, Doctor," said Mary. "Shall I send in the next patient?"

AS GODDARD nodded, he was thinking that the time between this moment and the arrival of the plane must be all too long for the girl. He himself was enveloped in a sort of peace which was like being up in the high hills where Bob and he, as father and son, had learned to stand together after Angela had died. He decided suddenly that they must spend a night there. Why not this very one?

We'll sit out on the lanai, Dr. Goddard thought, as his nurse held the door open for a patient, *and they will be handclasped. Bob and Mary will prefer that to a noisy homecoming party. Yes, it's the thing to do.*

Before Mary closed the door, and went back to her desk in the reception room, Goddard could see that he had a busy morning ahead. There were several Americans. A Filipino with her baby. The Hawaiian foreman of the cane plantation, who, not so long ago, would have gone for treatment to a kahuna, a witch doctor. Several Japanese, sent to him by their own physicians. Good diagnosticians, those Japanese doctors; they knew when to send their patients to a specialist.

He got on with his work, but despite his intention not to waste a moment he was unable to refrain, when he knew the people, to remark that Bob was returning. When it was noon, Mary entered instead of one of the remaining patients. "Mr. Kamagoshi would like to see you for just a moment, Doctor," she said.

Dr. Goddard leaned back in his chair. "I'll never forget the time you and Bob hid under his tea house on the ridge near our cottage. Bob was six. We looked everywhere. When we finally found you, you said—"

"Stop teasing, doctor," pleaded Mary. "It was something silly, or you wouldn't be reminding me. Mrs. Kamagoshi was always horrified when we played house. A boy and a girl. But weren't they dear, kind people?"

"Absolutely," Goddard said firmly, "and they can't help all of this Asiatic turmoil. Anyone who thinks I'll allow events to change my attitude toward them is utterly insane. By all means ask him in, Mary."

Goddard met the bowing stocky Japanese with outstretched hand. "How are you?" he asked. "It is nice to see you. Sit down."

"I are hoping," Kamagoshi said, smiling all over his broad face, "that I are first to carry congraturations for coming of Bob. I—"

"How the devil did you know?"

"You are fixing hurt for Muragawa today," the Japanese explained, "and he arrived afterward to visit me for business affair. Happy news are thus furnished me. I rush to offer wishes for nice vacation for your son."

"It is better than a vacation. Bob will be here for some time."

Kamagoshi jiggled the keys and coins in his pocket. "He are now expert engineer, Doctor? How proud for you!"

"He must be pretty good," said Dr. Goddard, "or his company wouldn't let him fuss with their newest plane. I didn't know that any of them were here. Proving that we don't know what is going on."

"No," agreed Kamagoshi. "Airprane," he announced, "are appearance such as big dragonfry. I am not ever observing variety coming from Bob's factory. By picture it owns two back ends. What rapidity it must possess!"

"It has two tails and must be very fast," said Goddard. Could Kamagoshi possibly be pumping him? What could he tell anyone about the 380 which hadn't already been publicized? Joking, he said, "Haven't you fellows copied it yet?"

Kamagoshi protested, "How may I own such information?" He continued, "We are *kamaaina,* friend. We must again have *kurata* card game for us, Bob. I come for ask it. Some time when party to cerebrate return are over."

"I'm selfish," Dr. Goddard said. "I'm going to keep Bob and Mary to myself even tonight. We're going to the Thunder Road cottage." Goddard laughed at the way Kamagoshi was goggling at him. "In spite of custom," he said.

"Road are bad," said Kamagoshi earnestly. "Suppose you ride back quick to Honoruru for sick person? Oh, do not."

Dr. Goddard said, "I can drive that road with my eyes closed. Another doctor will handle my calls, anyhow." He wanted to finish up. "I've got to get done. Perhaps we can have a *sukiyaki* dinner like in the old days."

Kamagoshi rose. "Perhaps," he said. "Ah, yes."

WHEN the Japanese had gone, Dr. Goddard went on with his own work.

Later, after lunch, he left Mary in the car outside the hospital. When he came out, and they were driving off, he said, "Dr. Matsuzuki wanted my opinion about a fellow who can't be moved. It would take hours to get there; Matsuzuki was exceedingly distressed at my refusal."

"Couldn't you go tomorrow, Doctor?"

Goddard shook his head. Matsuzuki was operating on both Sunday morning and Sunday afternoon; they simply couldn't get together. He drove rapidly, as if the speed of the car would bring Bob's plane the faster.

He listened contentedly while Mary told him what arrangements she had already made about food and the transportation of a houseboy and the cook. A machine had to be hired to take them. But everything would be in readiness.

When the ocean swung into vision, he thought, *I like it better when one looks down on it from the hills. You don't see the small turmoil. You see the vastness of it, and the peace.* If there were more oceans between hotheads, there would be more peace, too. Take the present situation. The Pacific formed a

(Continued on page 25)

As Goddard took the slim bronze and silver haft, he thought, "I can save a life again. My son's!" He then waggled the knife so that Bob could figure out what he intended to do

Fighting ships must take it as well as dish it out and America's quick-service naval repair yards are geared to heal their wounds and put them back in the line—fast

BATTLE DAMAGE

By Paul Schubert

THERE are two ways of looking at battle damage. One is the point of view of the "patient"—an intensely personal viewpoint, in which a torpedo rip in the starboard side abreast Frame 42 hurts every officer and man aboard as if his own entrails had been gouged out.

The other is a detached, surgical point of view. That's the navy yard's viewpoint. The torpedo rip at Frame 42, to the navy yard, is just another hole in just another ship—a "job order," so much welding, so much riveting, the usual hurry. Why are these naval men so anxious to get back to sea?

If you're a naval man, battle damage is intolerable. A seafaring guy may be sloppy when it comes to shooting craps; he may forget the bridge conventions, and be a trial to all his gal friends because he won't follow the rules of love. But aboard ship he is a perfectionist. That battlewagon of his is always being painted, shined, scrubbed, made a little snappier than any other battlewagon in this or any other man's navy—

Then along comes a battle and leaves battle damage.

The three main causes of battle damage are hits by shells, bombs and torpedoes. All three mean explosions. The explosions usually cause fires. Battle damage is a conglomerate of rips and gashes left where the projectiles and their splinters strike, terrific damage done by the explosions, and devastation done by fires. Especially when the fires are fed by that highly inflammable stuff, smokeless powder.

An Unsung Hero of Jutland

At the Battle of Jutland, still a classic of modern naval warfare, the British battle cruiser Lion was belching out salvos from her turret guns when a heavy German shell smacked down a full hit on one of the waist turrets, smashed through the armored roof and exploded inside, killing every man of the loading crew. The breech plug of a loaded gun jarred open; the full charge of powder and shell slid back out of the chamber and down into the turret pit, where the powder instantly caught fire.

If that furious blaze had worked its way down through the turret and reached the magazine, the ship would be gone. The turret officer happened to be mortally wounded. He also happened to be a marine. In the last thirty seconds of his life he gave the order to flood the magazine, localizing this particular bit of battle damage to one turret out of action.

The heat of a fire like that is so great that it melts electric wiring into sagging festoons; the explosion leaves razor-sharp metal edges, and the devastation afterward looks like a portion of hell in which the fire has gone out.

During the action fought by the British cruisers Exeter, Ajax and Achilles against the German pocket battleship Admiral Graf Spee early in the present war, the Exeter and the Spee were slugging it out at 9½ miles range when an 11-inch shell from the Spee hit the Exeter in B-turret—a rather lightly armored 8-inch turret through which the 660-pound projectile plunged like an ax through an egg. The explosion not only put the turret and both its guns out of action, but swept the ship's bridge with deadly shell splinters that wrecked

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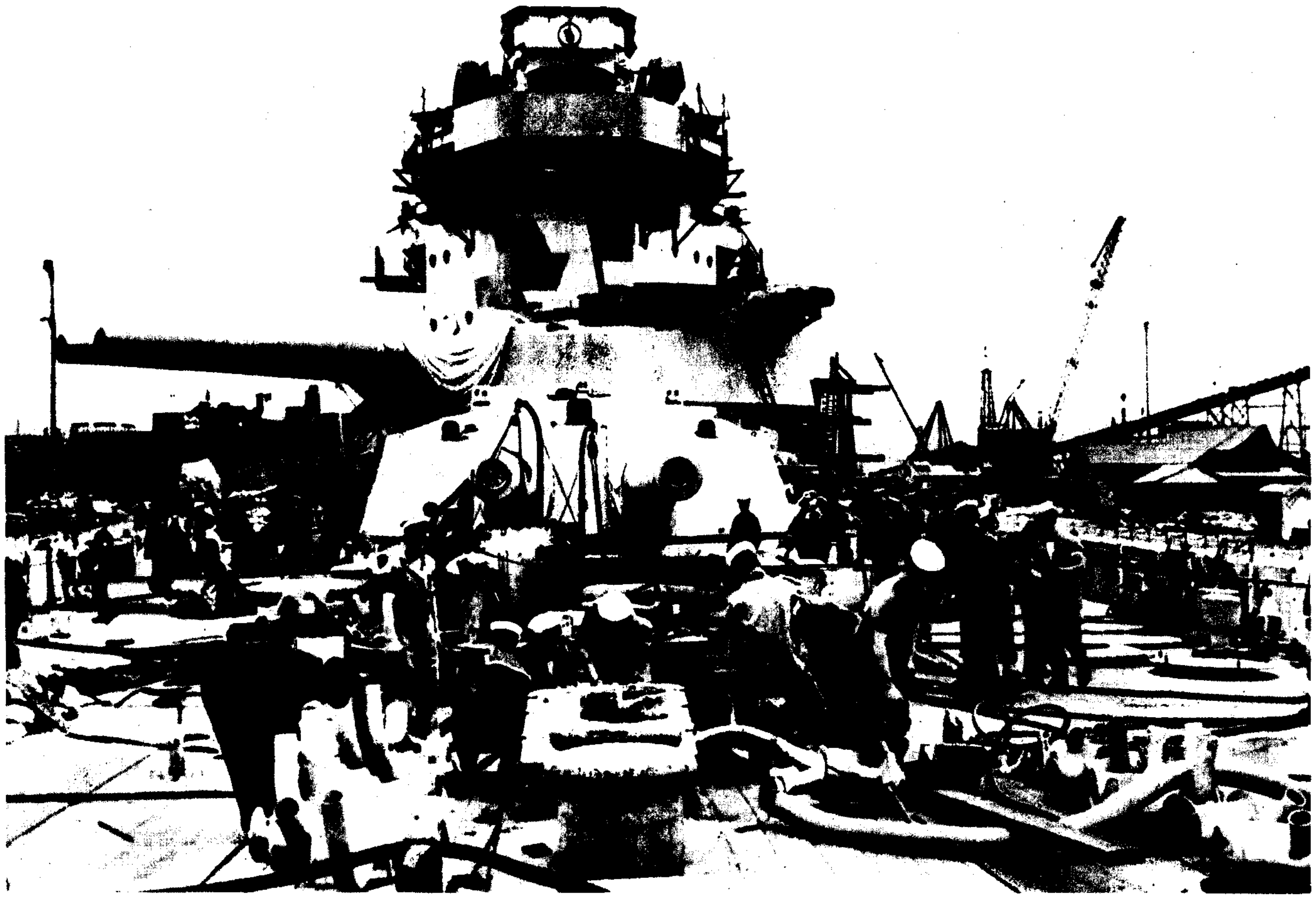
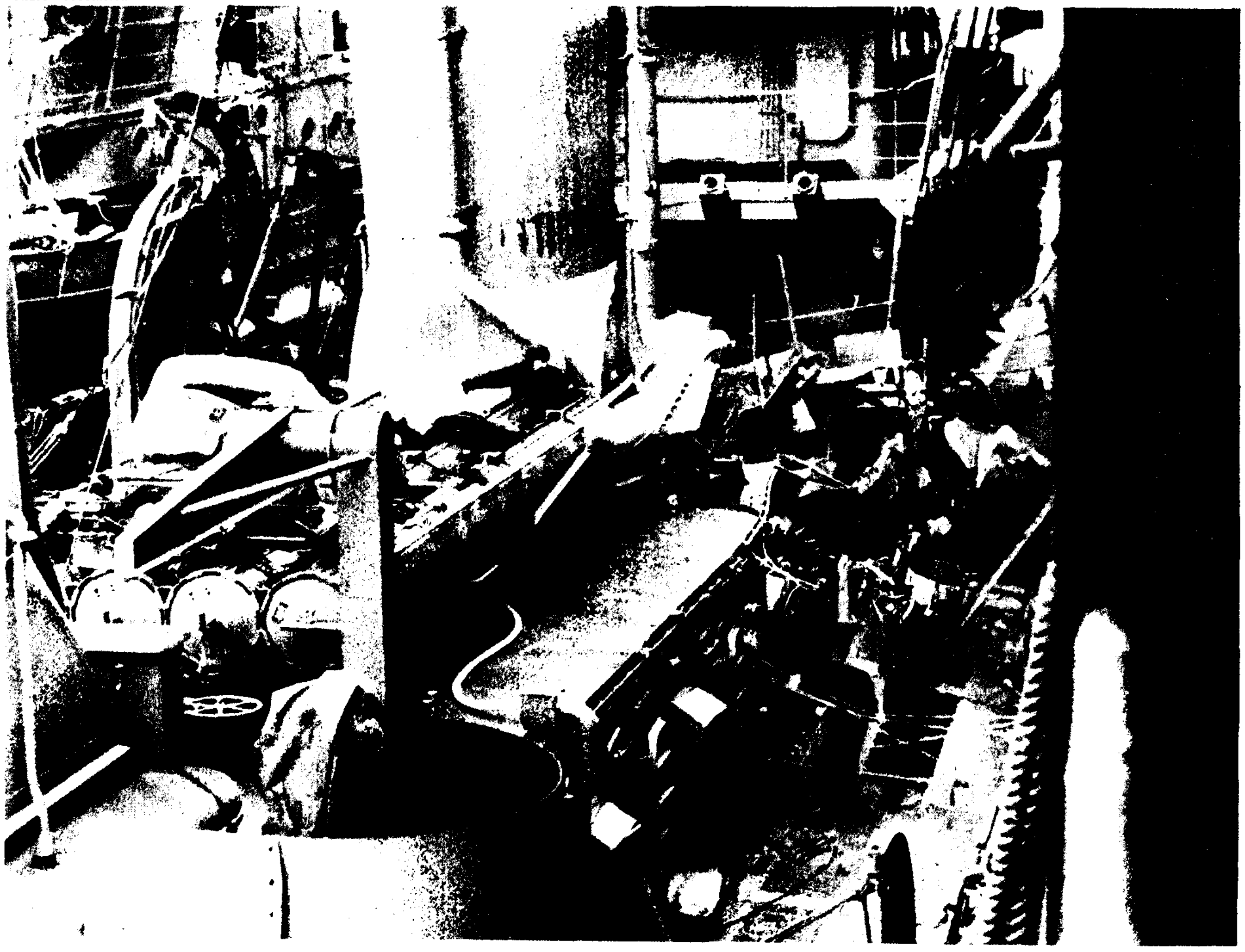


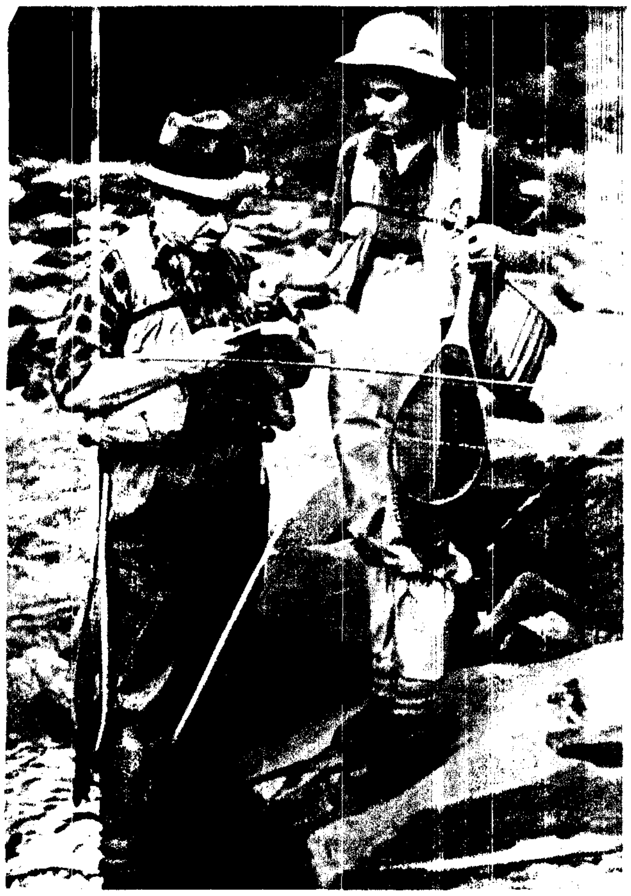
INTERNATIONAL

American workers swarm over H.M.S. Warspite in a U. S. naval yard, reconditioning the famous battleship after one of her many engagements. Hoses supply air conditioning for men repairing the ship's below-decks damage



PRESS ASSOCIATION

A torpedo hit is usually fatal to a destroyer, but the U.S.S. Kearney survived one and made port—in this condition. Only deck damage is visible; good construction and good luck saved the Kearney after the underwater hit



First move is choice of the proper fly. The proper fly, of course, is the one that brings 'em in

Equipment makes the fisherman. It includes a pair of stout waders made of thick, waterproofed cloth; hobnailed wading shoes to assure a firm footing; and a multipocketed sleeveless jacket to carry his fish-fooling equipment

Removing the embedded fly is no job for a girl—those sharp-toothed jaws can still hurt a finger or two

What are the others feeding on down there? A smart fisherman will open his last trout and take a look at the contents of the stomach, determining his next choice of fly accordingly. This is also no job for the lady

How to Catch a Trout

He's a creature of moods—mostly belligerent; a fast-water wise guy with unflattering opinions of you and all your works. You play it his way if you want to do business with him, and if you bring him in you're smarter than he is—no mean compliment

By Edmund Gilligan

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY MADISON

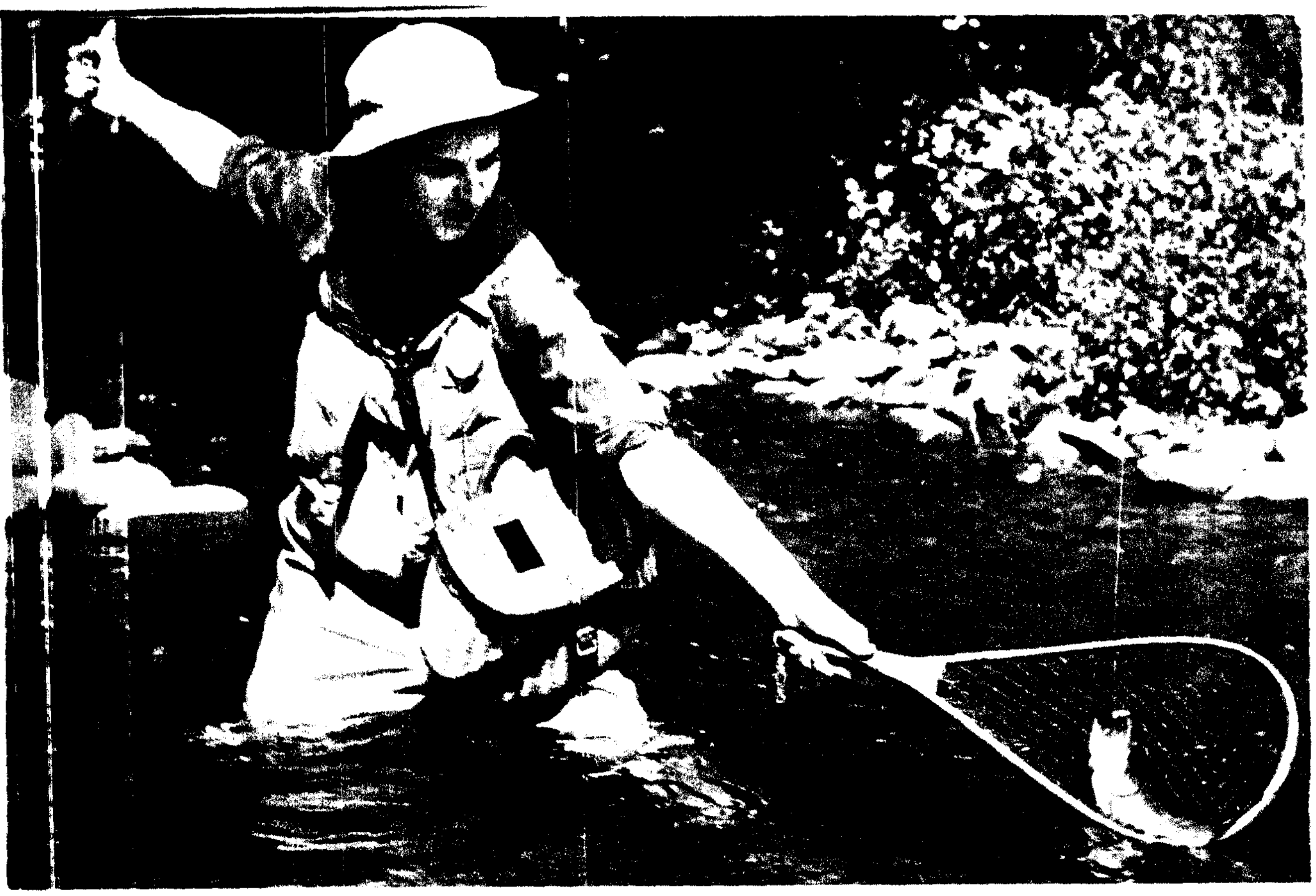
THE first thing to do in fly fishing is to get dressed for it.

Trout worth catching are smart enough to stay in deep, fast water, where craven robin-cheaters can't dunk a worm. Therefore, the fly fisherman must go out after the fish, must take his stand in water that flows hard and strong, that pushes with spring strength against legs and hips. To do the job properly, he pulls on a pair of stout waders. This notable garment, made of thick, waterproofed cloth, is drawn over the feet and legs and pulled in comfortably at the waist by a belt. Braces hold the upper part snug, thus keeping the tummy dry and warm when the squalls of opening day slap across the pools.

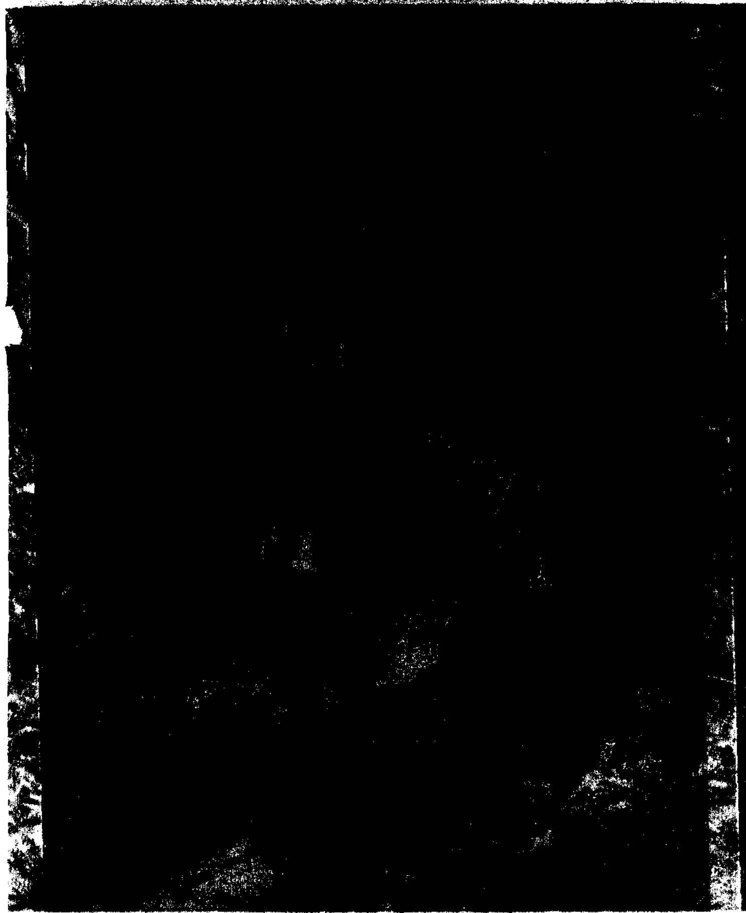
Hobnailed wading shoes come next. The pool you are going to fish has a rocky bottom and hobnails take a good hold and keep it when the going gets rough. These boots are made of muleskin that, like the mule himself, is tough and pliable, and they dry without cracking.

The fly-man then puts on his sleeveless jacket. It has more pockets than a sieve has holes. He distributes about his person the tools of his fine art: net, creel, dry-fly boxes and wet-fly books, leader boxes, extra line, a vial of floater oil for flies, scissors, tweezers, knife. To these he may add his fly-tying materials (feathers, silk threads, fox fur, vise and hooks for fly-tying on the stream) and even a pair of binoculars, very handy for a stealthy approach. Including a good fly rod and a tapered line from

A Fan-Wing Royal Coachman, tied on the spot, brings in a scrappy beauty who was more angry than hungry



He's a beauty, and a wise one, hard to handle. Inch by inch he comes into shallow water. She is now ready for the most delicate, most dangerous trick of all—netting him. He'll make his best fight here



Best moment of the day is the lunch in the open. Into the pan, one by one, goes the reward of your skill—fresh-caught trout fried with bacon, to make the best of all possible dishes for the fisherman. Lots of piping-hot coffee makes the perfect accompaniment to this dish

England, the fly fisherman is worth about $200 on the hoof.

Rod set up, line run through—and then a well-soaked nine-foot leader to be knotted to the line's tapered end. This leader, made of Spanish silkworm gut as fine as a hair, cannot be seen by the trout. It will fall so lightly upon the water that it won't frighten him when he darts toward the fly knotted to its end.

Nothing now remains, before the ancient contest begins, except the choice of a proper fly, the one pattern that will bring the trout up with jaws open for the gobble. There's nothing haphazard about this selection. A sharp eye will solve the problem and fill the creel. This time the sharp eye may belong to the distaff side of the expedition. Screened behind the alders, she sees the feeding begin downstream and whispers: "A small one. Out of the water twice."

Again the young, uneducated trout, who has never felt a hook, flashes clear out of the water to snatch an insect. Older and wiser trout, knowing that enemies are always watching, make no such fuss. They swim slowly under the floating insect, size it up deliberately as if to make sure there isn't a steel hook hidden under the wings. Then they suck it down without breaking the water. Such adroit feeding makes a "dimple" on the surface, a little circle that soon vanishes. There's no splash to catch the eye of fisherman or heron.

But those insects have not yet become the floating, winged flies that bring on the real rise of the trout. These are mere grubs of the May fly called nymphs. They have crawled in burrows and under rocks for two years. Some still crawl about below the water and the trout seek them out. Others have ascended to the surface, ready for their brief span of flying life. Trout dashed at them, caught them on the way up to the sunny air, but hordes of May flies escaped the onslaught, broke out their wings through their hard shells, and flew to the forest, there to shake off the last skin of the nymph stage.

That young trout is still feeding on lagging nymphs. The other flies are already in the alders waiting for a new life to begin. That is the moment for which the angler waits and watches.

Sun heat now beats down into the forest and pours a dazzling energy into the newly hatched insects. They dart among the leaves a while, then seek out the water and return to it. There they soar and begin a dance. This new, real life is all one brief dance, a mating dance, a marriage in the air. The male soars from below, finds the female, clings to her. She beats her wings, glides heavily onward. In this glide and clasp, her eggs are fertilized.

The male flutters away to fall and die. The female descends, brushes off her eggs by lightly touching the water. Then she, too, falls and dies. The trout, driven frantic by the dancing of flies, slide out of their protecting shadows, swirl and feed ravenously.

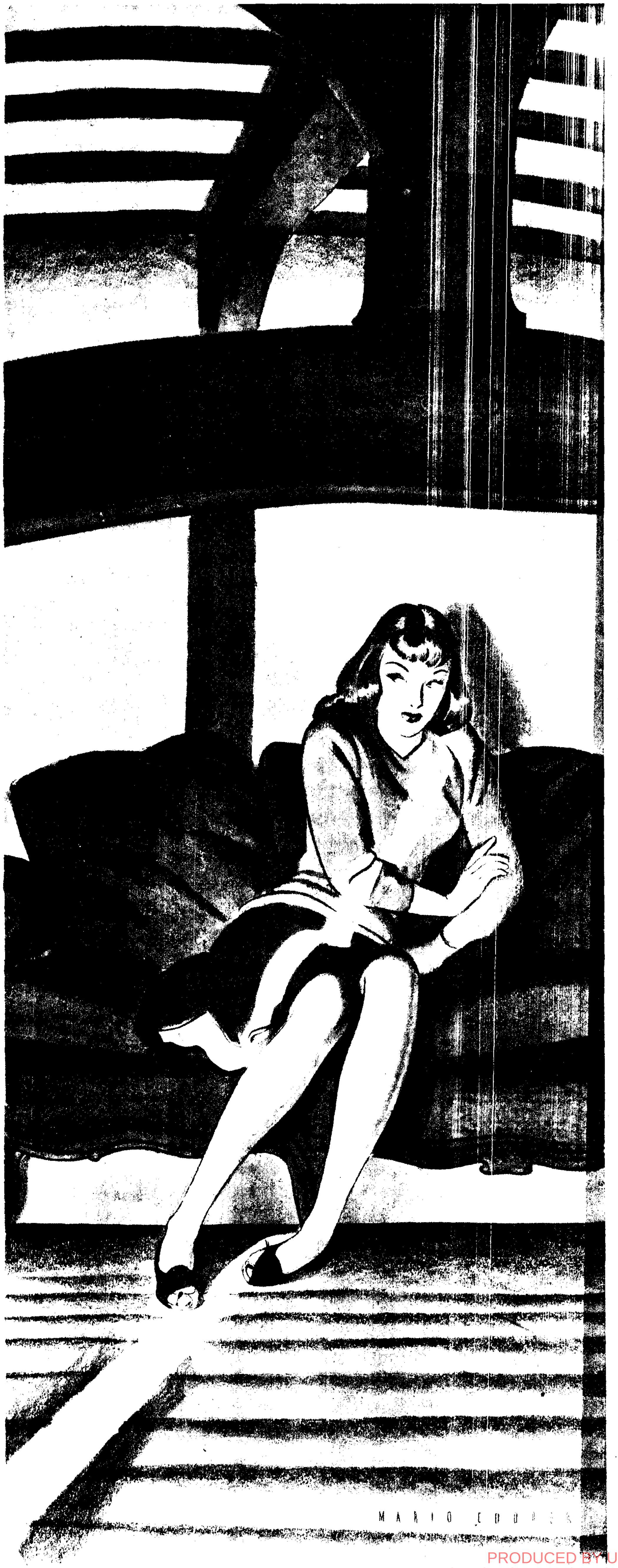
Now is the time to take up one of the struggling flies, look at its transparent,

(Continued on page 57)

MOVING FINGER

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Through a dim gloom I saw Megan. She was crouching on a divan set against the wall. "Megan," I said. She stared at me, but she did not move, and her expression did not alter

The Story Thus Far:

INJURED in the crash of a plane which he is piloting, Jerry Burton, a young Englishman, goes to the small town of Lymstock. There—with his sister, Joanna, beside him—he hopes to recover his lost strength.

Among those who give the newcomers a friendly welcome are: Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife; Owen Griffith, a physician, and his sister, Aimée; the vicar and his wife; Mr. Pye, a rich dilettante; and Miss Emily Barton, a spinster who owns the house that the Burtons lease.

For a time, all is well. Then Burton receives a rude shock—the postman brings him a foul anonymous letter (composed of printed words cut out and pasted on a sheet of paper) accusing him of living with a girl who is not his sister!

Wondering who his secret enemy can be, Burton presently learns that a number of persons—his "daily girl," Beatrice, Dr. Griffith, Symmington, Mr. Pye and others—are being similarly attacked through the mails. . . .

With nothing to do, Burton devotes considerable time to a study of those around him. Two of them, at least, prove unusually interesting: Megan Hunter, Symmington's stepdaughter; and Elsie Holland, the Symmingtons' nursery governess. Megan is a tall, awkward girl—bony-faced, untidy, and seemingly not interested in anything in particular. (Everyone feels sorry for "poor Megan.") Elsie Holland is a beautiful blonde—so beautiful, indeed, that Burton, discussing her with Joanna, refers to her as Helen of Troy! (No one is sorry for *Elsie.*) . . .

Joanna, it appears, is never quite happy unless she is deep in a love affair. So Burton is not surprised when she informs him that she is strongly attracted to Dr. Owen Griffith, who happens to be a bachelor. Nor is he surprised when she says that she suspects that Aimée dislikes her.

Burton (who understands his sister thoroughly) listens to her for a time. Then, "Leave the poor devil alone," he says. "We have come down here for peace and quiet, and I mean to get it!"

But, as you will soon see, peace and quiet are the last things they are to have in seemingly placid Lymstock.

II

IT WAS about a week later that I came back to the house to find Megan sitting on the veranda steps, her chin resting on her knees.

She greeted me with her usual lack of ceremony. "Hullo," she said. "Do you think I could come to lunch?"

"Certainly," I said.

"If it's chops, or anything difficult like that and they won't go around, just tell me," shouted Megan as I went around to apprise Partridge of the fact that there would be three to lunch.

I fancy that Partridge sniffed. She certainly managed to convey without saying a word of any kind, that she didn't think much of that Miss Megan.

I went back to the veranda.

"Is it all right?" asked Megan anxiously.

"Quite all right," I said. "Irish stew."

"Oh, well, that's rather like dogs' dinner anyway, isn't it? I mean it's mostly potato and flavor."

"Quite," I said.

We were silent while I smoked my pipe. It was quite a companionable silence.

Megan broke it by saying suddenly and violently, "I suppose you think I'm awful like everyone else."

I was so startled that my pipe fell out of my mouth. It was a meerschaum, just coloring nicely, and it broke. I said angrily to Megan, "Now see what you've done."

That most unaccountable of children, instead of being upset, merely grinned broadly. "I do like you," she said.

It was a most warming remark. It is the remark that one fancies, perhaps erroneously, that one's dog would say if he could talk. It occurred to me that Megan, for all she looked like a horse, had the disposition of a dog. She was certainly not quite human.

"What did you say before the catastrophe?" I asked, carefully picking up the fragments of my cherished pipe.

"I said I supposed you thought me awful," said Megan but not at all in the same tone she had said it before.

"Why should I?"

Megan said gravely, "Because I am."

I said sharply, "Don't be stupid."

Megan shook her head. "That's just it. I'm not really stupid. People think I am. They don't know that inside I know just what they're like, and that all the time I'm hating them."

"*Hating* them?"

"Yes," said Megan.

Her eyes, those melancholy, unchildlike eyes stared straight into mine, without blinking. It was a long, mournful gaze.

"You would hate people if you were like me," she said. "If you weren't wanted."

"Don't you think you're being rather morbid?" I asked.

She had turned her head away, now she turned it slowly back again. It was crimson and there were tears in her eyes. She spoke now with all the childishness back in her voice:

"Why should I go away? And be made to go away? They don't want me, but I'll *stay*. I'll stay and make everyone sorry. I'll make them all sorry. Hateful pigs! I hate everyone here in Lymstock. They all think I'm stupid and ugly. I'll *show them*! I'll *show them*! I'll—"

It was a childish, oddly pathetic rage.

I heard a step on the gravel around the corner of the house.

"Get up," I said savagely. "Go into the house through the drawing room. Go up to the bathroom. Wash your face. Quick."

She sprang awkwardly to her feet and darted through the window as Joanna came around the corner of the house.

I told her Megan had come to lunch.

"Good," said Joanna. "I like Megan, though I rather think she's a changeling. Something left on a doorstep by the fairies. But she's interesting."

I SEE that so far I have made little mention of the Reverend and Mrs. Calthrop.

And yet both the vicar and his wife were distinct personalities. Dane Calthrop himself was perhaps a being more remote from everyday life than anyone I have ever met. His existence was in his books and in his study. Mrs. Dane Calthrop, on the other hand, was quite terrifyingly on the spot. Though she seldom gave advice and never interfered, yet she represented to the uneasy consciences of the village the Deity personified.

She stopped me in the High Street the day after Megan had come to lunch. I

(Continued on page 44)

IOLA FREE

BORN TO ACT

By Kyle Crichton

The somewhat businesslike career of Señorita Maria Montez, or an interesting lesson on how to become a moving-picture star and no fooling

CHARLES KERLEE

Maria Montez has a flair for publicity, real acting talent and a knack with clothes—all of which add up to success in Hollywood

A CLEVER labor lawyer could make out a marvelous case for Miss Maria Montez. If she acted to the age of ninety and were paid full rates for every minute's work in the studio, she would still be getting only half pay. Miss Montez acts twenty-four hours a day.

When she arrived in Hollywood, completely unknown, she knew exactly what she was going to do.

"Three mawnths' time and everybawdy knows me," she predicted.

On her first day at Universal she made an entrance into the commissary promptly at twelve noon. She wore a hat that had obviously been constructed by a maniacal furrier and a dress which was spectacular to the point of ecstasy. She sat at a table in the middle of the room by herself and began to peruse a trade paper.

She read with intensity. Some items seemed to distress her and she twisted her lovely face into a grimace; at other jolly bits of news she tossed back her head and laughed merrily. She made strange little cries of distress and pleasure; she leaned on her beautiful elbow and peered at the paper almost menacingly; she leaned far back in the chair and gurgled.

At this juncture, a waitress managed to convey the information that the more important executives rarely presented themselves for food prior to one o'clock. Not daunted in the slightest, Miss Montez rose and swept out. Promptly at one o'clock she returned and made a new entrance. She had changed her outfit entirely. This time the hat was even more outrageous and piquant; the gown was in the nature of a political demonstration. She glided between the tables to her own table in the middle of the room. She propped up the trade paper. She read it with utter devotion. At one particular paragraph, she threw back her head and filled the room with the most tinkling laughter. By two o'clock no meanest minion of Universal Studios was unaware of Miss Maria Montez.

Whatever plans Universal had in mind for her—and subsequent research has established that they were entirely minor—it was inevitable from this first moment that she would soon be a Hollywood actress. After a few abortive attempts in which she played the menace, she was finally cast in South of Tahiti, wearing a sarong. This proved to be of historical importance. Theater owners broke out in perspiration, there was the happy clank of silver on box-office ledges and writers were set to work changing drawing-room scenarios into jungle stories.

"The Dorothy Lamour of San Fernando Valley," said the cynics bitterly, but Miss Montez was not chagrined.

"They talk, eh?" she asked. "They mention my name?"

There have been other campaigns calculated to impress a personality on Hollywood but none more successful than that carried out by Señorita Montez. The studio press department runs pantingly in her rear; her personal publicity agent is in the position of a general who tries desperately to catch up with his army. When a mixup prevented a photographer from getting pictures of her during the day, she suggested that they be made at night.

"Very pretty, the moonlight," explained Maria.

It was while her father, the late Ysidoro Garcia, was Spanish consul and Embassy Delegate to the Dominican Republic that Maria was born. The family home was in the Canary Islands and Maria attended the Sacred Heart convent in Santa Cruz de Teverite during one of the brief periods when the family was in Spain. Her father had consular posts in South America, France, Belfast and England.

"Liverpool," says Maria, as if about to hold her nose.

The Belfast post was important because it was there she married a gentleman named McFeeters and went to live on the estate of his parents. For the later movie personage, Belfast was exactly as exciting as Erie, Pa. During the winter they had a flat in town and went to the movies. In summer they lived on

(Continued on page 54)

The Way Back

By Roderick Lull

The story of a dog and a man —and how the dog solved a problem for each of them

FOR a long minute the dog lay by the side of the road, where he had rolled after the fall from the car. He lay with his eyes open, whimpering, feeling with all his being the dull pain in his shoulder. While he lay there fear stabbed at him, deep inside and sharp. There were two fears, strangely mixed up together, separate yet related, and one was as sharp as the other—the fear born of his hurt, and the fear born of the knowledge that he was alone and lost, that they had gone on and left him.

He was an English setter of the Llewellyn strain, white with black markings, and he was eight years old. After the long minute he stirred and came slowly to his feet. He stood trembling, though the pain was leaving now and he knew out of instinct that he was not seriously injured. He stood by the roadside, staring down the highway the way the car had gone. It was evening, with the coolness of night coming on. There was nothing at all in sight, and there was no sound.

Fear swept over the dog in a wave now, though the pain in his shoulder had lessened until it was no more than a minor annoyance. They were gone out of sight, gone from him forever. Vaguely, the dog's mind recalled what had happened. He had been in his accustomed place in the steel-and-wire dog box that was bolted to the running board. He had been standing up, stretching, before lying down again. The car had swerved to avoid another car and he had been thrown roughly against the door. Then there had been a brief time of darkness and he had come to his senses lying by the roadside.

The dog whined deep in his throat. He had been born in a kennel; they had bought him when he was five months old. The kennel was long since forgotten and all he knew was the house and the grounds where he had lived for all but five months of his life. They had left it often enough, to go hunting or traveling, but always they had returned; he had again smelled the familiar smells, and been fed from the familiar dish, and gone to sleep in the familiar place. Always, until now.

The dog felt a stirring deep inside him. He lifted his head. Whatever now commanded him was as if one of them had given a spoken order. The dog trotted down the road, keeping well to the side of it. Whenever he heard a car he left the road and hid himself in the brush until it passed. The impulse deep inside him told him to keep out of sight, to approach no one, to be seen by no one. He obeyed without question. . . .

Taylor turned the car off the highway and let it glide to a stop before the small frame building marked "Rosegarden Auto Court: Office." There were the usual gasoline pumps, the odds and ends of canned goods in the single window and the battered wooden sign on which "Vacancy" was printed. Taylor and his wife got slowly, stiffly, out of the car. He noticed her from the corner of his eye as she stepped through the door. She looked, he thought suddenly, as alive and almost as youthful as she had fifteen years ago. He had been thinking that a great deal lately. And whenever he thought it he felt anger and weariness and the harsh knowledge of his own failure.

"It's been a long ride," he said, trying to make his voice sprightly. "I'll guarantee Jinx can do with a little exercise."

TAYLOR saw the dog box then, the door open where the flimsy catch had rusted through and at last broken. She saw it at the same moment. Neither of them said anything, beyond the little gasp she gave. They were back in the car at once and turning around. The proprietor of the auto camp hurried toward them from one of the cabins, but they gave him no attention.

"He was there when we stopped for gas at Olneyville," Taylor said. "That's about seventy miles." He looked at her and saw her white face. He had often teased her about Jinx—"I'll be hanged, Jane, if I don't believe you think as much of Jinx as of me." Then they had laughed together and she had accused him of a similar affection for the dog. And in all truth, he knew, both were pretty close to right; though, of course, it was foolish. That was the trouble with a dog, particularly with a childless couple. He was apt to be beloved out of all reason. It was silly and sentimental and didn't make sense. But it was true.

He touched her hand for a moment. It was warm and dry. He put his own hand back on the wheel.

"We'll find him, all right," he said. "Don't worry. He'll stick to the highway. Darned smart dog, Jinx."

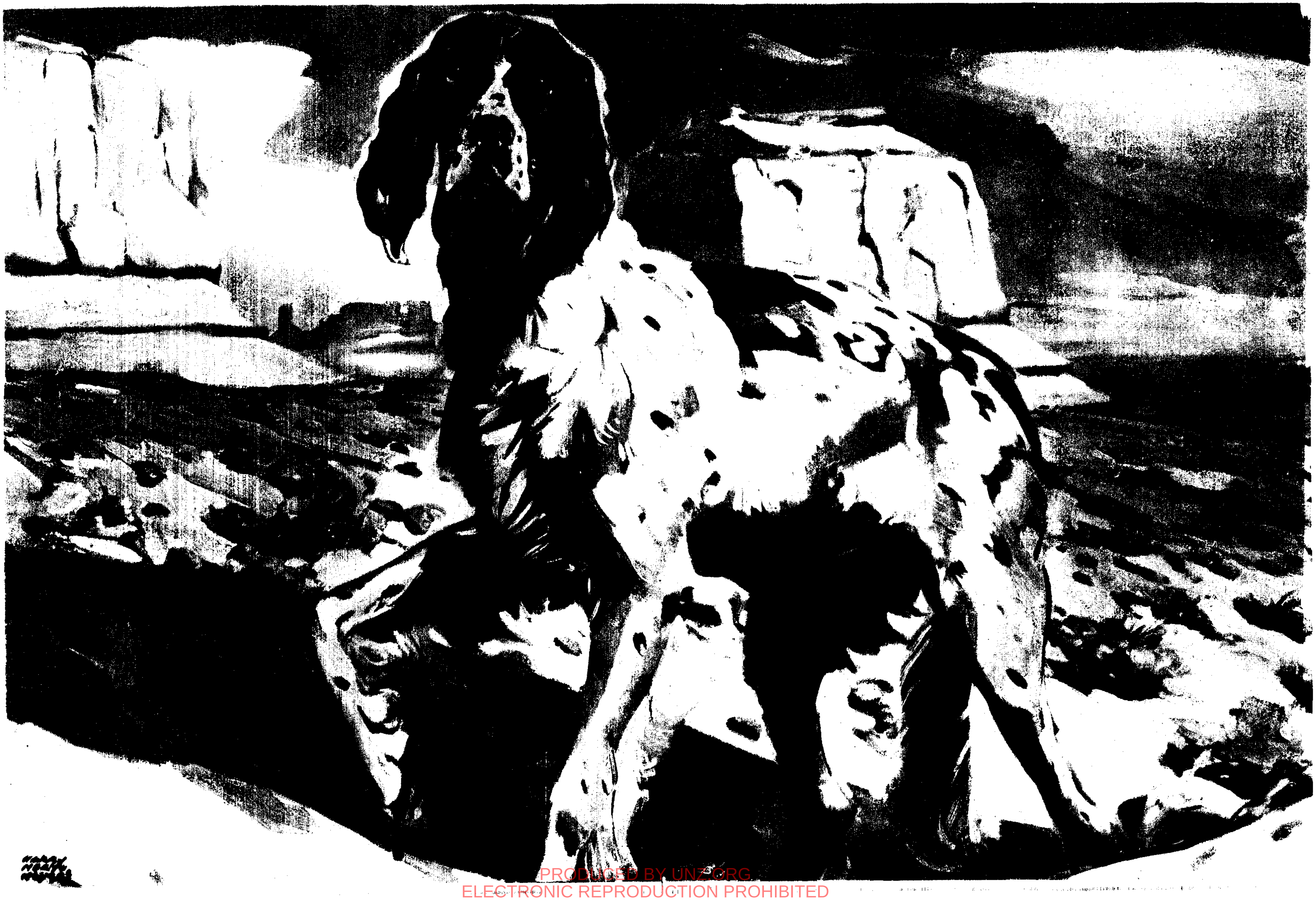
They went to Olneyville, tooting the horn at intervals, occasionally calling the dog's name out of the windows, never missing an inch of the roadside. They found nothing. They came back to the auto camp. It was dark on the way back and he thought that even the sound of the horn had become dispirited, as if there was no hope of finding the dog.

He rented a cabin. It was all right. It was the kind of cabin you described as "neat and clean and quite comfortable; very fair mattresses and all; and, of course, an auto court's so convenient—your car right beside you; no bellboys to fool around with and—"

Now, he hated it. He thought he hated it as much as he had ever hated anything

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



Hunger was forgotten and there was only the desire for water. Even the hurt of his pads was forgotten, so great was his longing

SOVFOTO

Josef Stalin reads the amity pact with Poland's former soldiers who will fight once more against Germany under General Wladyslaw Anders (left). Others are Poland's General Sikorski and Russia's Foreign Minister Molotov

HEART of Poland

By Alice Leone Moats

After spending two miserable years in Soviet prisons, General Wladyslaw Anders emerges triumphantly to lead an army of 150,000 seasoned troops against the Nazi horde. One of the most amazing stories of the war

IT'S NOT always that a historical axiom turns out to be one hundred per cent correct. One of the great exceptions is the axiom that the Poles as a nation are indestructible. Those Poles who form an army in Russia are once more proving it. Since August of last year, when the Russo-Polish treaty was signed in London, granting general amnesty to Poles imprisoned in the U.S.S.R. and permitting them to organize an army on Soviet territory, they have been coming out of the prisons and labor camps by the thousands, all with the fixed idea of seeing Poland rise again. They are gaunt, hollow-eyed, half-starved and dressed in rags, but their spirit is magnificent. All they ask is to get back in there and kill Germans.

Their commander in chief is Lieutenant General Wladyslaw Anders, who was released from Lubianka Prison in Moscow after an 18-months sojourn, to take over the job of forming an army. "When I had to choose a leader for you," General Sikorski told his compatriots in the U.S.S.R. in a radio speech from England, "I gave you Poland's bravest soldier."

Sikorski also gave them one of Poland's most experienced soldiers, for Anders has fought in four wars, and above three rows of decorations on his breast, there are eight stars embroidered in silver. Each one stands for a wound received in battle.

Courage and experience are the two necessary attributes of a commander, but alone they would not be sufficient to accomplish the gigantic task which has been set General Anders. It requires patience, efficiency, realism, energy, tact, determination, executive ability and power to inspire faith in men and, above all, knowledge of Russian psychology. This is a tall order, but Anders fills it and withal emerges as one of the few truly romantic figures in this war. Even his appearance counts in his favor. He is tall, erect, with a shaved Germanic head in contrast to his completely Slav face, which has remarkable hazel eyes as a dominating feature. Wherever he goes he draws immediate attention.

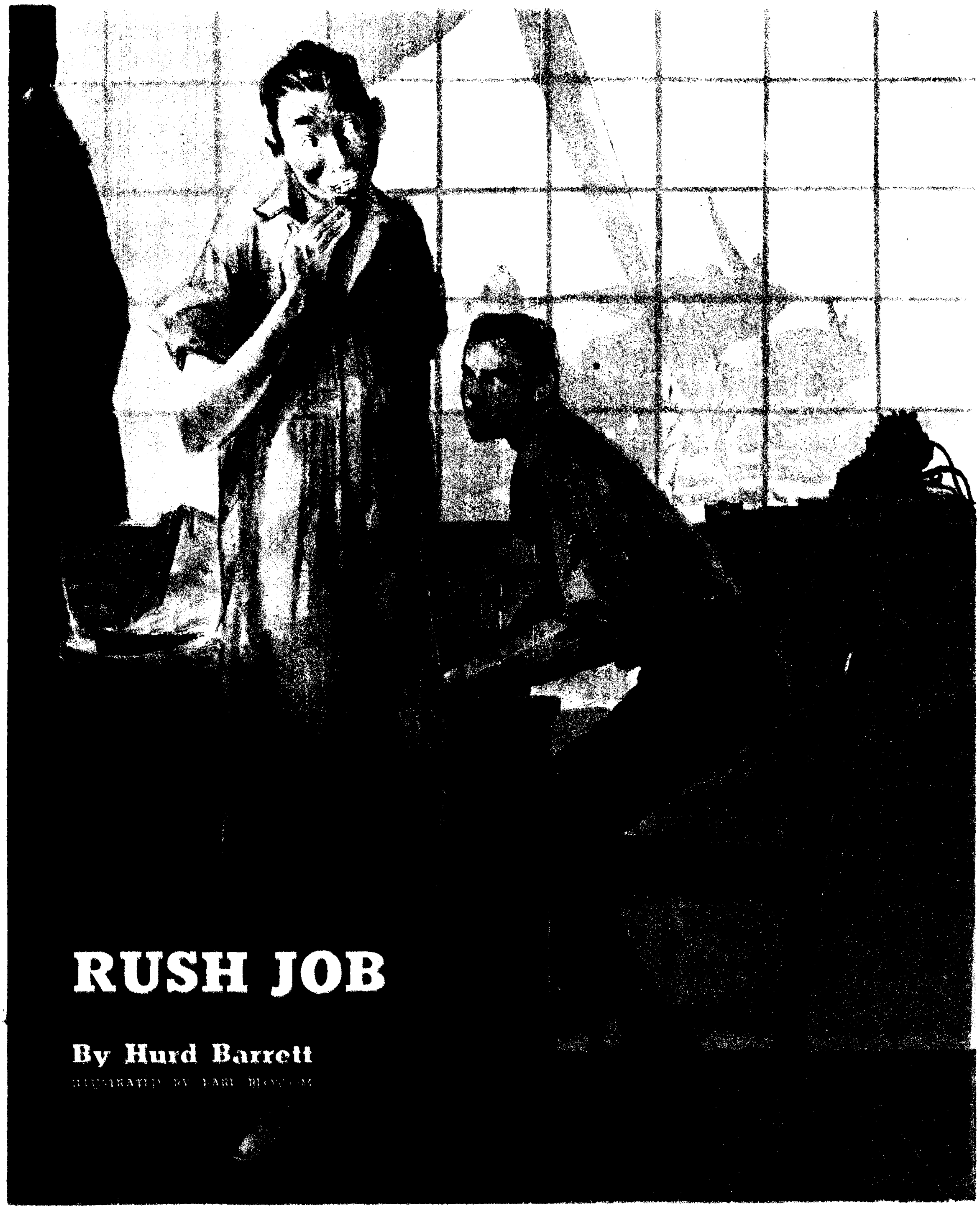
The Man Without Enemies

So many qualities assembled in one man might almost make him seem something of a super Rover Boy who is rather irritating to his fellows. Anders is saved from this because he is so very human and such a completely swell guy. "When General Sikorski appointed Anders," a Polish officer who had been in London at the time told me, "there was no question as to who was the right man for the job. There was no feeling on the part of the other generals that they had been slighted. He is the only man I have ever known to reach a high place without making a single enemy on the way."

When Anders left Lubianka he was on crutches, still suffering from a serious leg wound received in Poland in 1939 and which had had no medical attention. The commandant of the prison broke the news to him that he had been named commander in chief of the Polish forces in Russia at the same time as he announced his release. Anders answered that, owing to his ill-health, he doubted whether he would be able to accept the appointment. Two weeks later he was walking with a stick and flying around Russia in a small plane, visiting Poles in prisons and camps as well as establishing his headquarters at Buzuluk and ranging over a thousand miles or so selecting sites for the other camps to quarter troops.

When he hesitated to take over the command the general realized he was to be faced with some of the most difficult problems that had ever confronted a military man. It was only later when he began to work that he realized just how serious and numerous they actually were. To date the Polish embassy in Kuibyshev has been able to ascertain that there are 1,500,000 Poles in the Soviet Union, but information gathered from released prisoners indicates the figure may be well over 2,000,000. Only about seven hundred thousand of these have turned up so far. The rest still have to be located and among them there are known to be over 5,000 officers and a dozen generals, including Haller. They are in prison camps all over the U.S.S.R., from Franz Josef Land to Murmansk, from Murmansk to Kazakstan. Every possible assistance in the search is being given by NKVD (modern name for OGPU). But there are several thousand square miles to be combed and with communications and transport being what they are in Russia

(Continued on page 50)



RUSH JOB

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

When the history of this war is written, a chapter should be devoted to a lady in San Francisco, who is our greatest single force for efficiency to date

AN UNUSUALLY hot California sun beat balefully down on the repair depot's tin roof. The temperature inside the Third Echelon maintenance office stood at a round ninety-five degrees; and the humid San Joaquin Valley air brought the perspiration out on a man wherever it touched him. This, despite the fact that the month was December.

Corporal Henry Jones, however, was not dismayed. As a matter of fact, he was whistling. Corporal Jones was an essential cog in the Matériel Division of the U. S. Army Air Corps, and justly proud of his duties. Moreover, it was Saturday, and he was looking forward to spending a week end in the company of a certain Miss Louise Williams, who was a keen babe, and whose status as a resident of San Francisco made it unnecessary for a soldier to arrange for more than his own transportation to the metropolis. . . . Corporal Jones, in short, felt that he was sitting—if not on the very top of the world—at least more than halfway up it.

He was engaged in typing up a list of the repair parts that would be needed the following week for Third Echelon's repairs to damaged service equipment Third Echelon (no one but the brass hats had ever been able to determine why it was called that) was nothing more or less than a small airplane factory—complete with civilian mechanics, craftsmen, machinists, welders, sheet-metal workers and design engineers—whose job it was to keep in operating condition the several thousand airplanes—training, transport and combat—that made up the Sixteenth U. S. Army Air Force.

The corporal whistled and typed steadily. It was just as he got to an item that said: "Fourteen Only Type 3-U Generators, Supreme Electric Company," that Sergeant Wallace came into the office. The sergeant was small, wiry, tough and dour. He had been fifteen years in the Army. And he was Corporal Jones' rival for the affections of Miss Williams.

There was a gleam in the sergeant's eye. Seeing it, Corporal Jones felt a shudder of apprehension. He attempted cordiality: "Something you wanted, Sarge?" he inquired.

"Yeah," said the sergeant coldly. "I want that Fleetwing engine. When's it going to get here?"

JONES ruffled through some papers on his desk and came up with a teletype message. It was from the Matériel Division headquarters at Wright Field, in Dayton. It said succinctly that the one-only Fleetwing engine required for the repair of ship No. 681 would be undeliverable before December 20th—which was the following Tuesday.

Jones handed the message to Sergeant Wallace. The sergeant read it, slammed it back on the desk and glared at him.

Mullins gave a zany grin. "He said maybe if you stuck your head in the main it would swell up and stop the leak. Ha-ha! That's funny, ain't it?"

"Nuts!" he said. "I got to have the ship in service Monday." He fixed Jones with a fishy eye. "Are you sure you got right on it?"

"Sure!" said Jones. "I had a teletype message in Dayton in ten minutes. But all Fleetwing engines are held up on changes. They won't ship 'em out unless they've got the new-type supercharger. You got a copy of the bulletin, didn't you?"

Sourly, the sergeant nodded. "Yeah, I got it all right. But that isn't going to keep the captain from being awful, awful sore. We've got a war on, and that ship's needed Monday down at Mojave Field. He's not going to like your not getting it in for him."

"What could I do?" protested Jones plaintively. "If Dayton won't give me an engine, they won't give me an engine."

"That's right," said the sergeant. "But maybe if you hadn't had your head so damn' full of women, and getting away on leave and stuff, you could 'a' gotten them to release one for us."

Jones grinned. "So that's what's eating you?" he said.

"There's nothing eating *me*," said Wallace. "It's just that I can't understand why any woman would give an unprintable like you a date, when she could get a man."

"Meaning you, I suppose?" said Corporal Jones, amiably.

"Meaning me," said the sergeant. He cocked an eye at Jones. "When you leaving for Frisco, Jonesy?"

The corporal hated to be called that. People he didn't like had been calling him Jonesy ever since his grammar-school days. But today, somehow, he didn't mind. Today, somehow, was his day. "About five-thirty, six o'clock," he said cheerfully. He was commencing to enjoy himself hugely. "Want me to say hello to her for you?"

"Arph!" snorted Wallace. "Don't bother. But," he added grimly, "you'd better be quite sure you got that work cleaned up. If I come in here and find one piece of paper in that basket of yours, you're not going anywhere."

Jones felt a sudden recurrence of the feeling of apprehension. "Okay," he said. "Okay." Rapidly, then, he resumed his typing.

BY THREE that afternoon, Jones commenced to realize that there was a plot on foot. The parts requisitions were coming in at a rate out of all proportion to the normal state of affairs. And each of them was countersigned with the ubiquitous initials of Sergeant Wallace. By a supreme effort, however, Corporal Jones was managing to stay ahead of things.

But he was far from out of the woods. At three-five, the more or less quiet of his office was shattered by a shrill cry. The cry—personified—was Private Mullins. Mullins was a long, angular, Adam's-appled individual who answered to the name of Yardbird. And he cried. He cried continuously. Not that he hadn't good reason to, for he was charged with dispensing across the counter of the stock room those items that mechanics need for the repair of aircraft. And sometimes he didn't have those necessary items to dispense. Whereat, he frequently came in for hard looks and curses. . . .

"Jonesy," he wailed. "We're out of rags. We got to have rags."

Corporal Jones ceased typing. He

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GAY AND EASY

By Ruth Carson

Manufacturers work ahead of time to provide the clothes you wear. So the stores are a riot of color and variety in women's shoes. Pre-priority shoes. Have a fling, but don't think it's your last. There'll be more shoes coming for a while, at least

TODAY a shoe can be a flat, a chopine, a sock, a ballet slipper, a clog, a moccasin, a boot or just a whimsy. It can wear a high heel or none at all. It can have a thin sole or one inches thick. It can carry you forth practically barefoot or conceal you to the ankle. It can be fuchsia pink or any color, made of felt or straw or any material, and no one will look astonished.

No one will look shocked, either, and call you a flighty, wasteful female in such footgear. Variety is exactly what the government wants in your clothes. It puts no great strain on the supply of any one material.

Variety on your feet, amounting to a whole shoe wardrobe, makes good practical sense, too. It distributes wear and tear, prolonging the life of each pair of shoes, and dresses you appropriately for each occasion. You'll wear your polished leather and welt-soled shoes when you have a good stint of walking and hard work to do. But you'll cherish them, too, as leather prices mount, and supplement them with fabric, straw, all kinds of lighter footwear. You'll save your delicate suèdes for afternoon, and be giddy as you like with fanciful designs and gay colors for evening and for lounging around the house, and to wear with play clothes. Each is so important a part of the shoe picture that it is to be had at every price level, so that your total shoe budget need be no cause for complaint. And such variety of heel heights, sole thicknesses, shapes and materials gives you a sure foothold on comfort.

You Needn't Be High-Heeled

We see the possibilities of greater eye appeal, too, since we've discovered feet don't have to be tiny to be effective. It's our pretty ankles the gentlemen like to admire, anyway, and there are more ways than a spike heel to draw attention to them. Of course, low heels at night used to mean only that you were taller than he was, poor girl, and were trying to come down to grade level. Your shoes, from the junior miss department, looked it, too. Now the main shoe salon displays dancing moccasins, ballet slippers, a whole flock of down-to-the-dance-floor shoes. And if one of these looks best with your new waltz dress, and displays your ankle prettily, you'll have it no matter what his height, or yours.

This sweet reasonableness on the part of the general public has been very profitable for the shoe designer. In the old days of ten years or so ago, there were pattern cutters who made the patterns for the individual pieces that go into a shoe, and sold them to shoe manufacturers. But the pump, which is of very simple design and does not require intricate pattern pieces, began coming in so far ahead of all other fashion entries that that was the end of the big pattern companies. And the beginning of the Julianellis, shoe designers.

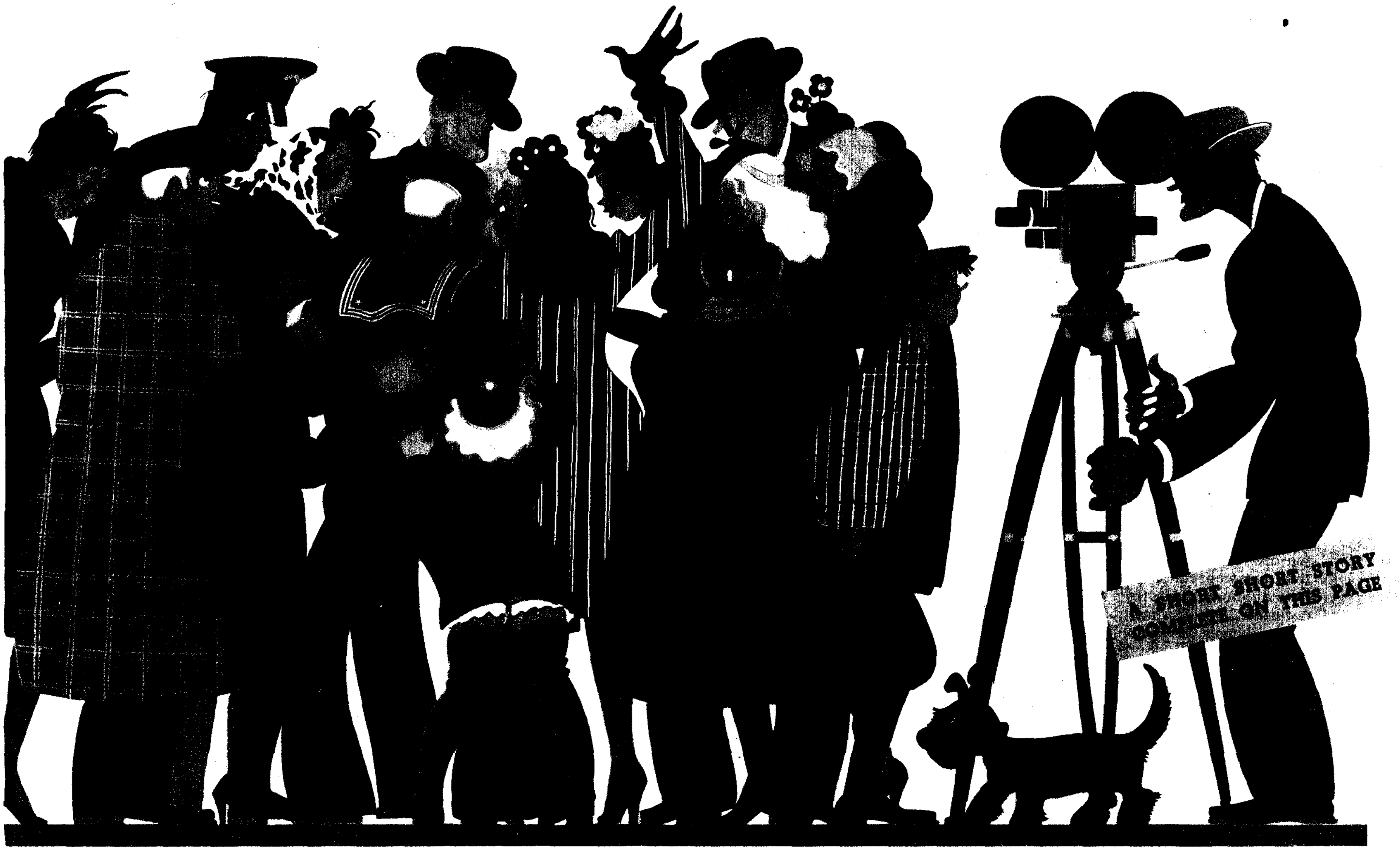
The Julianellis, Mabel and Charles, who were not then Mr. and Mrs., had met in a pattern factory. Charles who, in the best shoe-craftsman tradition, is Italian-born, and who is handsome enough to rate a movie contract, was an artist. Studied portraiture. Mabel, pretty product of *(Continued on page 53)*

The De Marcos, famous dancing team, pause during a new number to give you a still view of the shoes made by the Julianellis for Sally—red crepe with gold nailheads to match her costume

IFOR THOMAS

CLEAN SLATE

By Hugh Mac Nair Kahler


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

There was quite a mob on the sidewalk in front of the lunchroom—and a newsreel truck. The crowd was singing "You're in the Army Now." Joe Mellick hurried. He hadn't foreseen this

THE idea hit Joe Mellick as he watched Milly Britt going into the cheap little lunchroom where Red Scanlon worked. That had been happening too often to suit Joe Mellick, but he hadn't seen any way do do anything about it. He was a little sore at himself, now, because he hadn't. This idea, simple and sure-fire, had been in plain sight all along. He ought to have thought of it the first time Milly had turned down a chance to eat with him and had spent her noon hour, instead, on a high stool across the counter from Red Scanlon.

Mellick allowed himself a chuckle as he beckoned to a taxi. Now that he could stop worrying he could see that there'd never been any real reason why he should have worried. Besides her looks and her voice Milly Britt had brains. Plenty. There'd never been a chance of her passing up Joe Mellick and falling for a big, dumb tramp like Red. She'd just been sorry for Red, that was all, just standing by an old friend who was out of luck. But it wasn't going to hurt Joe Mellick's feelings any if she did her standing by, after this, at long range. And that, he promised himself, was just how she would have to do it.

Joe didn't figure in city politics but he knew people who did. The right people. He didn't have much trouble about getting in to see the Big Fellow. The Big Fellow hadn't got that way by letting little fellows waste his time, though. He gave Joe the fish-eye.

"Boil it down," he said.

Joe boiled it down. "A pardon. A punk named Red Scanlon. Lunchroom stickup. Took a plea. Two-four at Stillburn. Out on parole since—"

The Big Fellow's head began a slow swivel on a cushion of red, nested chins. Mellick had expected that. The governor had been taking a going-over in the newspapers about a couple of the boys he'd pardoned to oblige the Big Fellow.

"Wait," Mellick said. He put a typed paper on the desk. Milly had written it for him when she'd asked him to use his pull to get Red released from parole. He'd filed it in his pocket, never guessing how much good it was going to do him. "Five'll get you five hundred if the governor doesn't slip you this on a gold platter."

THERE was a little aliveness in the fish-eyes. The Big Fellow had a weakness for little bets at long odds.

"Look." Mellick pushed the paper across the desk. "This one's different. This punk makes his right-hand turn and makes it the hard way. Minute he's paroled he hot-foots around to the quick-and-dirty he stuck up and talks the owner into letting him work out every dime he took. Still working there. Natural friend-maker. Brings in so much business the boss is slipping him a piece of the joint. No drinks, no dice, no—"

"Not till he's off parole." The head was beginning another swivel.

"Hold it. Wait for the pay-off. It's a natural. The papers will eat it up. Headlines. The kind you can use right now, you and the governor both. Look. Why would this punk want a pardon? He's sitting pretty, isn't he? The draft's grabbing off other guys, half as fit to fight as he is, but it can't grab him. Not unless he's dumb enough to want it to grab him, dumb enough to stick his neck out and ask for a pardon that'll wash his slate and—"

The Big Fellow hadn't got big by waiting for diagrams. His jaw made a dent in the chins as he nodded. One hand reached for the paper and the other jerked its thumb toward the door. Mellick saved up his laugh till he was on the far side of it.

He allowed himself a good one then, and a few more in the taxi, heading back uptown. It couldn't lose. The governor'd go for it even harder than the Big Fellow and the papers would go for it hardest of all. And Milly'd be lonesome again, even lonesomer, maybe, than when Red was up the river. Lonesome enough to be glad of some company and a few good times. And with Red out of the picture—well, if absence made the heart grow fonder it hadn't done it when Joe Mellick was looking. . .

THE story broke in the early editions of the afternoon papers, two days afterward. It got headlines. Bigger and better ones than Joe had hoped for. He waited a while, after he'd read it, so as to be sure there wouldn't be any laugh left in his voice when he talked to Milly. He needn't have worried about that. When he rang up the office the telephone girl said Milly had gone out in the middle of the morning and wouldn't be back till tomorrow.

Joe went around to the lunchroom. There was quite a mob on the sidewalk in front of it, and a newsreel truck at the curb. The crowd was singing "You're in the Army Now." Mellick hurried. He hadn't foreseen this. He managed to hate Red Scanlon a little harder than ever because he couldn't help feeling almost sorry for him. Taking a jolt like this one would have been tough enough without having to stand up in front of a crowd and a camera and pretend to like it.

Red was making a pretty fair job of that, though. When Mellick elbowed far enough into the mob to see him his grin was just about cutting his head off. Mellick didn't have time to do any wondering about that, because the newsreel crew yelled for quiet and got it, and the man with the microphone was holding it in front of somebody at Red's side, somebody Mellick couldn't see.

He could hear a voice, though, warm and round and husky, with a little quiver in it, saying something about never being able to thank the governor enough for what he'd done for Red.

"And for me," the voice said. "This would have happened long ago if I'd had my way. But Red had made up that stubborn mind of his that we were going to wait and keep on waiting till the slate was clean."

Joe Mellick didn't hear the rest of it. He didn't believe it was really Milly's voice until he saw her running across the sidewalk with Red, toward a taxi. Red's boss was throwing something at them. Some of it hit Joe's face before he realized that it was rice.

In the Overland

"HMMM, VALUABLE! GUESS WE'LL SHIP BY PULLMAN"

ED, OUR TICKET AGENT, was joking that day at the station. But believe me, it was no joking matter when we found that Nancy's first trip away from home had to be *without us!*

Fortunately, her Aunt Helen could go along, but even so, you can imagine how we felt.

We decided on Pullman, of course. And I don't think I ever *really* appreciated the safety and comfort of Pullman travel until that moment.

As for Nancy, she was so excited that—as the train pulled out—she practically shoved her little nose through the Pullman window, waving goodbye and grinning from ear to ear.

Well, you can imagine what my husband and I talked about all evening. Tom said he could just picture Nancy, making the most of everything you get on a Pullman. What a kick she'd get out of the friendly porter and the way he'd see to her comfort, bring her a drink of water if she wanted it, and help her off the train in the morning!

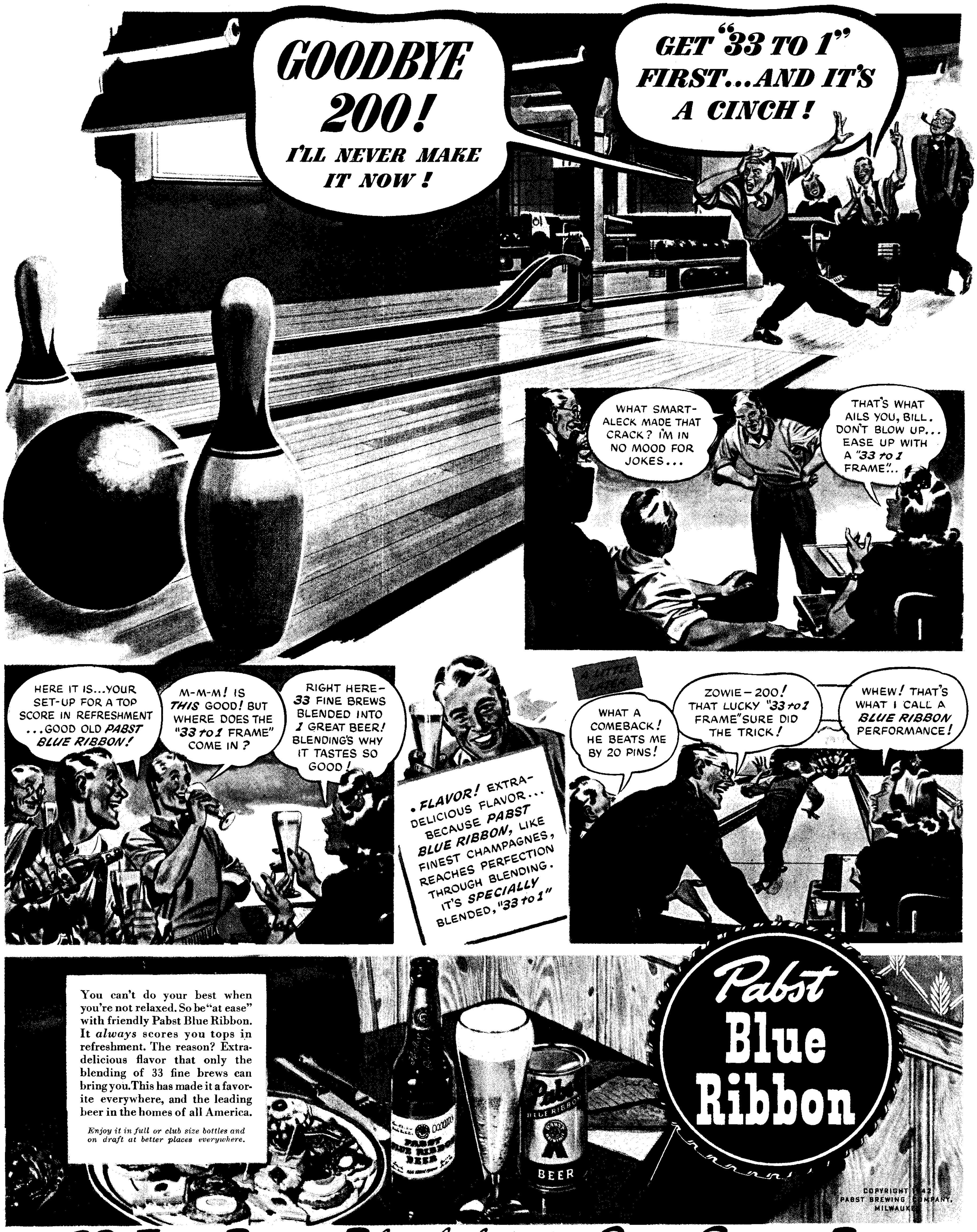
And wouldn't her eyes *pop* when he'd make up that *grandest of beds* in her Pullman berth, with those sparkling white sheets and snuggly blankets and two squishy pillows! She'd *love* the two reading lights—and *especially* the roomy shelf-space and hammock for her clothes and books and Panda! She's *so* prim about having everything *just so!*

Tom said *sure* she'd love her berth and would sleep like a cub, but if *he* knew *Nancy*, she would probably see to it that her Aunt would take her back to the lounge car, read the funnies to her, and, maybe, treat her to a glass of milk. Nancy would curl up in one of those big, soft chairs, and simply *revel* in it!

She promised not to stay up beyond her regular bed-time, and we could see her in her little blue robe and pajamas, washing her hands and brushing her teeth in the dressing room, and going on and *on* to someone about the "millions of snowy white towels and great, big mirrors!"

Yes . . . Tom and I rambled on about Nancy and her trip. But before we went to sleep, Tom said, quietly, "*Now* I think I know why you've always insisted on *me* going Pullman."

FOR COMFORT, SAFETY AND DEPENDABILITY — GO PULLMAN


GOODBYE 200! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT NOW!
GET "33 TO 1" FIRST...AND IT'S A CINCH!
WHAT SMART-ALECK MADE THAT CRACK? I'M IN NO MOOD FOR JOKES...
THAT'S WHAT AILS YOU, BILL. DON'T BLOW UP... EASE UP WITH A "33 to 1 FRAME"...
HERE IT IS...YOUR SET-UP FOR A TOP SCORE IN REFRESHMENT ...GOOD OLD PABST BLUE RIBBON!
M-M-M! IS THIS GOOD! BUT WHERE DOES THE "33 to 1" FRAME" COME IN?
RIGHT HERE–33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO 1 GREAT BEER! BLENDING'S WHY IT TASTES SO GOOD!
• FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED, "33 to 1"
A LITTLE LATER
WHAT A COMEBACK! HE BEATS ME BY 20 PINS!
ZOWIE–200! THAT LUCKY "33 to 1 FRAME" SURE DID THE TRICK!
WHEW! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BLUE RIBBON PERFORMANCE!
Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
BEER

You can't do your best when you're not relaxed. So be "at ease" with friendly Pabst Blue Ribbon. It *always* scores you tops in refreshment. The reason? Extra-delicious flavor that only the blending of 33 fine brews can bring you. This has made it a favorite everywhere, and the leading beer in the homes of all America.

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles and on draft at better places everywhere.

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PABST BREWING COMPANY,
MILWAUKEE

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

Thunder Road

Continued from page 12

moat thousands of miles wide. What could Japan do to the United States? Nothing. Therefore the conference in Washington was bound to be successful just as soon as ways were found which would allow both nations to save face.

"What makes me happy," he said without introduction, "is that we can sit about a table and act like civilized people. Darn it, the Japanese like us. Take Kamagoshi, so good a friend that he feared we might have car trouble in driving up or down Thunder Road. Or take Matsuzuki, so disturbed because I couldn't have a look at the sort of case which he knew I would find interesting. Or . . . Mary, are you listening? I'll wager that you weren't."

Mary admitted, "I wasn't, Doctor. I was hoping we'll have a real island sunrise in the morning. It is so beautiful, so peaceful, then, that one can hardly believe that everything is real."

When they left the car, time dragged more slowly; again and again Dr. Goddard's ears fooled him, although whether the sounds he heard were from planes leaving or arriving at Hickam Field he didn't know. When at last there could be no mistake, he found that he was nervously anxious.

THE eastward flash of silver grew and grew and assumed shape, first dropping lower, and then surging into the sky as the pilot sought more altitude. Minutes passed before the plane turned and started to come in. The roaring of the motors, tuned to landing control, made Goddard hope that nothing was wrong; and at the end of the glide, when the plane splashed down and taxied inshore, to be towed to the dock, Goddard's hands were cold with excitement.

He said nothing, nor did Mary, until Bob was off the plane and with them. Then he said, with their hands tight, "Well. Ah. You're thinner." Other words wanted to be spoken, but it wasn't necessary to utter them. Bob's other arm was around Mary's shoulder. "Have a good trip?" asked Dr. Goddard.

"Grand. The number one engine kicked up. The left outboard. The captain used it to pump gas to the other three. He cut off the automatic pilot and flew manually. Gosh," Robert Goddard said, "it's good to be home!"

"Good to have you," Dr. Goddard said, so huskily that he added, "How does that plane compare with those you make, Bob?"

Robert Goddard said, "Much the same. Bombers, basically, are commercial jobs. But interceptors are a different story! Wait until you see the 380 perform. When I take one up, you won't believe what you see. It—"

"Eh? You mean you fly it, son?"

"That's part of the job," Bob said. "I want to check in by phone," the engineer went on, "and make sure where the ships are. Then I'm set."

Dr. Goddard suggested, "We thought you might like being at the cottage tonight. Tomorrow is Sunday."

He didn't miss the way Bob's arm drew Mary closer.

"I'd like it better than anything else in the world," Bob said. "Thunder Road! I've thought of it when the machines were banging. How peaceful and quiet it always is up there. Mary, remember the time when we were kids, and you—"

"If you must remember things," said Mary quickly, "how about your doing everything which the native boys did? Like riding a bundle of sugar cane down the flume to the mill? And Kamagoshi saw you, and told your father—"

"And talked me out of proper punishment with a lot of *hoomalimali*," chuckled Dr. Goddard. "By the way, Kamagoshi asked for you. He was all upset because I have violated custom in not giving a homecoming party."

"Your way is better," said Bob. "I'll phone, and then we'll go."

Dr. Goddard insisted on sitting alone in the front seat, saying that he needed elbow room; and while he smiled knowingly to himself as the road wound up the narrowing valley, he paid attention to driving when the mountain walls pressed on either side. A sharp curve, a gap between rocks, showed him the plain below, and the ocean. Honolulu. Startlingly black islets rose like prongs in the bays.

Most of the color was strong. The greatest variation was in the greens; *kukui* trees were savage and clear green, wild guava had a yellowish sheen, pineapple fields a blue hue, and the sugar cane, marching right up into the hills, was green and silver. Rice and taro patches were darker. Newly cut earth was rusty red; the streams were white. But it was where surf ran up the yellow sand that the contrast was most remarkable. Blue sea, white surf, yellow sand.

"Nice try, Holloway!" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

GODDARD heard quick laughter just before he saw the high trestle that carried a flume over a jagged rocky gulch. There was a long silence after the laughter. It was unbroken until he drove through another gap, when an echo like thunder rolled out, the sound which gave the road its name; and through the sound Dr. Goddard heard Mary and Bob laughing again.

He said, "We'll be in sight of Kamagoshi's tea house when we round the next turn." Slyly, he added, "The Japanese consider the *kissu* is very immoral, children. So, if they should be looking, don't shock them." It was Dr. Goddard who was laughing now, because there could be no retort. "However," he added, "no one will be up here at this season. Kamagoshi is in town."

THE tea house seemed to grow out of the ridge, weatherbeaten to the color of the rock. Flat stones led up to it from the road; and, with infinite pains, a garden had been accomplished, rocky planes and curves, dwarf trees and shrubs. An old stone lantern cut into the sky; there was a tiny stone bridge below.

"Is someone standing near the lantern?" Bob asked.

Dr. Goddard looked. "No. Guilty conscience. If anyone were here, Kamagoshi'd have said so, and offered his services. If . . . ah, here we are."

The cottage was well below the ridge. As Dr. Goddard parked the car where a space had been gouged out of the hill, Mary fumed, "The shutters aren't down. The boys have opened a bottle that was with the supplies, and haven't done a single thing. I should have known better—"

"The door is still padlocked," comforted Bob. "We've arrived first. How about sitting on the *lanai* and talking? Maybe you'll see something."

The view from the porch was breathtaking. Shadows were becoming purple as the sky was stained with sunset gold, soft as the stamens of Night-Blooming Cereus. Sun still glinted on the checkerboard fields, the white tower of a school on the plain, the trestle that bridged the nearer ravine, the stack of a sugar-cane mill. But what held the three pairs of eyes was the harbor beyond.

The battle fleet lay at anchor. Gray battleships and battle cruisers, swift light cruisers and slim destroyers, submarines beside their tenders. The huge airplane carriers. Mathematically spaced on the blue water.

"It does something to you, doesn't it?" said Dr. Goddard.

Bob said, "Yes. And because of them, Honolulu can drowse in the sun." He winked at Mary. "But what a target they'd make, Dad!"

"*Kulikuli!* What enemy can get here? What d'you think we'd be doing? Haven't we Hickam Field and Wheeler Field and Fort Weaver and—"

"He's caught you, Doctor," said Mary, "and don't try talking your way out of it. I wish," she said, "that our boys would come."

A half-hour passed before Dr. Goddard heard a machine. Mary was standing, peering down at the lower curves of the road, when Bob said, "It's a car. Or more than one. There's another sound, too. Plane motors. Since they haven't the hum of G717s nor Hawk-Ferriers nor Lamcolms, they might be those with which our 380s are powered. The 380 is twin-engined."

Dr. Goddard and Mary followed Bob's pointing finger. A feeling of disappointment swept through the doctor when he could see the plane; why, it wasn't large at all. He could see the two tails, making the plane like no dragonfly ever hatched. Then he began to observe the speed, and how the 380 gave the illusion of turning at right angles; and, by George, when it went higher, it seemed to climb right straight up! He glanced at Bob, and the pride in his son's face made him take a deep breath. That was how a man should feel.

"WHEN I phoned," said Bob, as the 380 fairly dropped out of the sky, "I learned that there is a little field, a private one, at the Howes' plantation below us. If the ship were flown there, I could look at it tomorrow, and still have a lot of time here. The Lawton people," Bob said, "are grand."

"So you knew it was coming," jeered Dr. Goddard, as the 380 kicked up dust and then taxied behind trees, "and that talk of engine sounds was to show how *akamai* you are." He said seriously, "Yes, it was thoughtful of the Lawton company. Now if the boys and the food and a drink will just show up—"

Mary said, "I don't hear the machine at all now. I'll bet they stopped at Kamagoshi's."

"It's not our boys at all," said Bob.

Japanese appeared around the bend of the road, Kamagoshi at their head; all carried packages. Kamagoshi cried, "*Aloha! Komban wa!* Surprise!" as he reached the *lanai*. He bowed as he placed his own gift in Bob's hand.

How friendly these people were, Dr. Goddard thought, and how sincerely they congratulated Bob as they made their presentations. He watched while Bob opened the gifts, Mary exclaiming and the Japanese deprecating what each had given. Red lacquer bowls. The sacred badger Tanuki, a lamp in his bronze left paw and a bottle of *sake* in his right. Porcelain dogs. The thin blade with which *samurai* once gave enemies the *coup de grâce*, and which Dr. Goddard decided would make Bob an excellent paper cutter. A silk cigarette case. A wallet.

"*Arigato,*" thanked Bob. "You are very kind. But—"

"We ought to have a drink," growled Dr. Goddard. "The boys have the liquor, and they haven't shown up yet, Kamagoshi."

Kamagoshi said, "Not arrive?" He

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rubbed his chin and clucked sympathetically; he looked around at his companions, who nodded violently and spoke in Japanese. "I are agreeing," said Kamagoshi. "It must be! We go to my house."

"I'll drive down the road and look for them," Bob suggested.

Kamagoshi protested, "We do not see them, Bob, as we come."

"The devils undoubtedly sampled my liquor and are sleeping it off," Dr. Goddard said. He smiled at Kamagoshi. "We'll be delighted to come to your house."

As they walked in a group, Dr. Goddard glanced once more at the harbor, where the battle fleet lay; then he lowered his eyes and saw the fields and schools and peace. And friendliness. He linked his arm through the nearest Japanese's.

INSIDE, in the long bare room furnished in Japanese fashion, an even greater contentment grew in the doctor. All was well when men met like this; all was better when he saw Bob and Mary, side by side on flat cushions on the matting. Emptying his second glass, Goddard said, "This is grand Scotch, Kamagoshi."

"Kanaya-san are bringing it," said Kamagoshi, nodding at a thin Japanese. "It produce appetite. Cerebration must be, even if your boys are drunken." He clapped his hands. "You do me honor," he said gravely, as a pair of Japanese girls hastened in and placed low stands before everyone.

"This is an imposition," declared Dr. Goddard. "You have your own dinner guests. We mustn't interfere. We—"

Kamagoshi said solemnly, "We are friend!"

Dr. Goddard could find no answer for that.

The maids brought trays, placing one on each of the stands. A scarlet lobster, halved, made the most vivid color as it lay across a black plate. Next to it was a divided blue and white dish, half filled with thin slices of raw fish, half with shredded vegetables. Two lacquer bowls contained soup, one a broth with mushrooms, the other of fish, lotus root, and sea weed covered with a thick salty custard. Immature purple eggplant, pickled and stewed, glistened on an oval white plate. An empty porcelain bowl was for tea, another for rice, and a smaller one for the *sake* which the maids were pouring. Chopsticks of bamboo, only partially separated to prove no previous use, showed through transparent paper.

Kamagoshi cried, "Ho! Are you forgot to use chopstick, Bob?"

Splitting his pair apart, Bob lifted a bit of lobster and dipped it into his bowl of sauce. "You taught me how to use them," he said. "I haven't forgotten anything." He pointed to the food. "*Suiono, namusu, chawan, ko-no-mono*—"

Kanaya, the thin Japanese, asked, "You speak Japanese, Mr. Goddard?"

"Just a few words," said Bob. He lifted his tiny *sake* bowl, bowed to Kamagoshi, and drained the mouthful; it was immediately refilled.

Mary said, "It's fun. I'm glad the boys didn't show up."

As the dinner progressed and bowls were refilled, Dr. Goddard was pleased with the way in which the men seemed to be letting themselves go; he had never seen them laugh so much, nor enjoy themselves more.

When Mary and Bob said that they were going outside, Goddard saw a look between Kanaya and Kamagoshi to which the latter responded with a nod, as if telling Kanaya that the pair were young and therefore should be allowed to violate custom by leaving the feast. Kamagoshi himself hurried out of the room to bring back a kimono for Mary. The Japanese, Dr. Goddard knew, were thoughtful in everything.

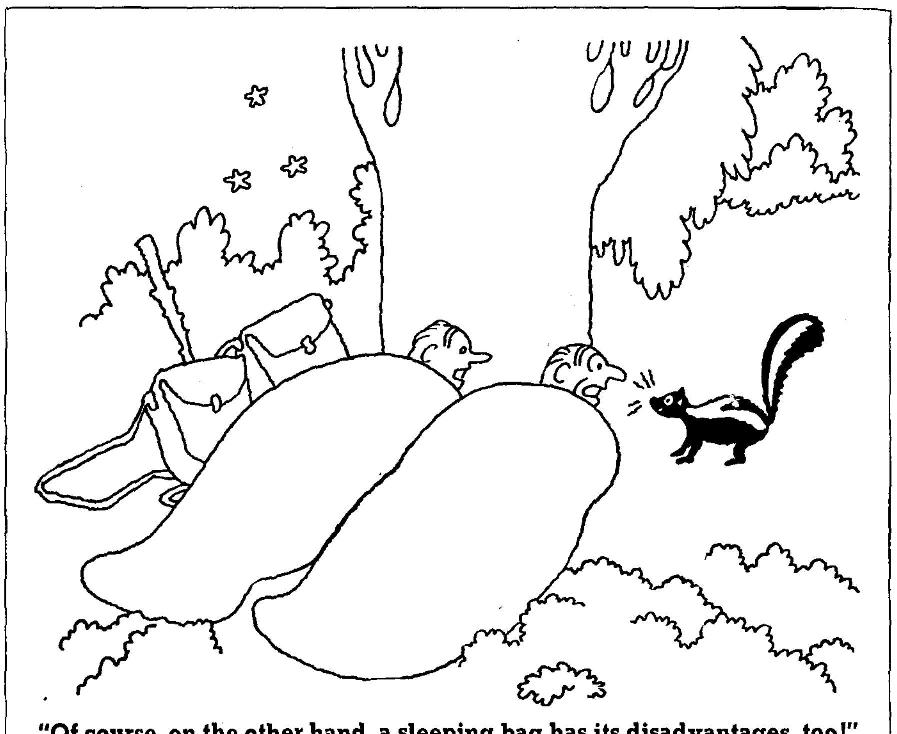
It was a noisy half-hour later when the pair returned. Bob said, "That's a fine light in the stone lantern, Kamagoshi."

"Wind sometime brow out former one," said Kamagoshi. With almost the same breath he hissed, "*Shiro hadzu wa nai*," to Kanaya.

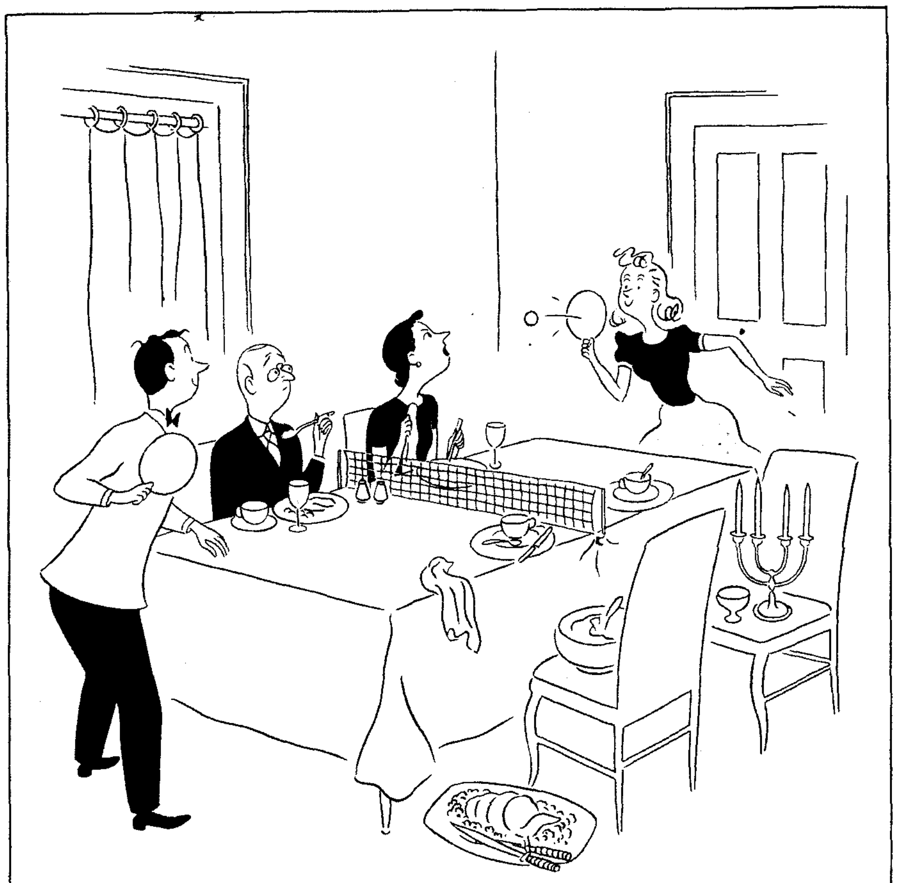
Since this sounded to Dr. Goddard as if it meant that Bob couldn't know why the lantern had been improved, he wondered a little at it. Kamagoshi satisfied his curiosity by stating that perhaps in the morning Bob would give his opinion about the way the lantern had been changed, or suggest further improvements.

How pleasant everything was, Dr. Goddard finally thought, when long good nights were finally said, and salted cherry-blossom tea drained; he mentioned this when on the *lanai* again. Surely no people were so thoughtful as the Japanese; why, when it was morning they wouldn't forget to send hot shaving water.

"What I didn't say," Bob said then, "was that the lantern's arranged so it can be used as a signal. It has been glassed for it, and—"



"Of course, on the other hand, a sleeping bag has its disadvantages, too!"



"At least you could wait until your father and I finish eating!"

TONY BARLOW

"The Japanese pride themselves on being modern," Goddard said. The atmosphere in the aircraft plant had made Bob suspicious; but Bob's earnestness kept Goddard from jeering that possibly Kamagoshi was going to signal to the invading fleet of a nation with which the United States was negotiating.

"That's exactly what I told him," said Mary.

"The glass was warm," Bob insisted. "The light'd been on. Someone covering and uncovering it would make a signal visible at great distance. Mightn't Kamagoshi've stopped the signaling when he went for a kimono for Mary?"

This was too much. "Signaling for a dozen eggs?" chuckled Dr. Goddard. "Nonsense, Bob." He paused. "Now we'd better get some sleep. If I know our host, we'll have some delightful surprise for Sunday morning breakfast."

Yes, there would be something inviting, Goddard felt, as, with Mary in the other room and Bob in the room with him just off the *lanai,* he prepared for bed. He could see a star through a rift where the clouds were gathering for morning, reminding him that Bob would be with him on Christmas. Sleep came happily.

At first he thought that he must be dreaming, and that he should have had more sense than to eat lobster. Then he knew that a hand was on his throat, that he was pinned to his bed. Those dirty houseboys? Were they adding robbery to their failure to show up, knowing that they would probably be discharged? He heard the quick sound of a blow, heard Bob cry, "Dad! Mary! Run!" although he couldn't see what was happening. Then, as the pressure on his throat increased, and the night-color of the room became blackness, he heard the thud of a body. . . .

WATER brought him to consciousness; he was pulled to his feet before his senses had returned, to sway until someone grabbed him. Without pause he was half shoved, half dragged to the *lanai,* where Bob was already being held up, bound, by the Japanese. Not until Dr. Goddard tried to speak did he realize that he was gagged, with his arms tightly bound behind him.

The two men were hurried to the tea house. Those Japanese who had not attacked them were squatted in a semicircle, Kanaya in the center. The instant that the gag was jerked off, Dr. Goddard sputtered, "What the devil—"

"*Shita no iro,*" ordered Kanaya; Goddard was knocked to his knees. "Bind their legs. Where is the girl?"

A stocky Japanese said, "The son shouted. She ran. Men look for her."

"So?" said Kanaya. "You were in charge. You failed."

THE man who had led the assailants said, "Ah," and his breath whistled through his nose. He bowed and left the room. There was a long silence, followed by the hissing sound of steel ripping through silk.

"I," said Kanaya, "do not intend to fail in task assigned me. Therefore, Mr. Goddard, what made you suspicious of the lantern?"

Robert Goddard said, "You'll look fine in jail."

"No," said Kamagoshi. "You are not reporting events. You are being found some day in wrecked automobeer."

Dr. Goddard thought, *And that was Kamagoshi! A fellow I've known most of my life. What can it all mean?* It came to him then, while the Japanese were allowing what Kamagoshi had said to sink in, that Kamagoshi himself had attempted to keep him from coming to the hill cottage. Was Dr. Matsuzuki's invitation to be elsewhere on the island a part of all this? Had the houseboys been deliberately prevented from arriving? Had it all been done to prevent anyone from observing the lantern? And the possible purpose of the lantern, of signaling, turned Dr. Goddard cold as the stone from which it was made. This couldn't be happening, his whirling head insisted. *In a moment,* he thought, *I'll wake up.*

But it was real. He saw the stark reality of it in Kanaya's colorless face, in the burning black eyes, the lips like gray mold.

Kanaya jumped suddenly to his feet. "The girl," he said. "*Itta ga yokatta!*" He examined the white men's bonds, gagged them again, and had them

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel

Wife: There—now you're my handsome hero! Let's have a big going-to-a-party smile!

Hubby: That *sounds* okay, but gee, Peg, I guess I'm just not the party type.

Wife: That, my pet, is a lot of nonsense. All you need is a little more of the old 'oomph.' You know—a little more *pep appeal!* You haven't been eating right lately; I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins. And say, that gives me an idea. You pop down to the kitchen with me right now.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Wife: I just want you to taste *this!* It's KELLOGG'S PEP, a crunchy cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. What's more, it contains extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins—B1 and D. You know what they say—vitamins for pep!

Hubby: Whoa! All that chatter, and hardly a word about how *good* it tastes! By golly, if getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I'll expect to be wearing a permanent party smile!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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• "I'm a judge of pace and a judge of lather—horse or shaving. And to every man who's losing time and skin in harsh, burning shaves I say: 'Switch to Ingram's cool, quick-action shaving cream!'

• "With Ingram's, shaving is just a breeze from start to finish. You get a flying start with a cloud of lather—cool, planned cool to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your whiskers.

• "Ingram's makes the track fast for your razor. It glides along so smoothly that you shave minutes off your shaving time—and finish *cool*, refreshed, ready for the day's business or your evening date.

• "You can see in your girl's eyes how Ingram's increases your face value! No expensive lotions or tonics needed. Your skin is smooth and cool—and feels that way for hours. Warn off shaves that burn you! Get a tube or jar of Ingram's—concentrated for economy—today!"

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

dragged to opposite corners of the room. "All of us, everyone, must look for her. It is five o'clock, and although she has not time to go anywhere, we want her."

Dr. Goddard stared at Kamagoshi as his old friend passed him, but the Japanese gave no sign of recognition.

They are raving mad, thought Dr. Goddard. Then he looked at Bob, and it came to him that Bob's entire life should have been ahead and not ended. Mary was somewhere in the hills she knew so well, so much better than the Japanese; but what could the girl do? It was hours to a settlement. Nor did she dare run along the one road. *I must think of something,* Goddard felt.

He took in everything in the room, as if he might find some answer. Close by the alcove were the presents which the Japanese had given Bob just hours before, all to maintain the illusion of friendliness. A slow rage began to burn in Dr. Goddard as he saw them, bowls, lacquer, wallet, cigarette case, samurai death knife, porcelain dogs . . . and then, with the ropes cutting into him, he tried to move toward the alcove.

Ten minutes to move a foot, he thought bitterly as he made a useless violent lunge in place of the patient, painful way in which, squatted, bound, he had been edging toward the alcove. *They're certain to return before long.* But he nodded again to Bob, who was also inching his way nearer the alcove.

He was doing better. He was sure of it. Halfway, by George! His forehead was wet with sweat. Another six inches. A foot. A yard. Almost there! Bob was there already.

Then he could, had he bowed, touch the presents that had been placed near the alcove. Instead, he managed to turn so that his back was to them, and he was able to touch them with his fingers. The cigarette case. The wallet, the porcelain dogs for good luck. Ah . . . the knife.

As he took the slim bronze-and-silver haft in his fingers, he thought, *I can save a life again. My son's.* His hands were wet with perspiration; he took a deep breath, and then waggled the knife so Bob could figure what he intended to do.

When father and son were against each other, Dr. Goddard began to describe as large an arc with the blade as his constricted hands permitted.

The blade was taken from him; a single slash released his own hands as Bob cut away the rope. The two men, without hesitation, pushed open the nearest outer panel, stepped through, closed it behind them, and ran.

"You did it," Bob said. "You did it! Take it easier, Dad. We don't want to run into them. I'll bet," he said, exultation in his voice, "I know where Mary's hiding. Go along the ridge, the far side, until you reach the ravine—"

Dr. Goddard said, "You'll take the car?"

"No. Don't dare try." He seized the older man's hand. "Got a better way. Nice going, Dad. Take care of Mary."

He was gone, running low.

WHAT'S he up to, wondered Dr. Goddard; and then, as he lost sight of Bob in a thicket, he knew. And so as he took the course Bob had suggested, he kept his eyes on the aqueduct.

Once he hid behind a rock until two Japanese were out of sight; then he went ahead. He found the ravine, scrambled down to where there seemed to be a sheer drop, impassable, but with a handhold that, as Bob had said, allowed one to continue. He heard a voice say, "Bob?" and saw the shelf, the indentation.

"It's me," said Dr. Goddard. "You can put down that rock." He sat down; he was weak all over. "It's going to be all right," he said. "We got away. I . . . there he is! See him? Climbing up to the aqueduct! Look!"

"Doesn't he know that they can see him?" whispered Mary.

"It may be safer than climbing it where it's lower," the doctor said. He stared at the slender wooden structure. The rocks of the gulch below it seemed suddenly to be terribly jagged; then, as Bob was a hundred feet up, the watching pair heard a shot, and another, and saw how the climbing figure clung tighter to the long upright. "If they've only revolvers," muttered Goddard, "they'll never hit him. He's climbing again . . . he's up!"

Now Bob wasn't to be seen, since he had reached the aqueduct's trough. There were more shots, more shouts, and then a huge silence.

Mary asked, "What does it mean, Doctor?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

They sat without speaking after that, and as the dawn changed to morning the sun slanted through the light clouds and turned Pearl Harbor's water to a sheet of silver and blue, with toy ships motionless on it.

"He must be almost there," Dr. Goddard said finally. "He—"

Mary asked, "What makes the red glow, Doctor? Down the ravine?"

Goddard saw it; he said briefly, "Comes from in back of us," and went to the edge of the rocky ledge to look up. On either side of the stone lantern of the tea house, on the ridge, a fierce yellowish red flare was burning, with the figures of the Japanese near it; but before Goddard could say a word, Mary was crying that she saw other red lights on the hill behind the harbor. . . .

Mary Hinman choked, "Oh, look, look!"

In that one look Goddard saw the gray battle fleet on the hyacinthine water, and the city, and the fields . . . and the planes. Ten. Fifty. A hundred. Black. With the emblem of the rising sun. Black vultures. He saw them swoop, and heard the horrible thuds; he said, "God," without irreverence as the first flame swirled like the fingers of flowers. "Damn them!" he cried. "Oh, damn them!"

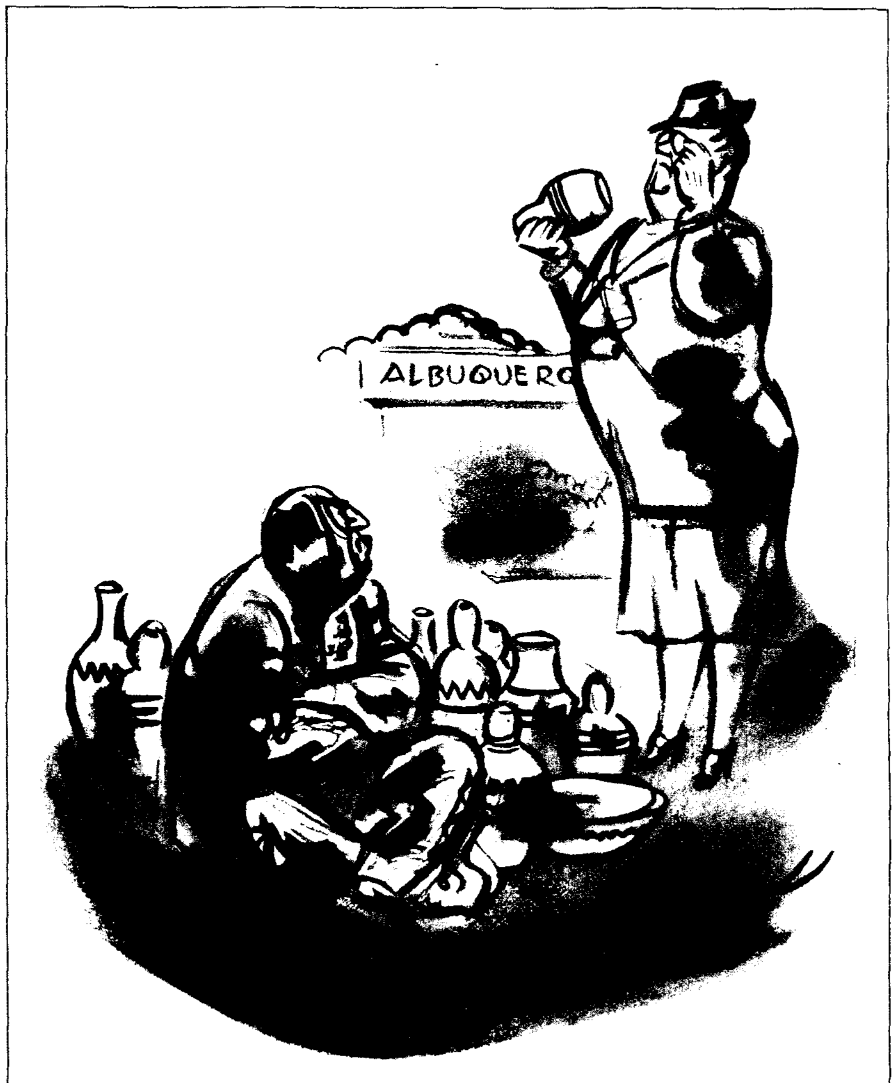
He was unable to take his eyes from the horror; and then rising across it he saw a two-tailed plane, nearer, surge up. He shouted, "No, Bob! No! What can you do with an unarmed plane? No!" Up, higher and higher, the interceptor shot; now it was seen. Japanese fighters peeled off from formation and swooped at it, but the 380 swerved and darted away at what was almost a right angle, and then streaked up toward the true sun.

"He'll dive on them," whispered Mary. "I can't look."

Dr. Goddard said, "Yes. There will be one less." Two less. A Japanese plane. And Bob's.

THE two-tailed interceptor hovered. *It's about to dive,* thought Goddard. *We're watching, Bob. We who love you, son.* As his hands balled to fists, he saw that the 380, instead, had turned eastward, and saw why. Great bombers, American, unarmed as they winged to Oahu, were approaching in a series of V's, unable to realize what was happening. Flying to destruction. To die as the men below were dying because of treachery. The interceptor was racing toward them, to cause them to veer, to turn, to roar to a safe landing elsewhere and, if the attack lasted long enough, to be supplied with bombs. The 380 must have been ordered to accompany them, for it slashed through the sky above the bombers.

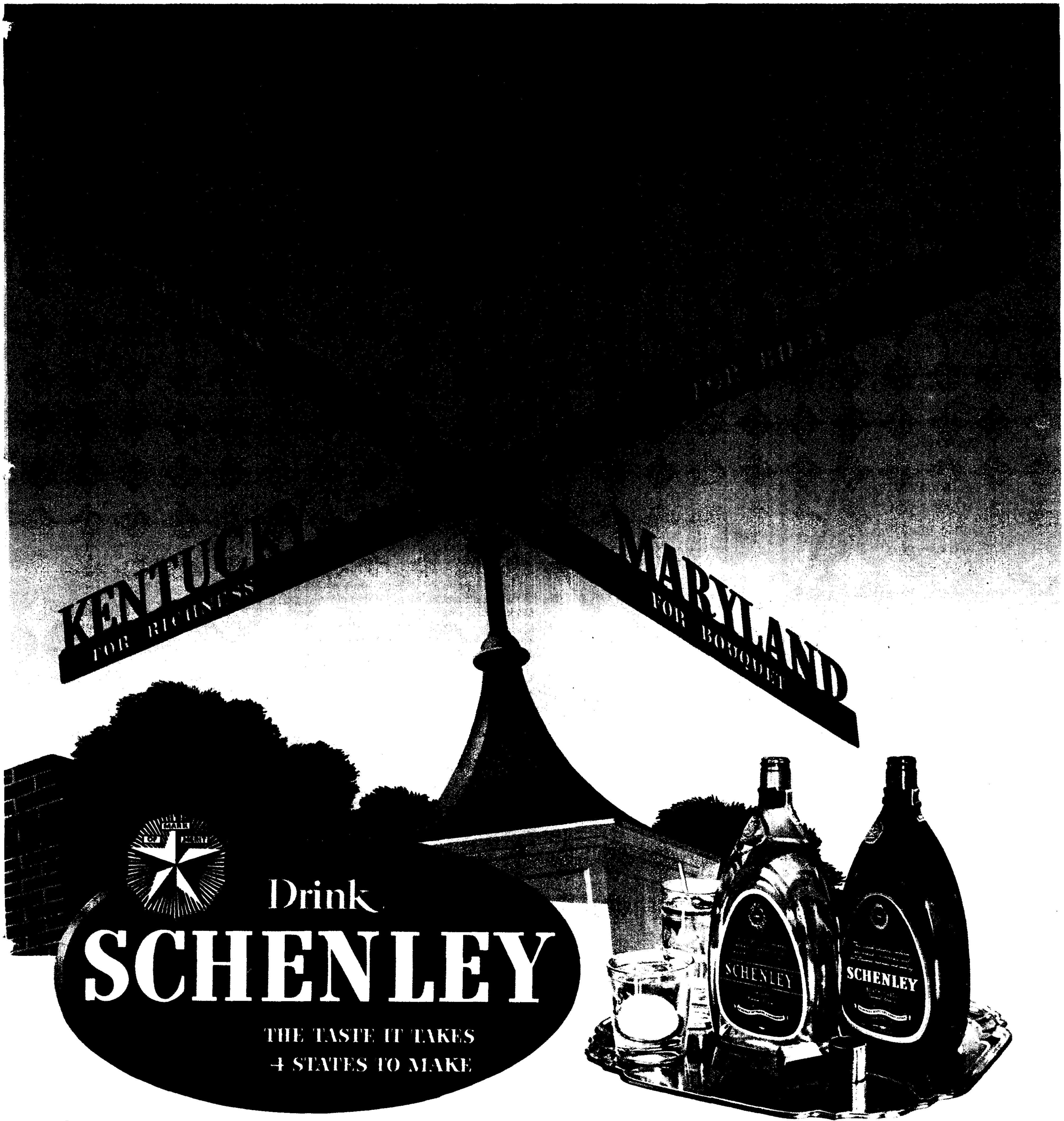
Mary was shaking. Her hands covered her face. Dr. Goddard lowered his eyes to savage destruction and the flame and the smoke, but his fists were high over his head. "We'll be back," he cried. "This is just the beginning! We'll be back!"



"No, lady, it wasn't made in Japan!"

LEONARD DOVE

*Swing to the Whiskey Taste it Takes 4 STATES to Make**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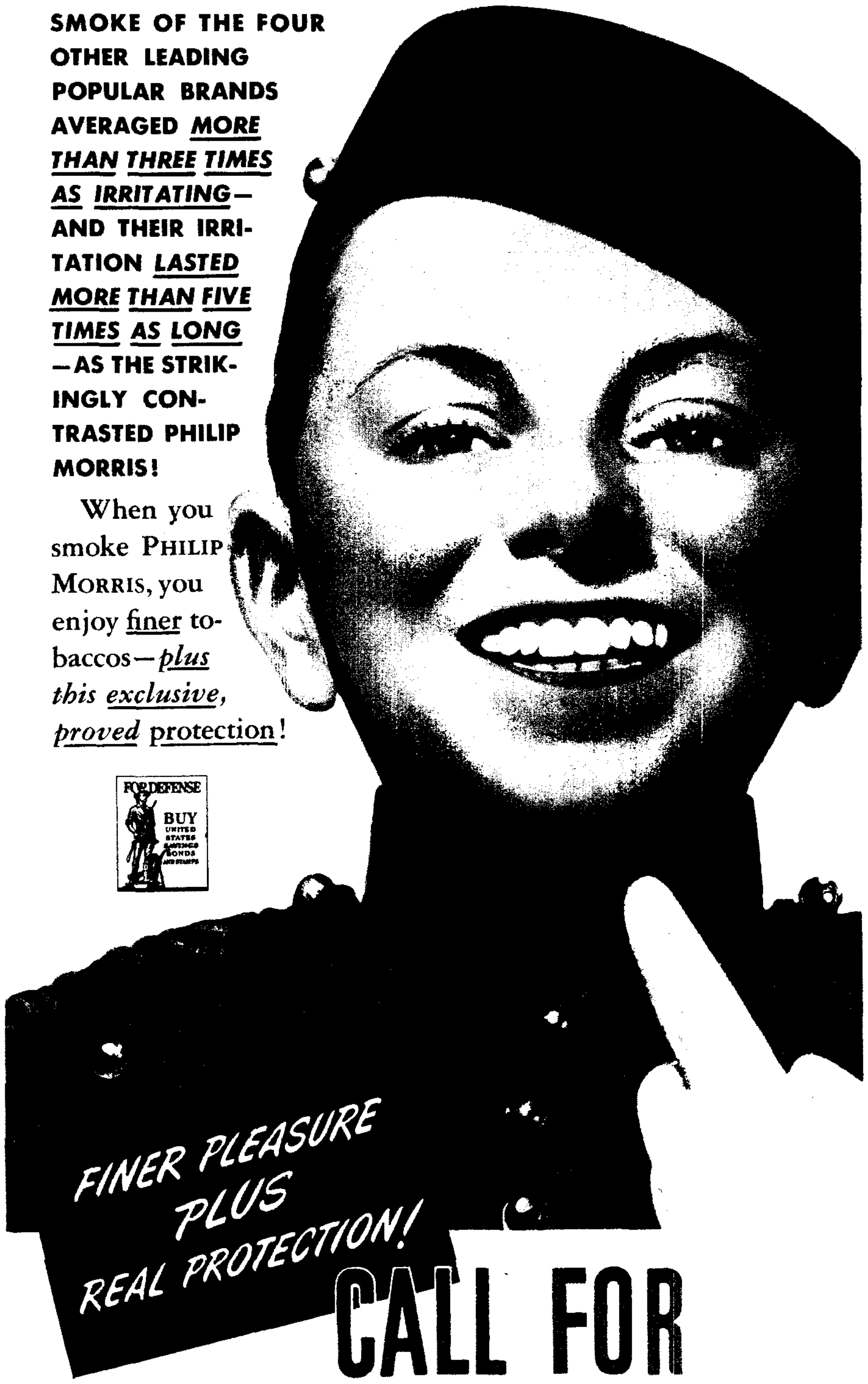

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Rush Job

Continued from page 20

scowled. "*Don't* call me Jonesy," he said. "I don't like it!"

"Okay, Hank," said the Yardbird. "I didn't mean nothing. But we ain't got no rags, Jonesy."

Corporal Jones gave it a delayed take. "Out of *rags?*"

"Yes," said Mullins. "The sergeant checked out a bale this morning, and now he says he don't have none; and that Frog machinist, Dupont, is going nuts. You know how he is. He uses about twenty rags a day. And if you don't give 'em to him, he don't work. He goes on a sit-down strike just like he done now. He's nuts. . . . I asked the sarge to gimme some rags back; but he wouldn't."

Corporal Jones sighed. "How come you gave that rattlesnake a whole bale of rags, Yardbird?" he asked. "You *know* we got a shortage."

MULLINS ran a wild hand through his hair. He was caught between two authorities. "He *asked* me for a bale," he said. "You wouldn't want I should argue with him?"

"And now he says he's used them all?" asked Jones. "In one day?"

Yardbird nodded. "He says if you asked me how come, I was to say they's been a broken water main. He couldn't get a plumber and he put the bale over the main to keep it from flooding his floor." He eyed the corporal dubiously. "He says something else, too, Jonesy," he added, "but maybe it's better I don't tell you about that."

Corporal Jones set his teeth more firmly. "Go ahead. Tell me."

Mullins gave him a zany grin. "He said maybe it was better if you stuck your head in the main instead. He said maybe it would swell up and stop the leak. Ha! Ha! That's funny, ain't it?"

"Very!" said Corporal Jones. The plot, by now, was quite transparent. Briefly, it amounted to this: Everybody at the post knew that Dupont, the French machinist, was a cranky old coot who wouldn't work unless he had clean rags. Furthermore, Dupont was on some ticklish experimental work for Major Andrews, the chief of the engineering branch.

The following equation was dreadfully simple. If there were no rags for Dupont, Dupont would do no work. If Dupont did no work, the major would be acutely displeased. The major's displeasure would result in inquiry from the major as to why there were no rags. Which inquiry from the major would disclose that Corporal Jones had failed to order rags two weeks before, because of the press of more important things. Following the discovery of that fact, the major — piqued — would immediately cancel Corporal Jones' leave. . . . Very simple! thought Corporal Jones. Well worthy of a side-winding rattlesnake like Sergeant Wallace. Almost Japanese in its ingenuity. . . .

He gave Mullins a firm glance. "Listen," he said, "I want you should keep your mouth shut, Yardbird. I'm going to get the Frog some rags."

"Okay, Jonesy," said Yardbird. "I guess you better."

"*Don't* call me Jonesy!" said the corporal. "Now, hold down this phone a minute. I'll be right back."

AT GREAT risk of getting himself shot by the sentry, Corporal Jones rounded the corner of the bachelor noncoms' quarters, entered a window, and approached Sergeant Wallace's bed. With a swift jerk, he removed its lower sheet. Quickly he smoothed and retouched the top sheet, and rearranged the pillow.

Rapidly, then, he departed. Outside, he paused long enough to tear the sheet into twenty squares of cloth, which he crammed hastily inside his shirt. Then he made his way rapidly toward the machine shop. "That snake Wallace may get me broke for this," he told himself. "I may even make the guardhouse for destroying government property. But the side-winding thus-and-so won't find out about it until after I've left for the city. They can't take *that* away from me!"

Corporal Jones, of course, had the hundred-mile-distant Miss Louise Williams in his arms. Figuratively, that is. She was still a keen babe, and they were dancing. Likewise, she felt soft around the edges. The game, he thought—despite its enormity—was well worth the candle power.

In the machine shop, he found Dupont standing beside his lathe with his arms folded. He was out of rags and on strike. He was a tall, cadaverous individual, with a gift of speech, a dramatic sense, and a nasty temper. He was, in fact, an old boor, with his boorishness firmly founded on an overconsumption of California sweet wine. . . . He clung to his job only because he could do things with metal and machine tools that no other man on the post could match. Otherwise, certainly, someone long since would have tied a can to him. It was only because Corporal Jones was tactful, and by instinct courteous to anyone older than himself, that Dupont considered him a friend. Jones was, in fact, the only one in the plant who could do anything with Dupont at all. Dupont, in other words, was a temperamental pain-in-the-neck. . . .

As the corporal approached, Dupont saw him, and his dour face broke into a grin. "Ah, ha, my friend!" he exclaimed. "And how are you today?"

"Okay," said Jones. "How are you doing?"

THE old Frenchman's face darkened, and he threw out his hands in a dramatic gesture of futility. "With me, it is not so good. I have no rags. Not one. I go to the stock room, and they tell me there are no rags." He shrugged. "And so," he concluded, "I cannot work. It is a situation impossible, *mon vieux.* Completely impossible!"

Jones gave him a confidential smile, and drew the rags from his shirt front. "How about these?" he asked.

The old man threw up his hands. "*Zut!*" he said. "You see? *You* can get me rags! Always!" He placed his hand grandly on Jones' shoulder. "My boy," he stated solemnly, "you are a friend of the most true." He wiped his shoes with one of the fresh rags, and threw it in the scrap box.

Jones shuddered, and turned to leave. "Well, see you Monday," he said.

"Monday," said Dupont, puzzled. Third Echelon was on a seven-day, twenty-four-hour shift.

"I'm going up to the city tonight," Jones explained. "Got week-end leave, and a date—with a girl. First date since the war started," he added.

Dupont assumed an air of the deepest gloom—like Barrymore playing Macbeth. "My boy," he said, "you have forgotten me. What will I do for rags?" He indicated the remains of Sergeant Wallace's sheet. "These you have brought me will last only today. Tomorrow, I must work overtime, and without rags that is clearly impossible."

Jones cursed himself for having

opened his mouth. "I'll get you some more before I leave," he promised hastily.

Dupont smiled. He was completely satisfied. "Excellent!" he said. He turned magnificently toward his lathe. "And now," he concluded, "I must complete the experimental gear of the major. It is," he added proudly, "the men of skill like me who will, in the end, win the war."

When Corporal Jones got back to his office, he found Sergeant Wallace waiting for him there. The sergeant had a happy gleam in his eye. He handed Jones a stack of requisitions, half an inch thick. "Here's a few more orders for you," he said. "Clean 'em up before you go, Jonesy."

"Okay," said the corporal happily. "Anything for a pal, Sarge." He sat down at his typewriter, and commenced cheerfully to whistle, "I Got a Date Tonight with Lou!"

The sergeant frowned. "Cut that out!" he said irritably. . . . "By the way, somebody said the Frog was out of rags, and had gone on a sit-down. I told you last week that forgetting to order rags would get you in a jam—"

Jones gave him a smile. "It won't," he said. "The Frog's got plenty of rags. I—er—dug some up for him just now. He's working again."

"Dug some up?" Wallace was puzzled. "Where? I used the last bale in the plant this morning. I'd have sworn—"

"I promoted some," said Jones. He looked off into the distance with a pseudo-absent look. "I'm sure looking forward to seeing Louise tonight. What a babe! Too bad you can't come along, Sarge. Too bad!"

"Argh!" snarled Wallace. "I hope a cable car gets you!"

"Aw, Sarge," said Jones. "You wouldn't wish nothing like that." The phone rang, and he picked it up. "Yes, sir!" he said. He handed the set to Wallace. "It's for you—Captain Riley."

Simultaneously, the siren of the crash wagon commenced to whine outside on the blinding white concrete apron. Jones went to the window. There was a sound of motors in the air; and, as he watched, a slim, long torpedo of a bi-motored interceptor-pursuit plane swept across the field, banked in a wide turn, and came in for its approach on the north runway. . . . The crash wagon, and an ambulance were tearing toward it across the shimmering asphalt.

For a moment, the unseasonable California mid-winter glare prevented Jones from determining what was wrong with the plane. Then he saw what was the matter. One of the ship's main landing wheels was jammed in the "Up" position.

"Jimminy!" he cried. His enmity temporarily forgotten, he turned hastily to call Wallace to the window. The sergeant, however, was still talking on the phone.

Jones turned back to the window. The ship was over the far end of the runway, coming in, with its flaps down, for a landing. Twenty feet from the ground—at eighty-five miles an hour—the pilot suddenly cut his switches, and the big, three-bladed propellers ceased to turn. He put a wing down, and the wheel that was down touched the ground and commenced to roll.

Then the right wing-tip scraped the asphalt. There was the shriek of metal and of a suddenly applied brake, and the ship ground-looped to the right, turned sideways on its castored nose-wheel, started to turn a somersault, changed its mind and slid to a grinding halt.

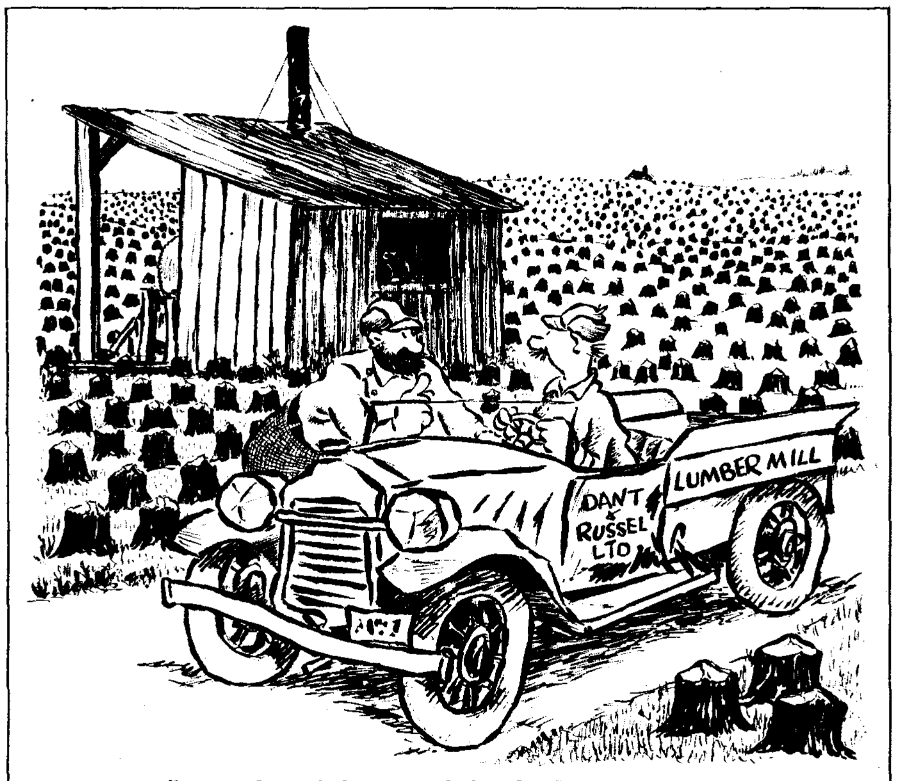
CORPORAL JONES leaned weakly against the window frame. He discovered that Sergeant Wallace was beside him. "Gosh!" he breathed. "What a landing that was!"

"Sure!" said the sergeant acidly. "Why not? That was Major Reynolds, the test pilot from Dayton. He's been flying for twenty years. . . . Oh, Jonesy," he said. His tones were dulcet, but somehow ominous. Jones glanced at him swiftly, and saw that he was smiling. It was a malicious smile. The corporal had a sudden feeling of horror.

"What gives?" he asked.

"The captain wishes the corporal to remain on duty tonight," said Wallace, with mock formality. "That crate out there is the new X-YP-101. Frisco radioed the captain a little while ago that she couldn't get her right-hand wheel down, and that she was coming here to crack up. That way, they wouldn't have to send her in on a truck. G.H.Q. says she's got to be in Dayton Monday noon; and I'll be needing parts over the week end; and *you* got to stick around here and get 'em." He paused for emphasis; and a crow of sheer triumph came into his voice. "Better send Louise a wire, Jonesy boy!"

Corporal Jones gulped. "You mean



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I can't go on my leave tonight?" he asked incredulously.

"That's *just* what I mean," said the sergeant blandly. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll just trot out there and take a look at the damages."

Dumbly, Jones watched him vanish through the door leading out onto the apron. The sergeant was whistling: "I Got a Date Tonight with Lou!" . . .

Jones cut loose with a few choice adjectives, and waited for the sergeant to drop dead. The sergeant didn't; so after a few minutes, Corporal Jones proceeded bitterly to the Post Exchange pay phone, and put in a call for Miss Louise Williams. He explained to her just why he would be unable to keep his appointment with her that evening. It hurt him to do it, something hideous. But duty was duty.

Miss Williams was cold. *Very* cold.

After she'd hung up, Corporal Jones relieved himself of a few more adjectives. In hell, at that moment, Sergeant Wallace wouldn't have stood the chances of a dropped snowball.

THE Thompson X-YP-101 (which meant, in code, Thompson Aircraft Company's Experimental Pursuit Interceptor, Model 101) was the latest thing. She was powered by two 2,000-h.p. radial engines, had a speed and rate of climb so fast that headquarters wouldn't release it, and was reputed to be the most heavily armed and armored ship of her type in the world. She was the first experimental model of her type, and as such had just been accepted by the Army for quantity production. She was now getting service tests to iron out the bugs in her, so that necessary changes in her structure could be made. They wanted more ships like her pretty badly, to help win the war.

When Jones got down to the special repairs section, the X-YP-101 was squatting in the center of the cement floor, propped up on handling dollies. Her damaged right wing was off, and mechanics were already tearing it down to see what parts had to be replaced; and her right propeller, with its bent blade, was being dismantled. . . . Major Reynolds, her pilot, Captain Riley and Sergeant Wallace were bending over a workbench, on which lay the right-hand landing-gear retracting cylinder. . . . As Corporal Jones came up, Captain Riley said, "Oh, there you are, Jones!" He was a short, slim man, who was ordinarily easy and pleasant in his manner; but now, Jones noted that he looked worried.

"We've a problem here, Corporal," he said. "This ship must be tested and ready to go out no later than Monday morning; and it's up to us to do the job."

"Yes, sir," said Corporal Jones. He waited.

"Ordinarily," continued the captain, "that would present no problem at all, but in this case—dealing with an experimental model ship—we're going to have some trouble. I'm depending on you, Corporal, to get all necessary replacement parts for us."

Jones said, "I'll do my best, sir." He took the paper, and glanced sidewise at Wallace, who was standing slightly behind the captain. Wallace had a fatuous smirk on his face, and was gazing innocently at the landing-gear cylinder on the workbench.

"I'd welcome this test under ordinary circumstances," continued the captain. "It's the sort of thing that will be happening frequently under combat conditions with, of course, this difference: On standard service equipment we would have replacement parts available, and we could even use interchangeable parts from other damaged ships. Here, we can't do that. This plane's the only one of her kind."

"Yes, sir," said Jones again.

"I've given orders to the message center that you have authority to handle any matters pertaining to this affair. I want a full set of blueprints for all parts on this list flown here today from Thompson in Los Angeles, by special plane. Wherever possible, they are to send us duplicate parts. They will also inform us by telephone if any parts on this list cannot be furnished. The propeller will be straightened and balanced in our own propeller shop, but all other parts are your responsibility. You will report directly to me. Any questions?"

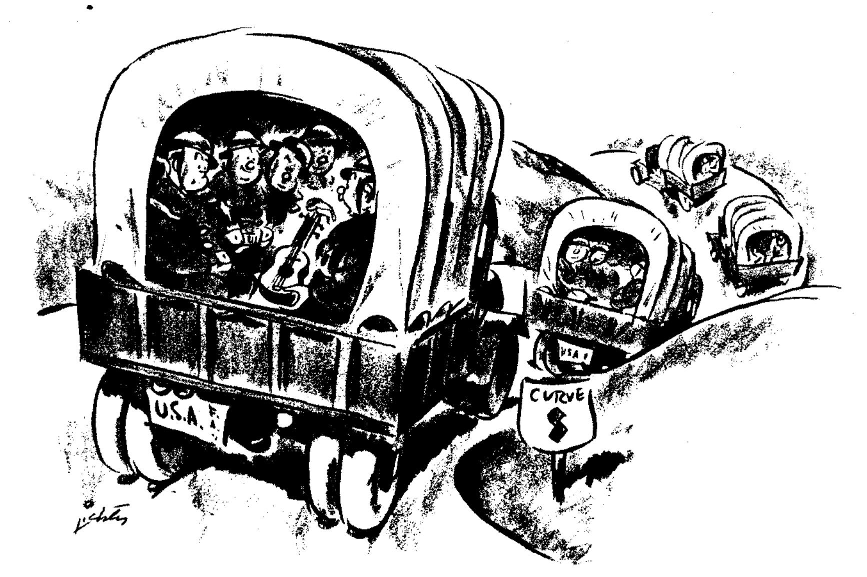
"No, sir," said Corporal Jones.

Major Reynolds spoke for the first time: "I'd lay particular stress on this cracked casting, Captain. You're liable to have trouble there."

"Yes, sir," said Captain Riley. "You'll emphasize that casting, Jones. If Thompson hasn't a finished part, tell them to send along their spare casting. They always make an extra one on experimental work, and we'll have it machined up here."

Major Reynolds looked at the casting on the bench, and frowned. "It's a shame," he said. "This casting is practically identical with the one on Thompson's P-275! The P-275 is steel, of course, and this one's aluminum alloy, but otherwise there's little difference between them. Unfortunately, the P-275 casting is about one-eighth inch longer. Just enough so that the head of it won't clear the landing gear support bulkhead in the wing."

"Couldn't we turn down the flange of the steel casting one-eighth inch, sir?" inquired the captain. "We've plenty of them in stock. It would fit, then; and chrome moly steel has so much greater strength that I'd think it would more than compensate for the material we took off. After all, this flange on the aluminum alloy casting isn't a great deal over a quarter-inch thick."



"I dunno where we're going, but I'm taking this along, just in case"

GEORGE LICHTY

THE major laughed and shook his head. "You'd think that, wouldn't you? But it won't work. The two materials are entirely different in quality. The steel's much stronger, as you say. There wouldn't be any actual failure, because it doesn't crack like aluminum alloy. But that's just the reason it won't work. Chrome moly is flexible. When you pulled the flange up tight with the hold-down bolts, it would give slightly, and you'd have ripples all the way around it. It would leak oil. It requires the full quarter-inch thickness to get a tight joint. . . . No, Captain, we can't do that. No more than we can take a chance on welding the crack in the aluminum alloy casting."

"I see," said the captain. "Well, that's that." He turned to Jones. "You've got the setup, Corporal?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jones.

"Let me know immediately if you run into any difficulty."

"Yes, sir," said Jones. He saluted, and departed.

THE casting was what stopped them. Otherwise everything was fine. Jones determined by telephone that Thompson Aircraft had an extra set of formed, sheet-metal parts that could be used to repair the wing. But they didn't have a casting for the right-hand landing-gear retracting cylinder. . . . Yes, they'd had two blanks cast to begin with, but a machinist had ruined one on his first attempt to make the part. . . . Where was the die for the casting? . . . Why, it was in San Francisco, at the Alcast Company. . . .

Jones thanked them for the information, got their assurance that the parts would be on their way north within the hour—it was then 4:15 P. M.—and went back to report to the captain.

The casting was lying on the bench. . . . It was made of aluminum alloy, and was about four inches long, and three in diameter. It was in the shape of a cup; and had a quarter-inch flange at its bottom, with recessed holes for twelve retention bolts. In its top was another threaded hole from which the hydraulic line led into the retracting strut. Altogether, thought Jones, one of the fanciest little gadgets he'd ever beheld.

"If the Captain will permit a suggestion, sir," he said politely, "perhaps the Frenchman could make one of these out of bar stock."

"H'm!" said the captain. "Good idea —let's go see!"

Dupont was standing surlily by his lathe with his arms folded.

The captain handed him the cracked casting. "How long would it take you to hog one of these out of bar stock?"

The Frenchman held the casting up. Sensing the drama of the moment, he examined the piece of metal carefully from all angles for a matter of two minutes—meanwhile pursing his lips and frowning, and occasionally saying, "Ah!" . . . Finally, he laid the casting on his workbench and wiped his hands on a fresh piece of cloth.

"Twenty-four hours," he said with dignity. "Thirty-six. Perhaps more. Who knows? It is a work of the most difficult, *M'sieu!*" He turned his back on the captain, pulled the lathe-cutter off his work, and wiped his hands again.

Jones had a sudden horrible thought, and shot a look at Sergeant Wallace. He was suddenly sorry the sergeant had followed them. The sergeant's eyes were glued on the rag in Dupont's hands. . . . Hastily, in the best military manner, he created a diversion. "The casting die is in San Francisco, sir," he said quickly. "At the Alcast Company. Couldn't we save time by having a couple of raw castings made up? With the Captain's permission, I could go down there tonight. They're on twenty-four-hour shift; and if they ran the casting tonight, I could have it here in the morning."

The captain snapped his fingers. "That's the answer, Corporal! Leave at once. You'll take a car from the pool. I'll phone Alcast's general manager myself and have them get started right away! You'll stay on them, and see the job is completed by morning."

"Yes, sir!" said Jones. He shot Sergeant Wallace a triumphant look. The sergeant glowered. . . .

But triumph was brief. The captain snapped his fingers again. "Wait a minute, Jones! I'd forgotten something. You're up on this office detail. I'll need you around when those parts and prints come in from the south. I'll have to send someone else. It'll have to be a good man, of course. Someone who can make certain we get the right castings, and who'll push the job through for us. Can you suggest anyone?"

Sergeant Wallace gave a discreet cough. "Sir, I could go. I won't be needed here until we start to install the propeller and landing gear. The civilian night foreman can handle the rest of the job, sir."

THE captain raised an eyebrow at him. "It seems to me there're a lot of people around here who are very anxious to get to the city tonight. However, go ahead. Jones, let me know the minute that ship gets in from L.A."

They left Jones there, with his teeth clenched, muttering imprecations about Sergeant Wallace's forebears. . . . He had completely forgotten Dupont when the Frenchman said, "Of what great importance is this casting, *mon ami?*"

Jones told him.

"Ah!" said Dupont. "*Quel dommage!* And because of this accident, you do not get to see your girl tonight?"

"That's right," said Jones. "I do not get to see my girl."

"Ho, ho!" said Dupont. "I begin to understand. This Wallace knows your girl also?"

"Yeah," said Jones, savagely. "He knows her!"

"And tonight, perhaps, while he is waiting for the casting—?"

"Yeah," said Jones, even more savagely. "Tonight while he's waiting for the casting, he'll be dancing with her."

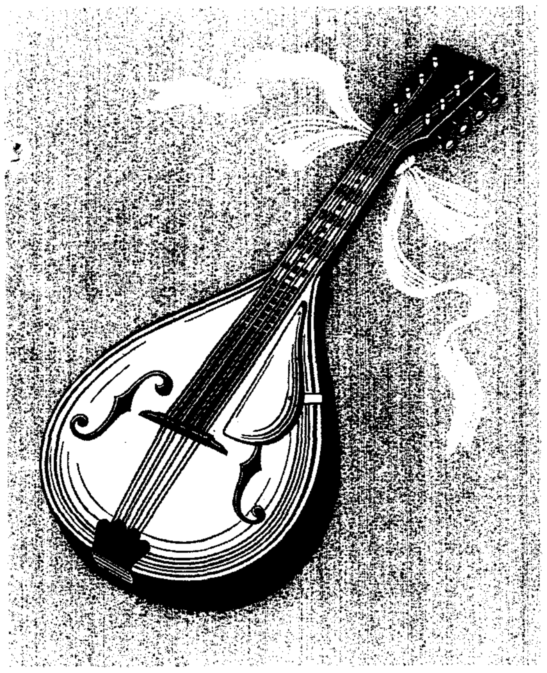
The Frenchman gave a lugubrious sigh. "It is life," he said dramatically. "It plays many tricks with those who are in love." He shrugged. "But, no matter, my boy. Be of good heart. Perhaps we can do something." He cocked his head at Jones. "You have not forgotten you promised to bring me more rags?"

Corporal Jones did not answer. He went rapidly away from there, with Dupont calling after him. "Eh! Jones! Jones! Come back! I have something to say!" Jones didn't come back.

THE transport from the south got in at seven P. M. It carried a set of sheet-metal repair parts for the X-YP's wing, and a blueprint of the cracked cylinder casting. Corporal Jones supervised the unloading and had Yardbird put the parts on a parts truck for transportation to the special repairs floor. Then he phoned Captain Riley.

The captain's voice sounded glum. Jones knew why. The wing repair and the propeller were in the bag. The casting, though, was something else. Even with Sergeant Wallace's raw casting to work from, it would take five or six

Know your M's



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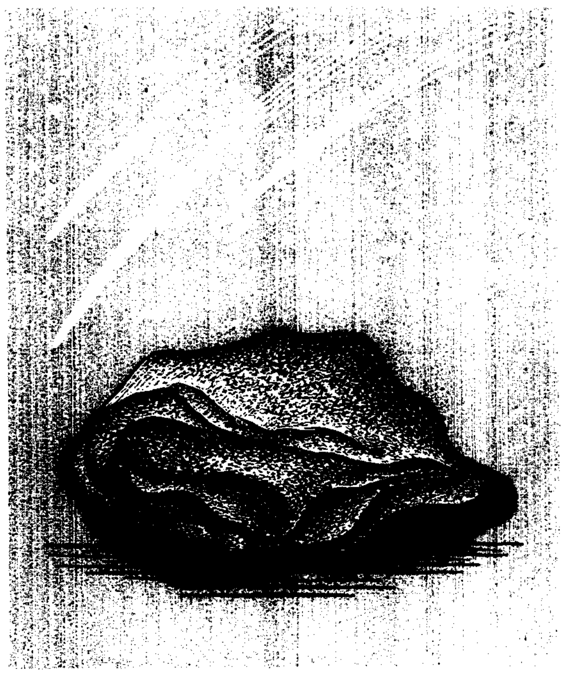

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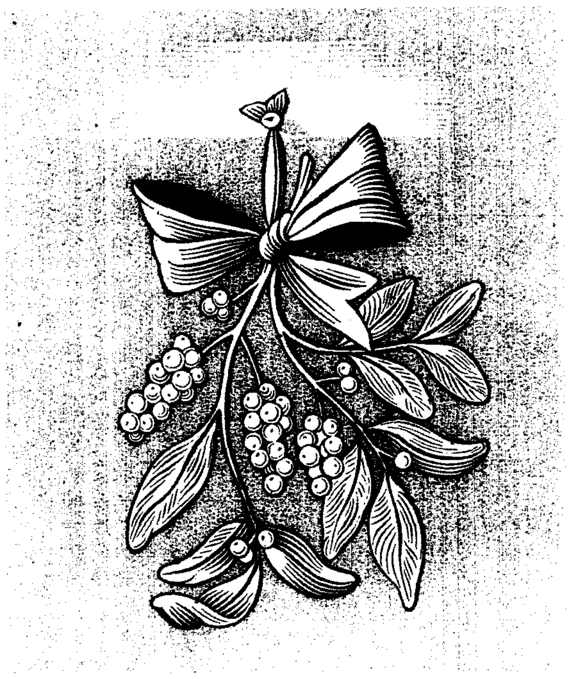

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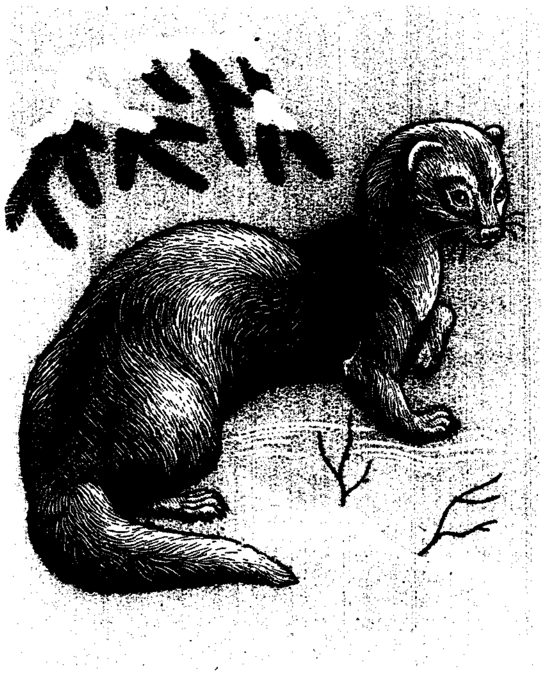

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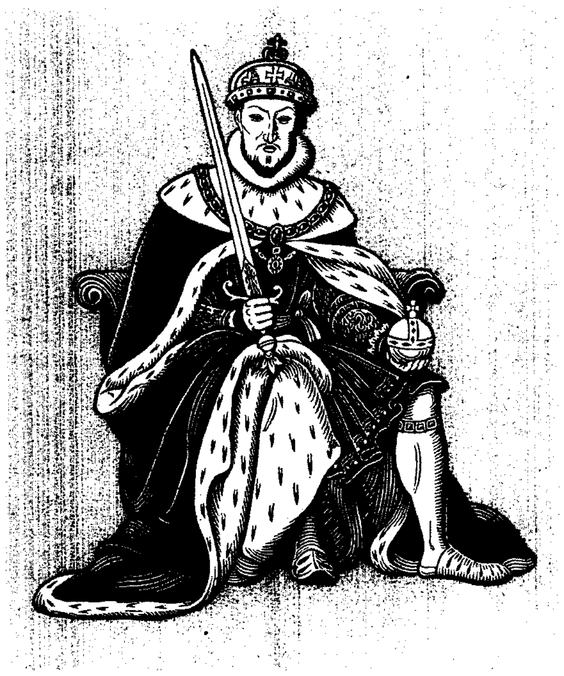
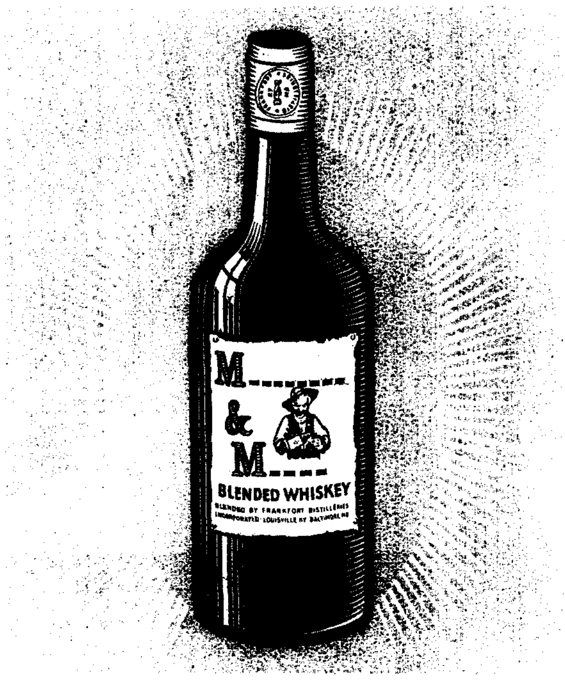


5. This is a M______



6. This is M_________ & M____
The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mandolin;* 2, *Meteor;* 3, *Mistletoe;* 4, *Marten;* 5, *Monarch;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore,* the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

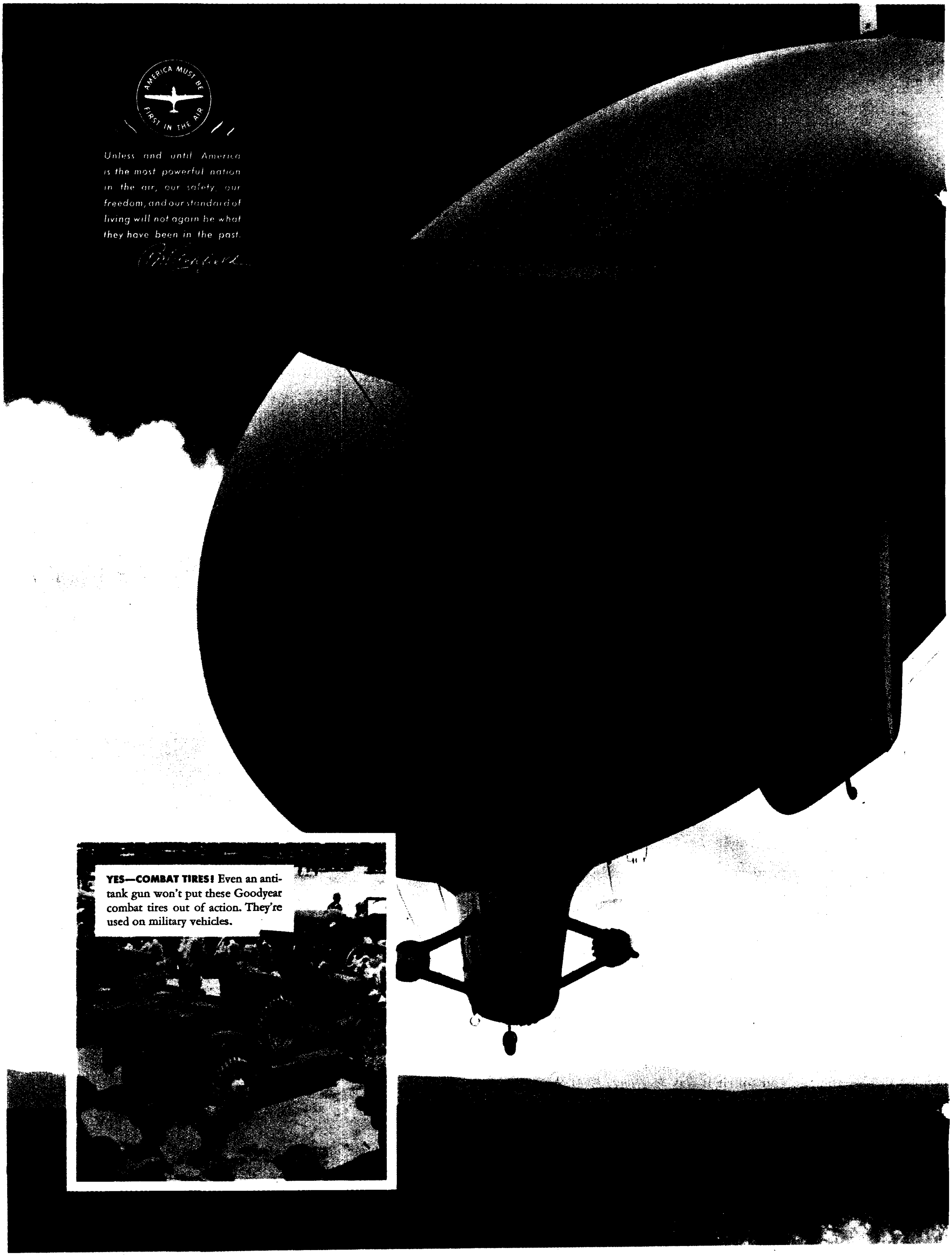
This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense... *for M & M is probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.*

The Best of 'em is

M&M

—Know Mattingly & Moore

ended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore



AMERICA MUST BE FIRST IN THE AIR

Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past.

YES—COMBAT TIRES! Even an anti-tank gun won't put these Goodyear combat tires out of action. They're used on military vehicles.

It puts the finger on U-boats

...fathoms deep!

In this nation's battle for the freedom of the seas, no ship performs a more unique and vital duty than the non-rigid airship—the familiar Goodyear "blimp." Its specialty is spotting submarines and mines.

The blimp's great advantage is that it can fly slow enough to see a raider lurking as deep as 90 feet below the sea; then hover motionless to drop its depth charges with bull's-eye certainty.

Today the Navy is operating new squadrons of Goodyear-built blimps over our sea lanes and in shore patrol. These new air scouts are the largest ever built. They can cruise for thousands of miles, stay aloft for days without refueling—their gasoline consumption is so low.

Our ability to produce these ships quickly and in larger size than ever before is due to Goodyear's years of pioneering in *all* branches of aeronautics. Since the last war proved the effectiveness of blimps in shore patrol, Goodyear built, maintained and operated its own fleet of airships—to be in readiness for just such an emergency as confronts the nation today.

Similarly in many new products we are now building to speed victory, ranging from bomber wings to combat tires for military vehicles, we are pioneering new advances in construction and design that will benefit the public when times return to normal. Goodyear is building for tomorrow—today!

hours of machine work to make a finished part. And after that, it would take several hours more to inspect it, and give it anticorrosion pickling and paint.... Which meant that the captain could not expect to have a finished part until Sunday morning. Too late to have the ship tested and ready to fly Monday. The ship, therefore, could not possibly be ready to leave for Dayton until early in the *afternoon*—six hours later than G.H.Q. wanted her....

"I have the casting print right here, sir," said the corporal. "Would the Captain wish to see it?"

"No," said Riley. "I wouldn't give a hang if I never saw any part of that ship again. Take it down to Dupont. And make arrangements with the personnel office to have him in on overtime tomorrow morning at seven."

"At seven, sir?" asked Corporal Jones. "Did the Captain know he was working overtime tonight for Major Andrews?"

"No," said Captain Riley, resignedly. "The Captain didn't, but I'll get hold of the major and make arrangements for the man to go home at ten o'clock. By the way, Jones, you'll have to stay on deck tonight. I'd like to have you relieved, but I've no one to replace you. Catch what sleep you can in the office. And if Wallace *should* get back before morning let me know immediately."

"Yes, sir," said Jones.

When the captain had hung up, Jones sighed, picked up the blueprint of the casting, and spread it out on the desk. He regarded it with extreme disfavor. "A lousy eighth of an inch," he told himself. "Otherwise, I'd be in Frisco." He had a very vivid vision of Miss Williams held in the enthusiastic arms of Sergeant Wallace while they danced at the Chinese Gardens, and he forthwith said a few more unprintables about the sergeant's antecedents. He was in the midst of this when Yardbird Mullins appeared.

"What do *you* want?" said Jones.

Private Mullins looked disturbed. "Listen," he said. "I know you're sore, but—it's Dupont."

"What about him?" asked Jones.

"He wants to see you," said Yardbird.

Corporal Jones' language reached a pitch of high frenzy. Yardbird listened with admiration. "Just the same," he said, when Jones had finished, "I think you better see him. He's talking maybe worse than you. In French. But he told me, in English, he ain't gonna do another thing till he *does* see you."

JONES got up from the desk, folded the blueprint, and went down to the machine shop. Dupont was standing beside his lathe. His arms were folded. Quite obviously, he was on strike again. When he saw Jones, however, his face broke into a smile.

"At last, you have come!" he said with drama.

"Yeah," said Jones. "What do you want?"

"*Moi?*" said Dupont. He threw his hands at the roof. "If it were not youth, I would not be so patient. Ah, youth and love!"

"What do you want?" said Corporal Jones grimly. "Listen, I've had just about all I can—"

The Frenchman gave a shrug. It was a fine shrug. It expressed futility. "My boy!" he said. "It is only that I am attempting to help. This casting . . . for a moment I became enraged. That, of course, is because of the captain. The captain was not polite. So I told myself, 'Jean, we will say no more.' Ah, but then, I am thinking about you, and your girl. Then I say, 'Jean, such a thing cannot be allowed to occur.' "

"What are you talking about?" asked Jones.

"What am I talking about? It is that I have the solution to the casting." He turned to his workbench, opened a drawer, and pulled out a piece of metal. He showed it to Jones.

Jones recognized it. It was one of the chrome moly castings that fitted on the P-275. "So what?" he asked.

The Frenchman was biding his time. There was a holy look in his eyes. "Go on," Jones said.

"It is because of the rags," said Dupont. "Myself, I am an old man. But you, you are young. When I hear that you are to have a night with your girl, I am glad, for it is only you who brings me the rags. Then comes the captain, and for a little moment, I—I am not myself. But behold, my boy—I have done it for you! The top of this casting, *non?* You see?"

Jones looked at the casting. In the ordinarily smooth surface of it, there was a dimple. As if a giant thumb had been pushed into it. The dimple was about half an inch deep, and it was in precisely the spot that the P-275 casting would contact the support structure in the wing. For a moment, he didn't understand. Then he smiled. He looked at Dupont. The Frenchman was smiling, too.

"Why, you old son of a gun!" said Jones. "You mean this thing will fit the X-YP?"

"My boy," said Dupont, with great dignity, "I guarantee it with my life." His brow clouded. "But the rags—you will not forget the rags?"

Jones grinned. "You're gonna have rags, Frenchy, if I personally have to buy you a bolt of pink satin. . . ."

CAPTAIN RILEY was asleep. His feet were propped up on his desk, and his mouth was open. Jones touched him on the shoulder. The captain woke up.

"It's Jones, sir," said Jones. Hastily, he added, "I've got a casting here that'll work, sir."

The captain was instantly awake. "Where did you get it?"

"Sir, Frenchy—I mean, Dupont—made it for me. Sir, the Captain will remember that the major said this afternoon that chrome moly was flexible. Frenchy—I mean Dupont—took a hammer and made a dent in it. It'll clear the support fitting now, sir."

Captain Riley looked at the casting. He said, "Splendid!" He handed the casting back to Jones. "Get Wallace," he said. "Right away. Have him put this in the ship."

"Sir," said Corporal Jones, "the sergeant is in San Francisco."

"I forgot," said the captain. "So he is!"

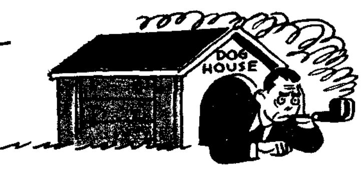
"Sir," said Corporal Jones, "if you were to give me permission, I believe I could locate him down there. Suggest that the captain detail a plane to fly me to San Francisco, to bring the sergeant back."

Captain Riley looked at him for a moment, then he said: "We'll do just that, Jones." He laughed. "I believe I stated earlier this evening that there were quite a number of people around here who seem to be in an almighty hurry to go down to the city. You, however, seem to have earned it. Be out on the apron in ten minutes. You'll send Sergeant Wallace back. I'll have a ship ready for you."

"Yes, sir," said Corporal Jones. The war was looking up.

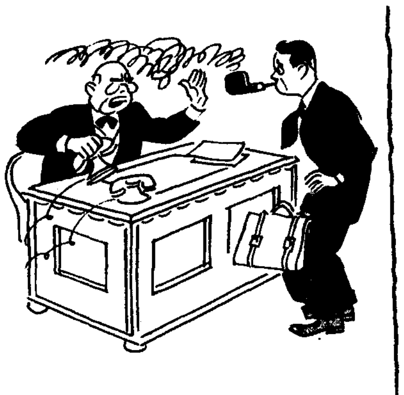
"And," added the captain, "be damn' sure you're back here by Tuesday morning. . . . By the way, is she a blonde, Corporal?"

"Yes, sir!" said Corporal Jones. He was thinking, "I'll have just time to get down to Wallace's quarters. My friend Dupont will need that other sheet over the week end."



BUYER YELLS WHEN BRIAR SMELLS

—but Salesman Sam is out of the dog house now!

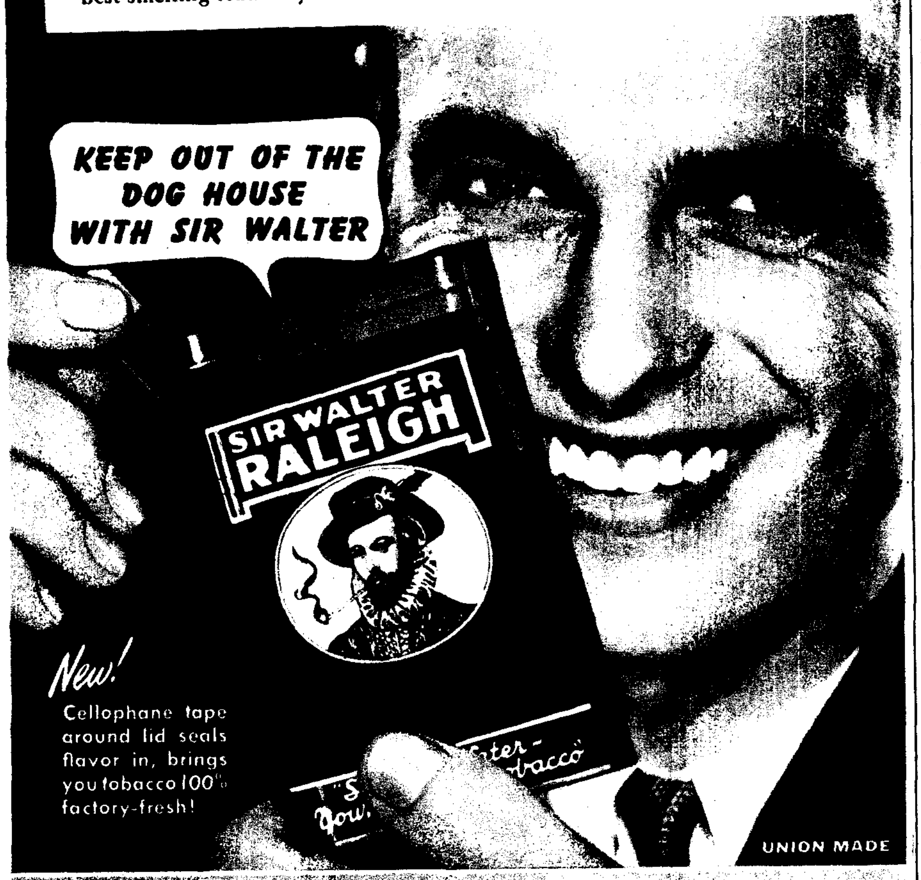


"GIVE YOU AN ORDER? Don't make me choke! I wouldn't *trust* a man who smokes such devilish tobacco! The only order I'll give you is: Take that stinky pipe out of here fast!"

WHAM WENT THE DOOR! "Was the old dear cross with you?" smiled the sweet young thing at the desk. "Cross? Say, he darn near threw both telephones at me and my favorite pipe!"

"YOUR *PIPE* GOT HIM, EH? Then why don't you try some of *his* brand? He makes me keep a big supply of Sir Walter on hand. He swears it's the best-smelling tobacco you can buy."

SCENT MAKES DOLLARS! Sam switched to this mild blend of burleys and the orders began to bloom! Does your pipe make friends for you? Try Sir Walter for a big success!



Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

Tune in... UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
ON THE AIR EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT OVER THE COAST-TO-COAST NBC RED NETWORK

The Way Back

Continued from page 18

in his life. He thought Jane hated it with an equal hate, and he felt ashamed when she looked at him and smiled and acted as if it were really all right and just what she wanted.

"We'll advertise in the local papers," he said. "I'll see about that first thing in the morning. And there's his license on his collar. We'll get him back."

"Yes," she said. She smiled again.

He knew what she was thinking. This, on top of so much else. The last straw. To put it bluntly, the final kick in the pants. So much done, finished, ended.

He lighted a cigarette. "I suppose we should go and eat. The sign said they'll fix you sandwiches. If you want a real meal, there's a town a few miles on."

"No," she said. So they had a sandwich, sitting at an oilcloth-covered table in a room thick with the smell of the lubricating oil stored in one corner.

THE dog missed them because he had left the highway. He had come to where a narrow wagon road went off through the tall trees. He stopped, sniffing the air, indecisive, wondering. Then the order came again, clear, indubitable.

He followed the road up a hill and down. There was a meadow with a brook and he drank of the clear water for a long time. Then he took to the road again and followed it at a steady, energy-saving trot, along the edge of a deep ravine. Once more the road dipped and he was in another, smaller valley, protected from the winds. He wanted to keep on, but another order came—he must rest and be strong for the morning. It was dark and late. He went into the deep brush, turned about a half-dozen times and lay down, his muzzle snug between his forepaws, his body bent in a tight semicircle. He had his back to a great tree, and he slept.

In the morning he felt hunger for the first time. He drank from a pool, then searched about for food. He nibbled some berries and spat them out. He flushed a rabbit and pursued and lost it. He returned to the road and trotted on.

THAT night, Taylor didn't sleep, though the bed was comfortable enough. He lay still, wanting to move and not moving, so as not to disturb her. He knew she was doing the same thing—not sleeping, just lying still, controlling her jumping nerves for his sake.

He thought it all through again—because there was nothing else to think about, not because it could possibly do any good. And again for the thousandth time, he came to the same inevitable conclusion: He was through. He was broke. And there was nothing left for him.

He remembered the talk with Claridge. The long office with the hand-carved desk, the view of the river where the shipyards were now working twenty-four hours a day, the air of opulence and money. He had made the trip for this, spending money he could not afford, and he had been sorry for it as soon as he had entered the office, before a word had been spoken. Claridge, in his fine flannel suit, standing up and smiling, his hand outstretched—and in his eyes the certain question.

Taylor remembered with shame the first thing he had said: "How are you, Jack? I'll come to the point—I'm one of the boys the war boom seems to have passed by. The truth is, between those priorities and what's happened to the foreign markets, I'm squeezed thin a paper." He had been very hearty about it, as if it were quite a joke—a harsh joke, but a joke, nevertheless. And Claridge had smiled too; Taylor had known at once what that smile meant. He wondered, now, how many times he had heard similar stories before.

It was no longer possible to lie in bed, and he got up. Jane turned at once, looking at him with eyes which had no brightness at all. She said, "I don't see how people can sleep outside of their own beds. I never could."

"I'm the same way." He thought that it was almost as if two casual acquaintances were talking.

He dressed and sat in a chair while she made coffee on the stove that had one dead burner. The coffee tasted good; he drank two and a half cups of it steaming hot, and then the pot was empty.

"About Jinx," he said then, "I can find out from this fellow here what papers to advertise in. I can telephone them."

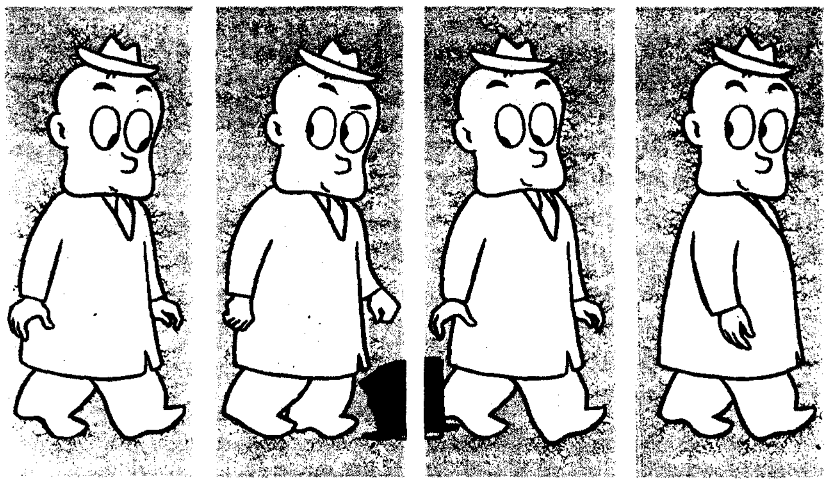
Her eyes were completely expressionless when she looked at him now. He knew precisely what she felt. The loss of the dog was the greatest thing in their lives. It was something neither of them could talk about. It had taken on a cruel symbolism, out of all reason to its real importance. They had to get the dog back.

He made the calls, telling each paper that he was mailing the money for the ads. He knew while he was doing this that it was useless; all but one of the papers were weeklies, which would not publish for days. But it had to be done.

When he returned to the cabin she was ready, the bags packed. "We might go to Olneyville and back again," he said. "Before we go on. Just in case."

"We should do that," she said.

Going out to the car she put her hand



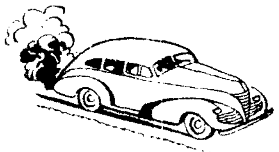
April Fool

CROCKETT JOHNSON

HEY! THE JOB'S ONLY HALF DONE

and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop Oil Pumping—

Replace Worn Engine Bearings!



WHEN YOUR CAR pumps oil, don't split the overhaul job and do just *half* of it —because *new piston rings alone can't cure motor-fouling oil waste caused by worn connecting rod bearings.*

Worn connecting rod bearings let excess oil flood the cylinders and combustion chambers, fouling the best of new piston rings with carbon, fouling the spark plugs and valves, too, so that the engine demands more and more gas and oil to operate. Soon the worn bearings also lose their protective oil cushion, make metal-to-metal contact with the crankshaft and collapse, causing even more costly damage.

Your car has to last for the duration—help it give you peak performance, help the national war on waste by eliminating wasteful oil pumping. Have the engine overhauled *right* and do it right now—replace those worn bearings with a set of Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy for *the long run!*

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

FOR VICTORY

Anti-aircraft guns, mortars, gun mounts, gun carriers are but a few defense units equipped with Federal-Mogul bearings and other precision parts. Federal-Mogul's expanded factories are on 24-hour production of bearings and precision parts for planes, tanks, boats, trucks, motorcycles, for defense—and bearings to service the millions of automobiles carrying armament workers and materials to their jobs!

Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!

REPLACE WITH GENUINE

FEDERAL Mogul

OIL-CONTROL BEARINGS

GAS HOUSE SOCIAL CLUB
DAY IRVING

FIGHT? All I said was, "Hey, Bud, I'm lookin' for a LIGHT!"

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!

SO—for long car life—BE SURE YOU...

SOUND YOUR Z!

PENNZOIL

More than 700 different brands are listed as "Pennsylvania oil." So when you want top-notch PennZoil motor oil and lubricants, it pays to avoid being misunderstood.

No doubt, you're already taking two precautions to protect your car—having it serviced more regularly, and driving more thoughtfully. Neither of these measures, however, is fully effective without the protection of highest quality lubricants.

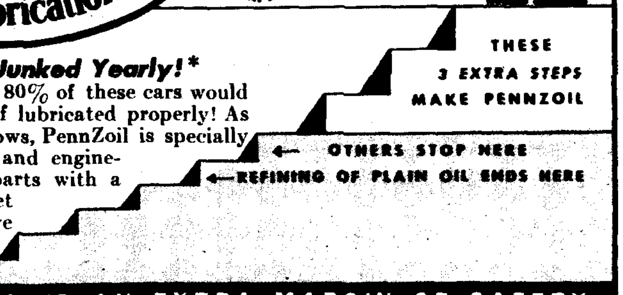
So let's add a third precaution . . . Next time you need oil or lubricants, stop at the yellow PennZoil oval sign, and be sure you sound your "Z"!

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Safe Lubrication
LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!
Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

HOW TO FIND YOUR NEAREST DEALER
Just call the number listed under PennZoil in your phone book, give your address, and ask for the name of convenient dealers.

Be Oil-wise Sound your "Z"

2⅓ Million Cars Junked Yearly!*
Engineers say that up to 80% of these cars would have lasted years longer if lubricated properly! As the chart on the right shows, PennZoil is specially refined. It resists sludge and engine-varnish—protects vital parts with a tough, long-lasting film. Let PennZoil help your car live longer!
*10-year average


THESE 3 EXTRA STEPS MAKE PENNZOIL
← OTHERS STOP HERE
← REFINING OF PLAIN OIL ENDS HERE

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

on his arm. "That offer Mr. Claridge made you, Don—it might be—"

She stopped in midsentence of her own accord. They had been over this before. He didn't answer. What it amounted to was a clerkship. Claridge had been very kind. Too kind. "It's this way, Bob. You've got to learn. After all, it's a new kind of business to you. In this job you'll get an idea of all the phases of it. Find out what you're best adapted for. And in time—well, there's no telling what might turn up. If you were ready."

He smiled. He was forty-five years old. In middle age. It was that phrase—"in time"—how much time? How much? He had been his own boss almost all his life, and he had made good money. And now—

He put the bags in the car. He slid in behind the wheel and started the motor, watching for the temperature gauge to show that it was warming up. He knew what the end would probably be. What it had to be.

THE dog had lost all sense of time. He did not know how many times he had slept hidden in brush by a roadside, or how many times he had sought for food—usually in garbage dumps. He was aware that now the character of the country was changing. The trees were smaller and fewer, their branches thick with dust. The sun's heat was intense. And the ground was no longer soft and cool and yielding. It was hot and dry and sandy, and it hurt his pads.

He no longer hid when cars went by. He had no energy to waste. He trotted on, looking to neither side. Occasionally cars stopped and people called to him. He paid them no attention unless they approached. Then he dodged away and always they left him alone.

At last the trees were behind him. He was in a flat country where the air was thin and clear, and the heat was still increasing. There was no vegetable life save for small gray bushes, scattered in clumps at wide intervals. The dog's tongue lolled out of his mouth and he felt hunger and thirst. Then the hunger was forgotten and there was only the desire for water. Even the hurt of his pads was forgotten, so great was his longing for water.

The dog's breathing was raucous when he came to the house with the high, peaked roof and the long, covered porch. He approached it slowly, sniffing the air for the miraculous scent of water.

A small boy came from the house. He ran toward the dog. The dog stood his ground, growling low in his throat. The boy stopped and cried, "Mother—dog!"

A woman appeared then and the dog eyed her, the hair on his back standing straight up. The woman said, "Don't go near him, Bill." And then, "He's thirsty. Terribly thirsty."

She went back into the house and the dog waited. When she returned she carried a pan of water. She put it on the ground and withdrew a dozen steps.

The dog drank his fill, watching them. When he was done his hunger came back. He lifted his head and looked at her.

"He's hungry, too," the woman said.

Again the dog waited. This time she brought him a plate of food—bread crusts, cooked vegetables, even some meat. He ate it all. And now his hunger and his thirst were ended and he felt deeply the pain in his pads.

The woman approached him slowly. She held out her hand. He liked her smell. It was a good smell, a kind and friendly smell. He knew that if he stayed he would be given a place to sleep. And tomorrow more food and all the water he wanted.

"Here, boy," the woman said gently.

But the dog looked at her once, then turned and trotted off. The woman did not call after him. He looked back just as he reached the road again. She was standing watching him, the boy at her side.

THE Taylors had been home three days now and it had been five days since they had lost Jinx. At least some of the papers in which they had advertised had been published, but there had been no word.

They did not speak of the dog any more. Taylor had gathered up the visible evidences of him—the hard-rubber ball, the other leash, the ancient marrowbones—and put them out of sight.

Taylor sat at his desk, looking at the opened pile of meaningless mail—bills, advertisements, letters from relatives and, most astonishing and ironical of all, an offer from an old business associate he had not seen for years, asking him if he would be interested in a mining deal in British Columbia—"We want to keep this in only a few hands—say six men who will put up ten thousand apiece. Of course, it's completely speculative, but the engineer's reports are immensely encouraging and—"

Once, he thought, he would have gone for that.

Jane came in and sat on the couch and asked for a cigarette. She looked neat and well dressed and tired. "Have you written Mr. Claridge?"

He shook his head. "Not yet. There's no great hurry—he told me that. Tomorrow, maybe."

He stood up then and said, "Jane . . ."

"Yes?"

"The point is, when you hate a thing, when you know you aren't up to it—that is, when you know you're going to flop—" He stopped short. "I guess when you're old as I am you haven't got the guts any more. You haven't got what it takes. It's just too terribly hard. I'd rather clerk in a department store where there's no chance of ever being anything else, no faint hope of rising to something better to prey on your mind . . ." He stopped again.

She was looking at him and there was something in her eyes that made him turn quickly away. A question—a criticism—a wonder? It could be any of them, or none.

He said, "I'm sorry and all that, but there it is."

"I know," she said. Now even the ticking of the clock was loud and unpleasant in his ears.

THE dog had left the desert behind. It had ended suddenly—there had been the eternal plains of sand, cactus and bunch grass; then, an hour later, the coolness and the shelter of the fir trees. He went very slowly now. His pads were raw and even when he licked them for hours it did little good. His coat was dirty and matted, and his flanks were thin. The dog went his way with his head down, wanting to stop, to rest, to surrender completely to weariness. But the strange thing inside him still lived, and it drove him on.

It had been a day and a night since he had eaten anything at all, and a full day since he had drunk water.

He looked up when the car stopped and a man's voice called to him. He stood hesitating, watching the door of the car open and the man step out. He wanted to go to him. There would be water. And after that there would be food. There would be rest and expert hands would tend his pads. He realized to the full now his dependence upon people. All of them were powerful. Most of them were good.

The man's voice was kind and bright. The man came toward him slowly, his hand outstretched. Suddenly the dog turned and fled. He put a hundred trees between himself and the road, and crouched against the ground. Soon afterward he heard the car drive off. He lay there a long time, and now he felt only loneliness. It went even beyond thirst, beyond hunger, beyond pain. They would have cared for him. There would have been food and water and the touch of gentle hands. Only, it was not possible for him.

The dog rose and it was a minute before he felt strong enough to go on. He trotted down the lines of trees to the highway and turned west.

FOR the second time, Taylor read the letter. He had shown it to Jane; he had waited for her opinion. She had said nothing. All she had done was read it and put it down.

He read between the lines. Claridge was trying so hard to be kind and pleasant and encouraging: "I know it will be a little tough at first, but in my opinion a man with your experience and gifts could—"

Claridge was trying to buck him up. He had, of course, read his mind. He had seen through the flimsy camouflage. Any man of reasonable astuteness, Taylor knew, could have done that. He had been almost as transparent as a watch crystal. A man who was desperate and frightened, trying to be nonchalant. He looked back upon it and despised himself.

Jane had left the room. He heard her in the kitchen, preparing lunch. He had to answer Claridge, of course. After all, he had been mighty decent. He had written first when he didn't have to, when the obligation and the duty were all the other way. And there was only one answer. Taylor had, at least, to be honest. It was almost the last luxury he had left. He couldn't accept. As for the future—well, there were always jobs of a sort.

He leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. He opened them suddenly—he had heard the soft sound of a dog's feet entering the room. But the room was empty.

He closed his eyes again, and now he could not rid himself of the picture of Jinx. They had trained themselves not to speak of him and, in theory, not to think of him. That, too, they had told themselves, was a closed episode. But now, in his mind, he saw the dog with all the clarity and color of life.

JINX stood on the hilltop, looking down. His muzzle quivered as he drank in the scents that were both new and old. Again the country had changed—there were fields where the earth was deep and fragrant, broken by stands of fir. The dog remembered. He stood trembling, while his mind went back along the eight eternal years of his life. He knew that it was all here, in the scents borne by the small wind, but the details were not plain. He knew he had been often in a country like this, but the how and the why of it escaped him. The dog stood still a long time drinking in the air.

He had found water and his thirst was satisfied. He had found some food, but not enough. His coat was staring and the ribs stood out stark against it. Long since he had taken for granted the great pain that began in his pads and ran through his body—taken it for a thing inevitable and certain, for which nothing could be done. When he licked his pads his tongue always tasted blood, and now he took that for granted, too.

The dog lay down for a little while. Then he rose and shook himself. He went to a small stream and drank again. He drank more than he wanted, storing the water up against emergency. For the hundredth time he returned to the highway and turned west. The thing inside him, that drove him on, had lost none of its power. And now in this new country that was old, the dog went faster. . . .

Taylor tore the letter up. He dropped the pieces into the wastebasket. He walked up and down the room and smoked a cigarette that had no taste, and sat down at the desk again. It should be such an easy letter to write, he thought. He would say he wished matters might be otherwise, and he would politely refuse. A very simple letter. . . .

It was then he heard it—the scratch on the door. And that was no doubt imagination, too, like the time he had thought he had heard a dog's feet on the rug. He heard Jane leaving the kitchen and going down the hallway.

It wasn't imagination, then. Probably some very diffident caller. Or maybe even a dog that had lost its way and had turned in desperation to a door, any door. He hoped Jinx had done that. And had found a good home. It was sentimental and silly, of course, but he felt it deeply.

He heard the latch click as Jane opened the door. Then her voice, high-pitched: "Don! It's Jinx!"

HE WAS on his feet then, running. And he was on his knees, his arm under the dog, half lifting him. There were red smears on the light hall carpet, and there was the touch of the dog's lank tongue on his hand. There were the staring coat and the pitifully thin flanks. And there was more than that—the sight and knowledge of the dog's courage, the dog's determination.

"Good fellow, Jinx—good, good fellow—why, he's starved, Jane! Get him some food—wait a minute, we'll have to feed him slowly at first. He's almost done in!" Always the dog's eyes looking at him, bright and grateful and happy, the whites bloodshot.

He needed bathing and brushing, but that would wait. They fed him and gave him water and he ate and drank. Between each mouthful he lifted his head and looked at both of them. It was as if he wanted to be certain again and again that they were really there.

They didn't talk until the dog was lying in his usual spot before the fireplace. Taylor sat down, feeling uneasy, and played with a cigarette he never lighted. He said, "It's the strangest thing I ever heard of. He came almost a thousand miles. And some of that's the toughest on the continent. No water, nothing to eat—you can drive fifty miles without seeing a house in places. At his age. He's eight years old."

"At his age," she said. It was very quiet in the room.

He looked at her and she was smiling faintly. He smiled, too, and it was all fixed now, and it had been the only thing to do from the beginning but he had been too blind and stupid to see it. It was clear and at the same time confused in detail, but there were no two ways about it. It was bound up with a dog's courage and stubbornness and with the knowledge that beings of flesh and blood could at times do more than it was possible to do. And it was something more than that still, but he hadn't quite figured it out in his mind.

Jane said, "Have you written Mr. Claridge?"

He looked her straight in the eyes and thought that this was the first time in weeks he had been able to do that. He said, "I'll do it tonight and mail it in the morning. You can start packing whenever you want."

He stood up and went toward the desk. He leaned down and ran his hands gently over the dog's long, relaxed body. Jinx opened his eyes and stared up at him and his tail thumped the floor. Taylor went to the desk and got paper out of the drawer and unscrewed the cap from his fountain pen. He wrote, quickly and firmly: "Dear Jack." There wasn't any problem at all about what to say. The letter seemed to write itself.

April showers awaken flowers . . . but Briggs' choice golden tobaccos sleep on undisturbed in fragrant casks of oak, season after season, until all harshness turns to bite-free mellowness.

Briggs is cask-mellowed for years . . . (longer than many luxury-priced blends) . . . to create a miracle of rare flavor . . . a supreme pipe treat for only 15¢ a tin.

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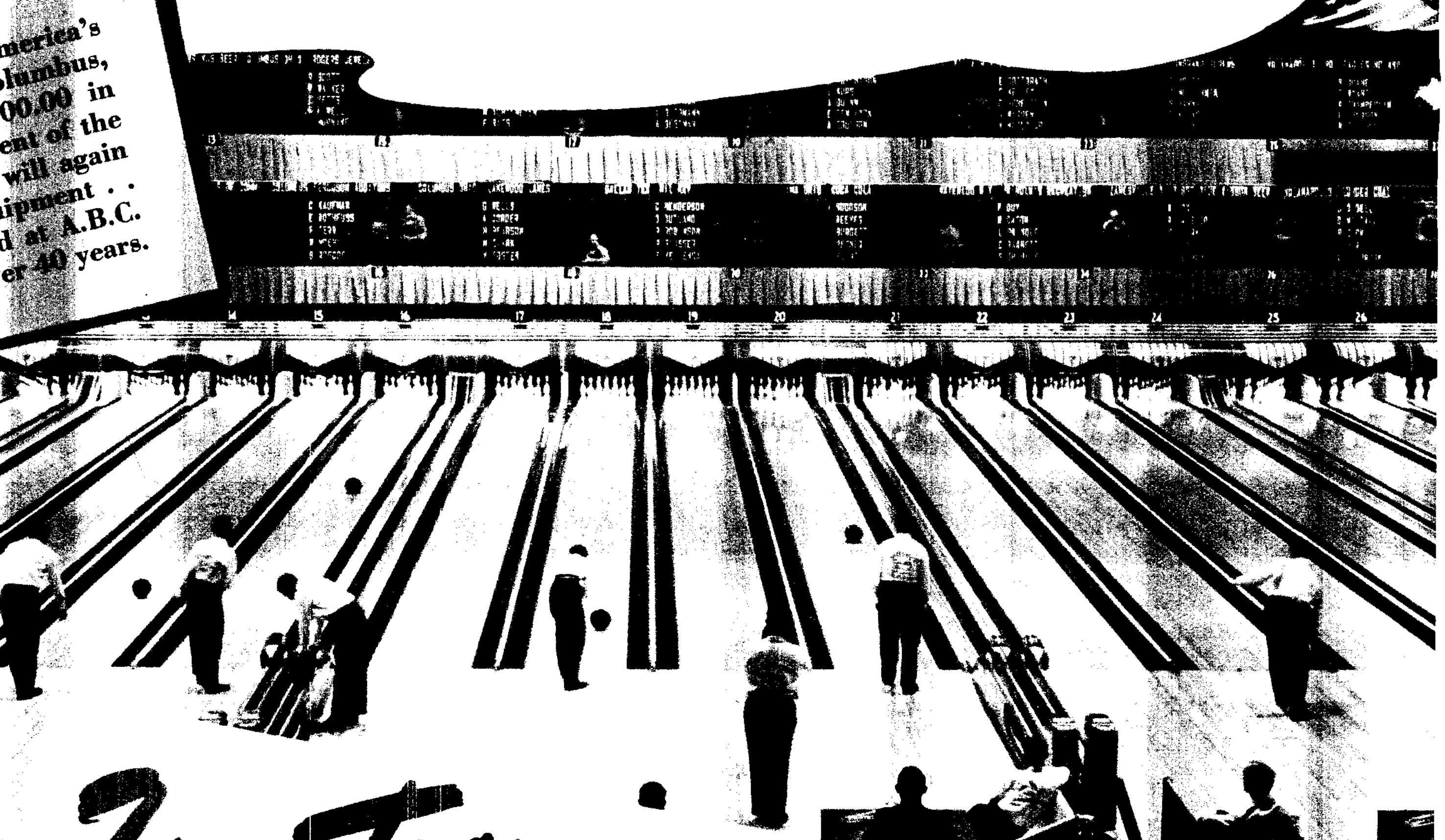
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"
BRIGGS 15¢

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

BOWL ON THE SAME CHAMPIONSHIP EQUIPMENT USED AT THE A.B.C.!

Over 30,000 stars — the pick of America's 16,000,000 bowlers — gather at Columbus, Ohio, to compete for over $250,000.00 in prizes at the 42nd Annual Tournament of the American Bowling Congress. They will again roll on Brunswick Centennial Equipment . . the championship equipment used at A.B.C. International Tournaments for over 40 years.



Columbus, Ohio, March 3—The opening squad rolls the first ball in the 42nd Annual A.B.C. Tournament before a crowd of 2500 bowling enthusiasts and officials.

NATIONAL MATCH GAME CHAMPION, NED DAY, holder of the record A.B.C. ten-year average of 204.23, takes you on a personally conducted tour of the A.B.C. equipment on which the championships will be decided.

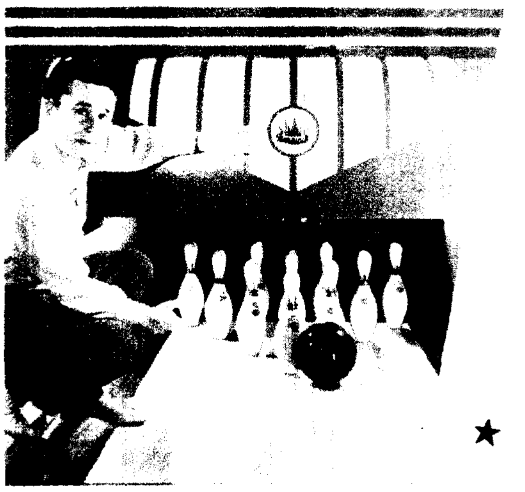
You Too CAN ENJOY GREATER BOWLING PLEASURE ON BRUNSWICK *Centennial* EQUIPMENT

As you read these words, the 42nd National Tournament of the American Bowling Congress — world's greatest bowling event — is in thunderous action. Thousands of bowling balls propelled by thousands of sturdy American arms are writing bowling history.

The equipment used in this great annual event is the famous new *Centennial*—Brunswick, of course—as the A.B.C. National Tournament choice has been for over 40 years. It isn't equipment built better for this one special event. It isn't something that *only* tournament bowlers can enjoy. Every day, bowlers in all sections of the country are bowling on the same fine Brunswick championship equipment—designed *by* bowlers *for* bowlers.

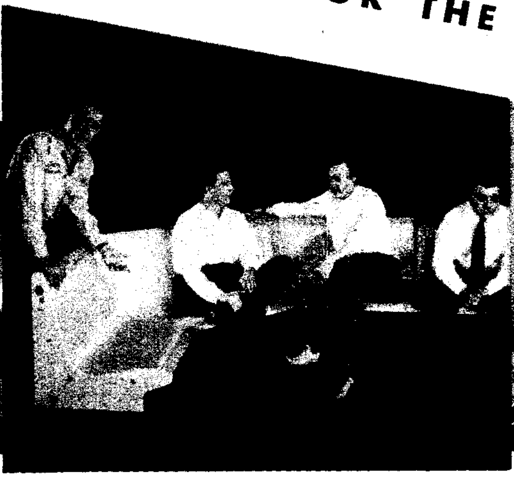
Stop in at your nearest Brunswick Centennial establishment tonight. Enjoy its new comfort, new convenience, new colorful streamlined beauty. Have more fun and bowl better scores where pins are rapidly and accurately set, where you and your fellow bowlers can relax comfortably between frames. And you'll have the satisfaction of bowling on the same equipment chosen for the world's most important championship competition.

★ ★ ★ LOOK FOR THE RED CROWN WHEN YOU BOWL!



"This new, streamlined Brunswick Centennial Masking Unit," says Ned, "hides the pin boy from view, eliminates the distracting background. Brilliant, glareless illumination spotlights the famous Brunswick King Pins for championship accuracy."

". . . the Brunswick precision pinsetter, fastest and most accurate ever designed, assures maximum pleasure and tournament scores because bowling is more rapid and pins are faultlessly spotted."



". . .The new Brunswick Octagonal seating arrangement provides convenience, privacy and comfort for that all-important relaxation between frames."

". . . and here is the new Safe-T Ball Return—latest 1942 innovation completing the over-all beauty and design of new Brunswick championship installations. Select the finest when you bowl."

HALE AMERICA!

Join the Hale America Bowling Legion. Get in touch with your league secretary at once to find out how you, too, can actively participate in the Physical Fitness Program of the Office of Civilian Defense.

Our Fighting Men

SALT LAKE ARMY AIR BASE. The War Department thought maybe a combination parachutist and skier would make a practical soldier, but the question was whether he could be supplied and could function effectively in snow-isolated mountain country. After going through a 60-day experimental period (ending March 1st) in the Wasatch Mountains near here with a parachute school outfit, Detachment Commander Capt. A. F. Gorham reported the idea a success.

Infantrymen who had originally volunteered for the never-dull parachute service made good guinea pigs; they started from scratch and were all for trying anything. Mostly Southerners, many saw snow for the first time, yet spent days in it and even bivouacked a few nights at 10,000 feet with the mercury crowding minus 50°. Only paraskiers who ever had cold feet were those who neglected to keep their boots in their sleeping bags at night. In the morning they resembled concrete galoshes.

After learning to ski, all made sky jumps except those in the hospital with fractures and sprains. Paraskiers don't carry their skis down with them. These and ski repair materials, weapons, rations, extra clothing and other stuff, attached to brightly colored chutes, are shoved out of the ship first. The soldiers follow, guiding their descent so they'll land near the equipment. In the high altitude they found they fell faster and experienced more difficulty in controlling their chutes, but landing in deep snow was pretty soft compared to the bare ground of the parachute school. The paraskier's pack isn't standard yet, although they know they can carry up to 80 pounds, including a pair of small snowshoes for reaching their equipment after they plunk down into three to six feet of snow. It's up to the air support to hurl sleeping bags, gasoline stoves and short-wave radios from the air after the boys have landed. The ski-sky troops wear reversible uniforms, white on one side for snow camouflage and o.d. on the other for work in forested terrain.

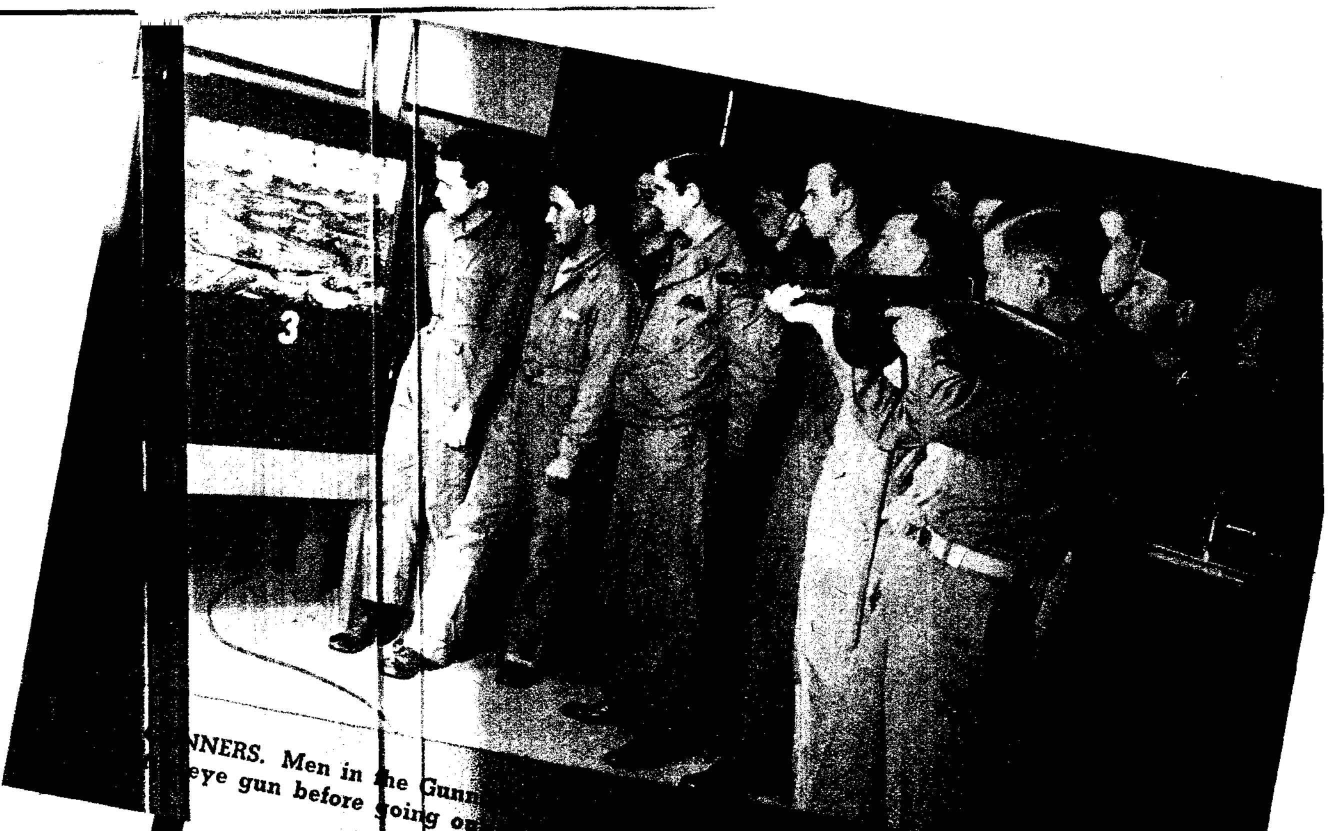
Like any Army bunch tackling something new the flying snowbirds cooked up a dish of slang so they wouldn't have to call a ski a ski. "Torture boards" they called them. Spilling by running into a frozen Y of ski tracks was "Hitting the switch." Instead of using the regular term "Track" for "Clear the way," the boys yelled "Timber-r-r-r!" And when a soldier spilled in a cloud of snow his pals yelled "Powder river." If the guy answered "Let 'er buck," the medical detachment was told not to bother hauling out the stretcher this time.

GOWEN FIELD, Idaho. Purpose of the Screwball Inventors club here is to foster little ideas for scaring the pants off the enemy. Staff Sgt. Clayton L. Sprungman became eligible with his plan for a glass submarine which couldn't be spotted from the air; and Sgt. Alva Knowles made the grade by whipping up a ship-saving device consisting of big tanks of compressed helium which would inflate a balloon and all but make a dirigible out of a torpedoed boat. We trust the Navy won't object to our spilling this.

WOLD-CHAMBERLAIN FIELD, Minnesota. Personnel of the Naval Reserve Aviation base here would like to arrange a three-way huddle between its officers, Walt Disney and the weatherman, because . . .

When Disney was asked to design an insignia for the station he took stock of the geographical factors. "They're Navy fliers," mused the maestro of the mouse, "yet they've been set down about as far from any ocean as they could be and still be in the United States. And they're up North where their ships will have to land on skis in winter." Having reasoned thus Mr. Disney gave out with a penguin, soaring through the air on skis and wearing a little white sailor hat. The future Navy fliers were very pleased indeed. Then the weatherman fell down on them. All winter the ground was bare more than half the time, and what snow fell wasn't deep enough to interfere with ships on wheels; so the only place Mr. Penguin got frosty all season was around his picture on the sides of glasses in the Officers' Mess and Ward Room.

(*Continued on page* 64)



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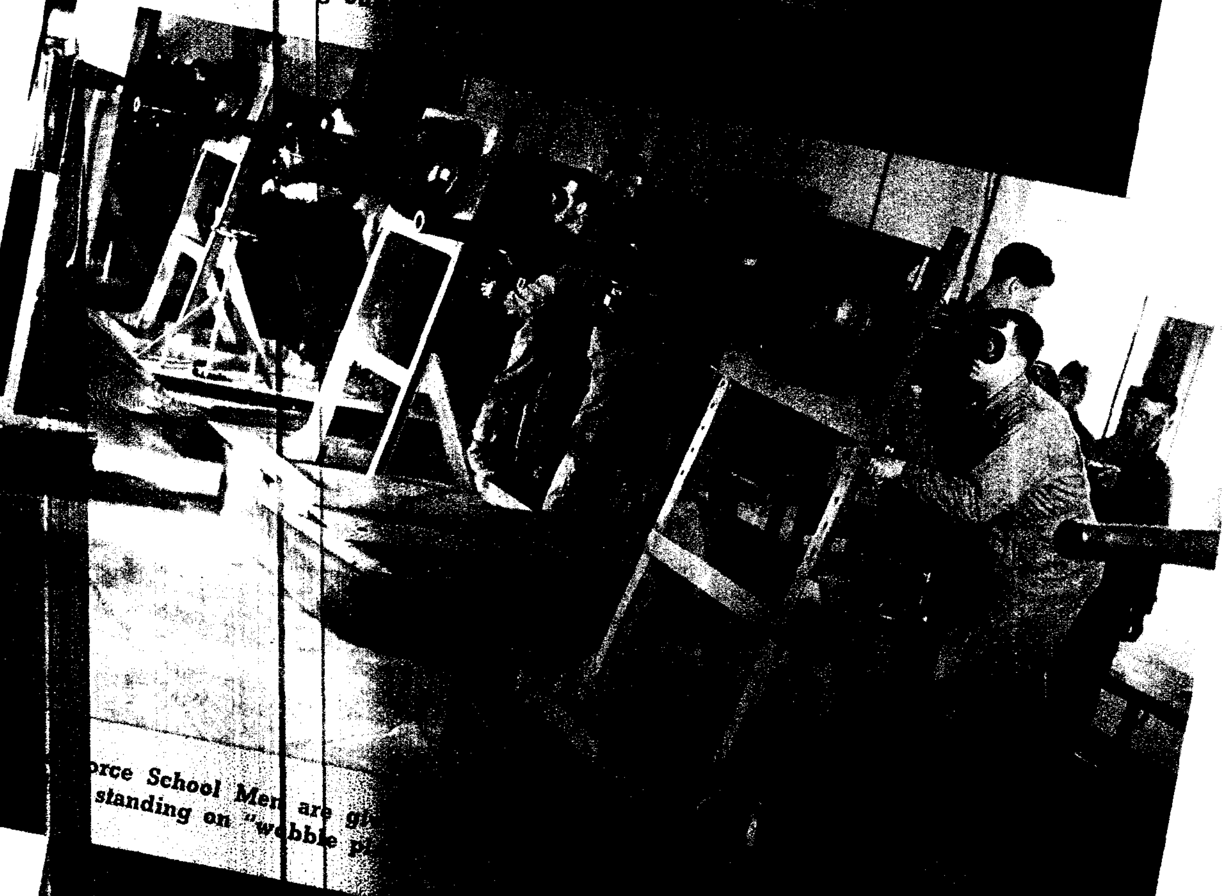

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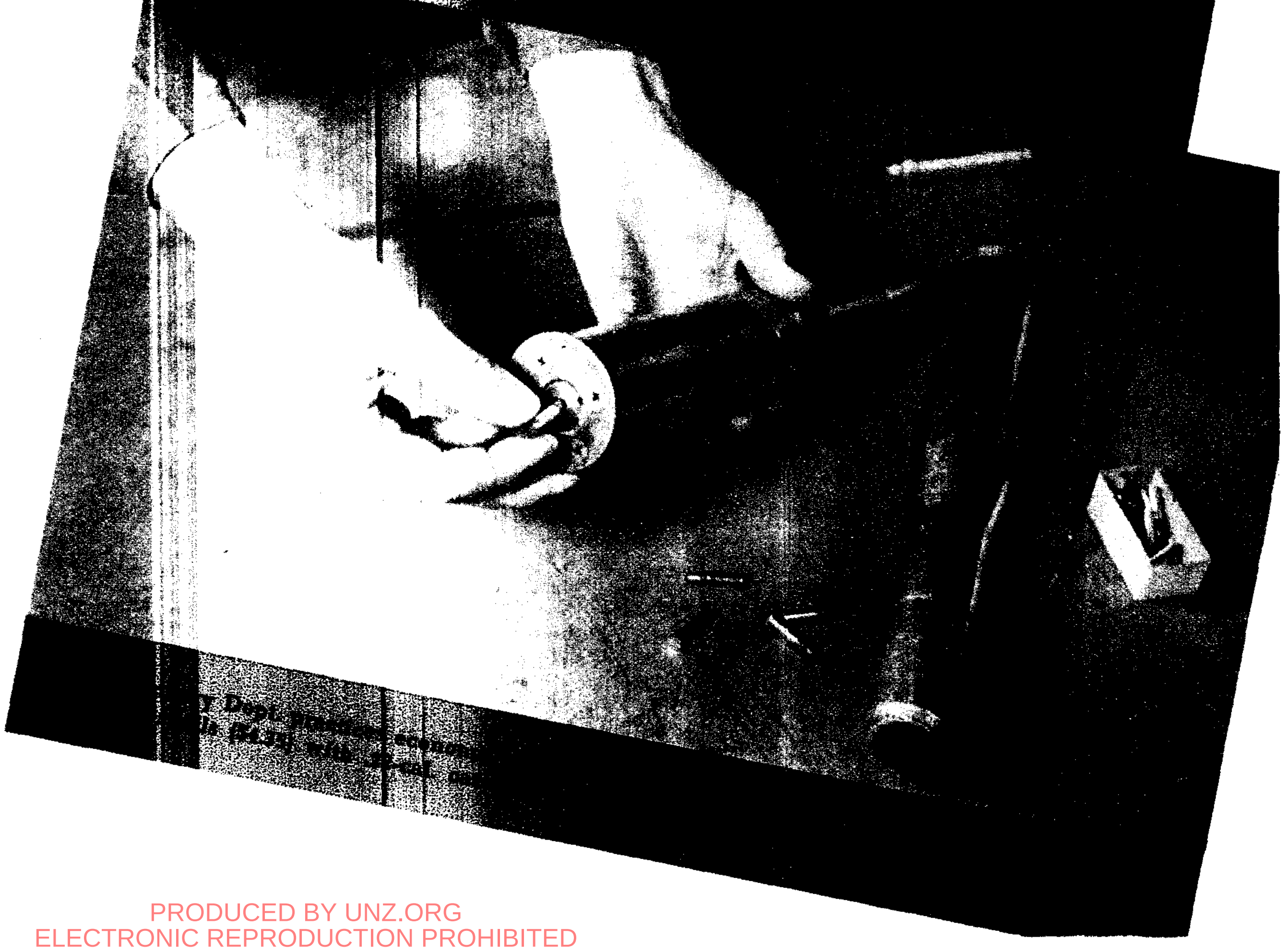

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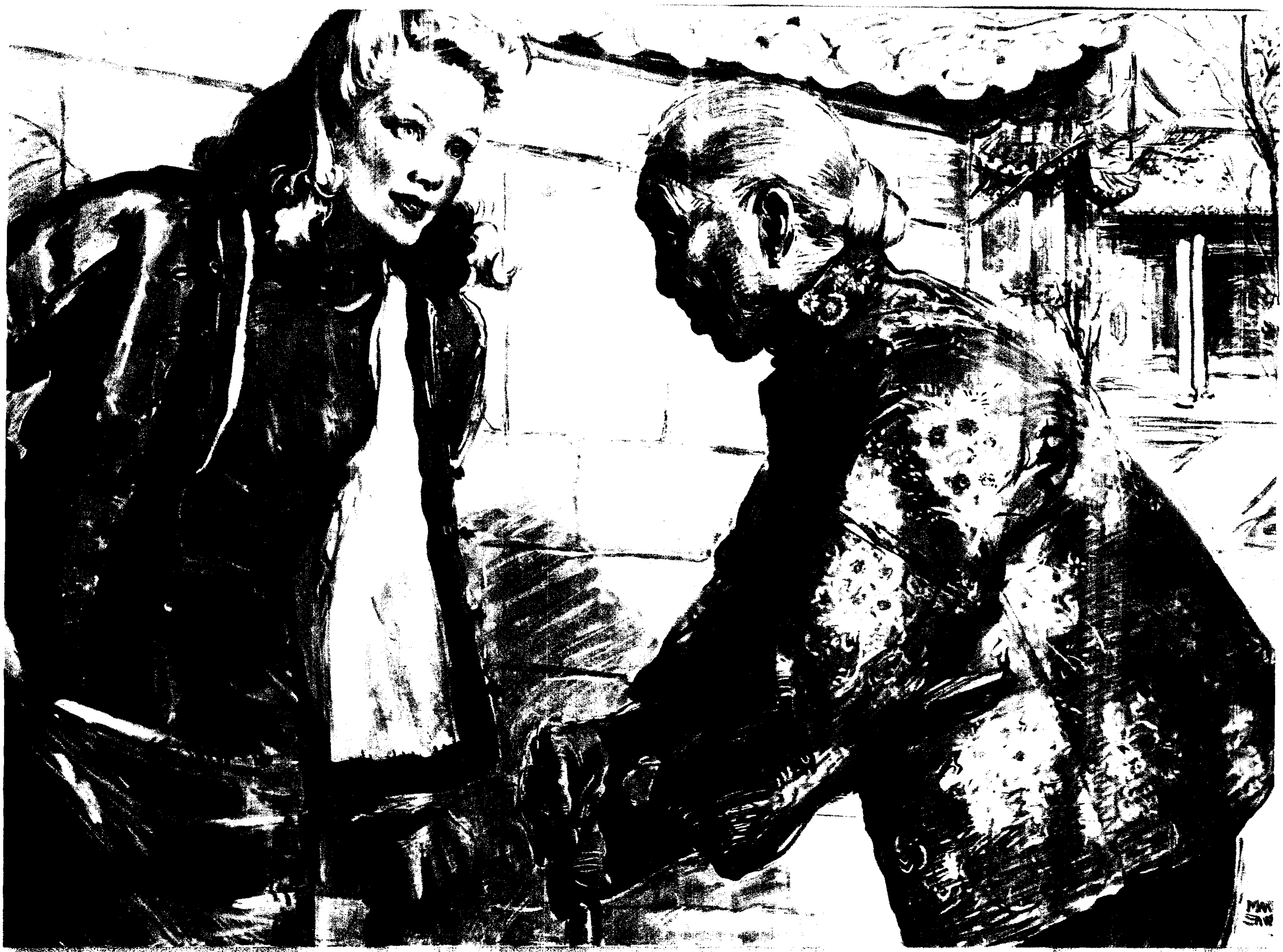

The old lady stood looking at her with almost affectionate interest. "Do you not wonder how I came here?" Elaine asked

China Gold

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

LONELY and restless following the death of her mother—"the richest woman in the world"—Elaine Brian secretly leaves New York City and goes to China. There, in the Japanese-held city of Ta-ming, she finds peace in assisting a priest—Father Valerian, her mother's one-time dearest friend—in his mission and hospital labors.

Two men are in love with her: Young Larch Corpran, whom she had met by chance in New York, and Father Valerian's aide, Rudolf Helgel. A third man—Elton Field, an American who lives in Shanghai—hopes to marry her for her money. His advances repelled, he thinks he may win her by trickery. So he sends her father, Paul Brian, a cablegram in which he says that Elaine is in peril and should be forced to return to America.

In New York, Brian receives the cablegram, reads it. After which, he persuades Larch Corpran to go to China for the purpose of finding Elaine and bringing her home. He tells Corpran that Elton Field will meet him in Hong Kong, take him to Ta-ming. . . . Meanwhile, Field's Eurasian mistress—Helen Kung, whom he had cast aside after meeting Elaine—has gone to Ta-ming and opened a "house of amusement." One of her girl entertainers, Mei-su, is the sister of a young Chinese guerrilla leader, Captain Siao, who, advised by Rudolf Helgel, is preparing to attack Ta-ming. Mei-su tells Helen Kung, to whom she is devoted, what Helgel and her brother are up to.

The Eurasian woman now has Helgel in her power. She proceeds to make use of him. . . . A Japanese captain visits Helen's establishment, Mei-su plies him with strong wine and asks him questions. Becoming intoxicated, the captain raves about "fighting the Americans." Finally he mumbles, "We will bomb their ships—in the harbor." But, try as she will, Mei-su cannot induce him to name the harbor.

Informed by Mei-su of what the Japanese had told her, Helen wonders what she should do. She can come to no decision. . . . Early the next morning, Li-hua, her manservant, awakens her. He says, "Your big-man (meaning Elton Field) has come back. This time he has brought with him a young man—an American."

Helen gets out of bed, she washes her face in rose water, she brushes her long black hair. And all the while she is making her plans carefully.

IX .

IN THE clinic Elaine looked up from a woman whose arm she was bandaging. It was one of the curious wounds that people came with these days to the hospital. She had tried by signs and by her few words of Chinese to discover what it was that had torn a gutter in a woman's soft upper arm and had left a strip of flesh hanging from the shoulder. But she had not been able to discover. She had even asked Chen, but he had only grunted. Whether he knew or not he would not tell. He had stood watching her put on the bandage and then he had told her that Rudolf wanted to see her.

"Where is he?" Elaine asked.

"He is in the drug room, making up disinfectant."

She laughed. "He loves that job," she said. The mild affection she felt for Rudolf was warm in her voice. "I think he loves to make war at least on germs. He is still a soldier."

Chen did not laugh but she was used to his gravity, and after the woman's arm was bandaged and she had been told to come back tomorrow, Elaine went toward the drug room. There Rudolf was, a coarse white apron wrapped around his sturdy body. He was measuring liquids carefully, his lips pursed, his face red with effort. When he saw her he put down his beaker.

"Chen said you wanted me," she said.

"So I do," he replied. "Come in, please—and leave the door open, else all the Chinese will think I am making love to you."

She smiled at that and left the door open. But he did not smile even at his own little joke. Instead he stood with his back to the table where he had been working and looked upon her as she sat down on a window sill opposite him. Outside that window she could see the flat roofs of Ta-ming and beyond them the mud-colored plain, gray with coming winter. The brilliant green that stayed late through the autumn had disappeared overnight. There had been no intervening autumn between green and winter gray. She would have been very cold if she had not put on the sheepskin jacket that the Chinese women now wore underneath their outer robes. Over her sheepskin she had put a plain dark red silk.

"You are the only white woman I ever saw who looked well in Chinese garments," Rudolf said.

She turned her face toward him to smile. "Is that what you wanted to tell me?"

But still he would not smile and when she saw that gravity she asked outright: "What is the matter with you, Rudolf?"

"I want you to go away," he said thickly.

She was amazed and cried out her amazement: "Why, Rudolf—what do you—why do you—"

"It is not safe for you here," he said

(Continued on page 59)

"Gee whiz, Mr. Jessup, a DOUBLE-DECKER!"

At Billy's age, in Billy's shoes, you'd be excited too. His nickel is buying *twice* the amount of ice cream he expected.

You can see and smile at Billy's double-decker. But there's another kind of double-decker you *can't* see—though you enjoy it every month.

It's in your electric bill—*the fact that the average price of household electricity is only about half of what it was 15 years ago.*

"Wait a minute!" you say. "If the rates have been reduced *that* much, why hasn't my bill been cut in half?"

The answer is, of course, that you use more electricity than you used to.

While the price of electricity was going down, you were adding useful new electric appliances.

Right now, for a nickel a day, about ⅓ of all American families light their homes, play their radios, run their vacuum cleaners.

For two nickels a day, about ⅔ of all American families operate lights, radio, cleaner, toaster, percolator, clocks and washer.

That makes the electric nickel just about the biggest double-decker in the world!

How was it done? By good business management of the nation's electric companies. By the same planned production of power that today is turning the wheels that turn out the guns to keep America *free!*

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INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

Moving Finger

Continued from page 16

had the usual feeling of surprise, because Mrs. Dane Calthrop's progress resembled coursing more than walking, thus according with her startling resemblance to a greyhound, and as her eyes were always fixed on the distant horizon you felt sure that her real objective was about a mile and a half away.

"Oh!" she said. "Mr. Burton!"

She said it rather triumphantly, as someone might who had solved a particularly clever puzzle. I admitted that I was Mr. Burton and Mrs. Dane Calthrop stopped focusing on the horizon and seemed to be trying to focus on me instead.

"Now what," she said, "did I want to see you about?"

I could not help her there. She stood frowning, deeply perplexed. "Something rather nasty," she said.

"I'm sorry about that," I said, startled.

"Ah," cried Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "*Anonymous letters!* What's this story you've brought down here about anonymous letters?"

"I didn't bring it," I said, "it was here already."

"Nobody got any until you came, though," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop accusingly.

"But they did, Mrs. Dane Calthrop. The trouble had already started."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "I don't like that."

SHE stood there, her eyes absent and far away again. She said:

"I can't help feeling it's all *wrong*. We're not like that here. Envy, of course, and malice, and all the mean spiteful little sins—but I didn't think there was anyone who would do that. No, I really didn't. And it distresses me, you see, because *I* ought to know."

"Why ought you to know?" I said.

"I usually do. I've always felt that's my function. Dane preaches good sound doctrine and administers the sacraments. That's a duty of the clergy, but if you admit marriage at all for a cleric then I think his wife's duty is to know what people are feeling and thinking, even if she can't do anything about it. And I haven't the least idea whose mind is—"

She broke off, adding absently, "They are such silly letters, too."

"Have you—er—had any yourself?"

I was a little diffident of asking, but Mrs. Dane Calthrop replied perfectly naturally, her eyes opening a little wider:

"Oh, yes, two—no, three. I forget exactly what they said. Something very silly about Dane and the schoolmistress, I think. Quite absurd, because Dane has absolutely no taste for flirtation. He never has had. So lucky, being a clergyman."

"Quite," I said, "oh, quite."

"Dane would have been a saint," said Mrs. Calthrop, "if he hadn't been just a little too intellectual."

I did not feel qualified to answer this criticism, and anyway Mrs. Dane Calthrop went on, leaping back from her husband to the letters in rather a puzzling way:

"There are so many things the letters might say, but don't. That's what is so curious."

"I should hardly have thought they erred on the side of restraint," I said bitterly.

"But they don't seem to *know* anything. None of the real things," Mrs. Dane Calthrop said.

"You mean?"

Those fine vague eyes met mine.

"Well, of course. There's plenty of wrongdoing here — any amount of shameful secrets. Why doesn't the writer use those?" She paused and then asked abruptly, "What did they say in your letter?"

"They suggested that my sister wasn't my sister."

"And she is?"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop asked the question with unembarrassed friendly interest.

"Certainly Joanna is my sister," I answered.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop nodded her head. "That just shows you what I mean. I dare say there are other things—"

Her clear uninterested eyes looked at me thoughtfully, and I suddenly understood why Lymstock was afraid of Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

In everybody's life there are hidden chapters which they hope may never be known. I felt that Mrs. Dane Calthrop knew them.

For once in my life, I was positively delighted when Aimée Griffith's hearty voice boomed out:

"Hullo, Maud. Glad I've just caught you. I want to suggest an alteration of date for the Sale of Work. Morning, Mr. Burton."

She went on:

"I must just pop into the grocer's and leave my order, then I'll come along to the Institute if that suits you."

"Yes, yes, that will do quite well," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

Aimée Griffith went into the International Stores.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said, "Poor thing."

I was puzzled. Surely she could not be pitying Aimée!

She went on, however: "You know, Mr. Burton, I'm rather afraid—"

"About this letter business?"

"Yes, you see it means—it must mean—" She paused, lost in thought, her eyes screwed up. Then she said slowly, as one who solves a problem, "Blind hatred . . . yes, blind hatred. But even a blind man might stab to the heart by pure chance. . . . And what would happen then, Mr. Burton?"

We were to know that before another day had passed.

PARTRIDGE, who enjoys calamity, came into Joanna's room at an early hour the following morning, and told her with considerable relish that Mrs. Symmington had committed suicide on the preceding afternoon.

Joanna, who had been lost in the mists of sleep, sat up in bed shocked wide awake.

"Oh, Partridge, how awful!"

"Awful it is, Miss. It's wickedness taking your own life. Not but what she was drove to it, poor soul."

Joanna had an inkling of the truth *then.* She felt rather sick.

"Not—?" Her eyes questioned Partridge and Partridge nodded.

"That's right, Miss. One of them nasty letters."

"How beastly," said Joanna. "How absolutely beastly! All the same, I don't see why she should kill herself for a letter like that."

"Looks as though what was in the letter was true, Miss."

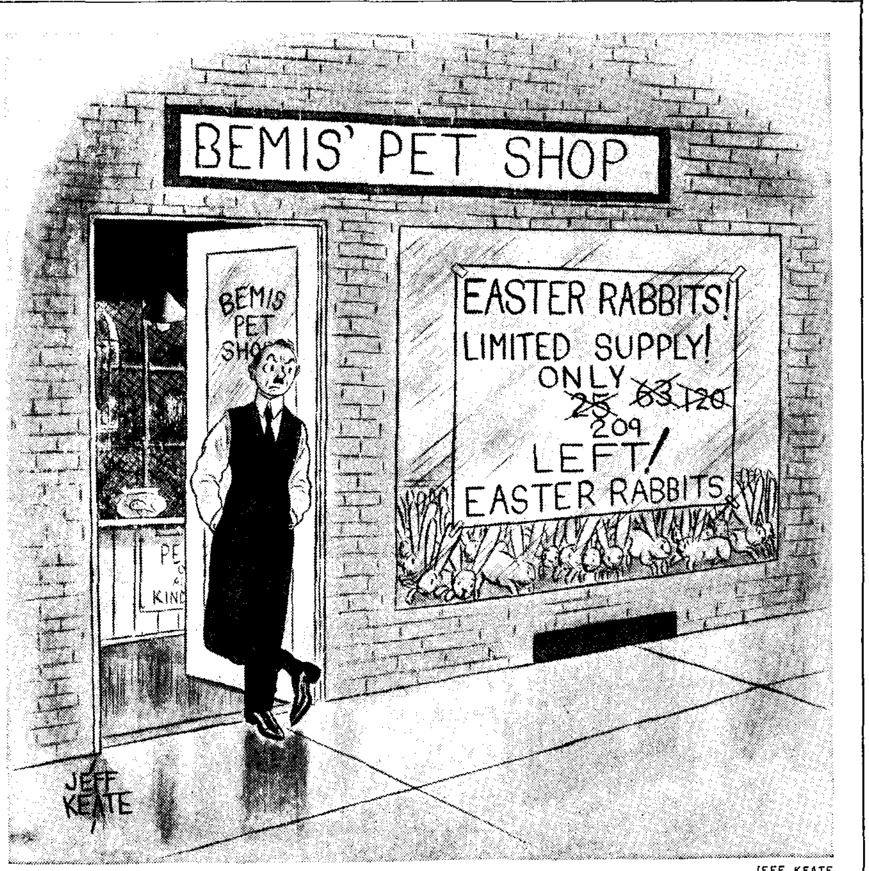
"What was in it?"

But that, Partridge either couldn't, or wouldn't say. Joanna came in to me, looking white and shocked. It seemed worse, somehow, that Mrs. Symmington was not the kind of person you associated with tragedy.

Joanna suggested that we might ask Megan to come to us for a day or two. Elsie Holland, she said, would be all right with the children, but was the kind of person who would, almost certainly, drive Megan half mad.

I agreed. I could imagine Elsie Holland uttering platitude after platitude and suggesting innumerable cups of tea. A kindly creature but not the right person for Megan.

We drove down to the Symmingtons' house after breakfast. We were both of us a little nervous. Our arrival might look like sheer ghoulish curiosity. Luckily we met Owen Griffith just com-



JEFF KEATE

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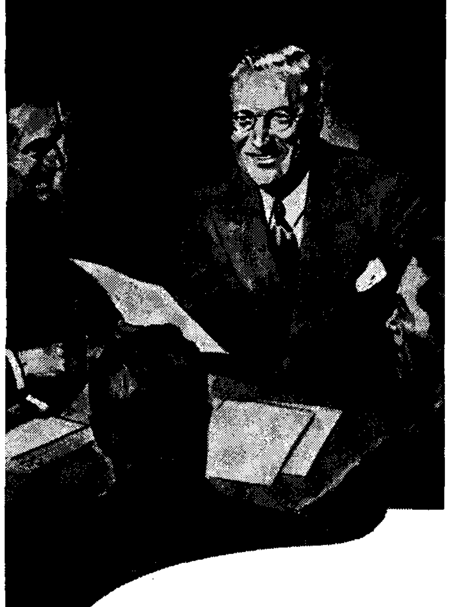

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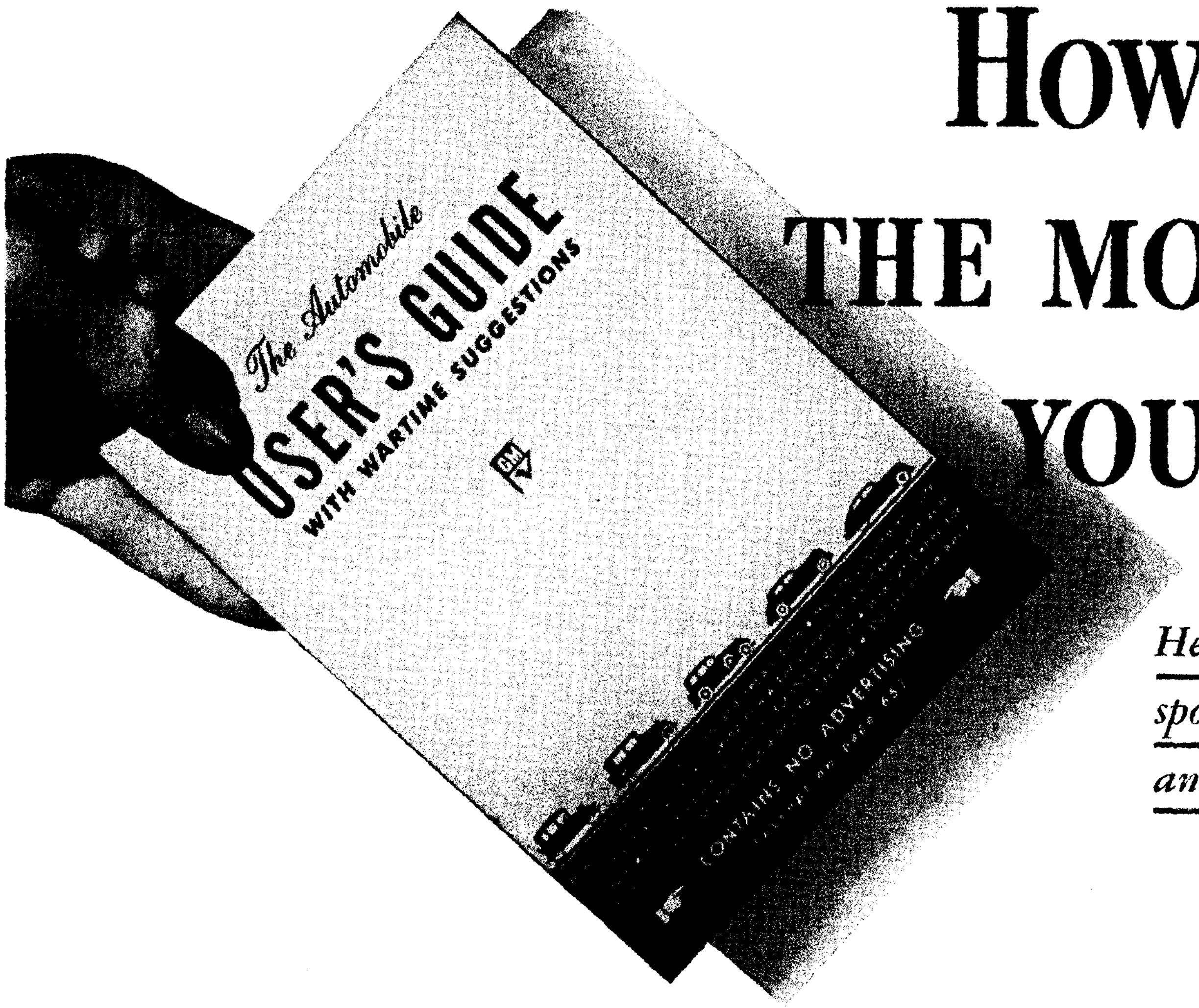

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CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC ing out. He greeted me with warmth.

"Oh, hullo, Burton, I'm glad to see you. What I was afraid would happen sooner or later has happened. A damnable business!"

"Good morning, Dr. Griffith," said Joanna, using the voice she keeps for one of our deafer aunts.

Griffith started and flushed. "Oh—oh, good morning, Miss Burton."

"I thought perhaps," said Joanna, "that you didn't see me."

Owen Griffith got redder still. His shyness enveloped him like a mantle. "I'm—I'm so sorry—preoccupied—I didn't."

Joanna went on mercilessly:

"After all, I *am* life-size."

"Merely kit-cat," I said in a stern aside to her. Then I went on:

"My sister and I, Griffith, wondered whether it would be a good thing if the girl came and stopped with us for a day or two. What do you think? I don't want to butt in—but it must be rather grim for the poor child. How would Symmington feel about it, do you think?"

GRIFFITH turned the idea over in his mind for a moment or two.

"I think it would be an excellent thing," he said at last. "She's a queer, nervous sort of girl, and it would be good for her to get away from the whole thing. Miss Holland is doing wonders—she's an excellent head on her shoulders, but she really has quite enough to do with the two children and Symmington himself. He's quite broken up—bewildered."

"It was"—I hesitated—"suicide?"

Griffith nodded.

"Oh, yes. No question of accident. She wrote 'I can't go on,' on a scrap of paper. The letter must have come by yesterday afternoon's post. The envelope was down on the floor by her chair and the letter itself was screwed up into a ball and thrown into the fireplace."

"What did—"

I stopped, rather horrified at myself.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

Griffith gave a quick, unhappy smile.

"You needn't mind asking. That letter will have to be read at the inquest. No getting out of it, more's the pity. It was the usual kind of thing—couched in the same foul style. The specific accusation was that the second boy, Colin, was not Symmington's child."

"Do you think that was true?" I exclaimed incredulously.

Griffith shrugged his shoulders.

"I've no means of forming a judgment. I've only been here five years. As far as I've ever seen, the Symmingtons were a placid, happy couple devoted to each other and their children. It's true that the boy doesn't particularly resemble his parents—he's got bright red hair, for one thing—but a child often throws back in appearance to a grandfather or grandmother."

"That lack of resemblance might have been what prompted the particular accusation. A foul and quite uncalled-for blow, at a venture."

"But it happened to hit the bull's-eye," said Joanna. "After all, she wouldn't have killed herself otherwise, would she?"

Griffith said doubtfully:

"I'm not quite sure. She's been ailing in health for some time—neurotic, hysterical. I've been treating her for a nervous condition. It's possible, I think, that the shock of receiving such a letter, couched in those terms, may have induced such a state of panic and despondency that she may have decided to take her life. She may have worked herself up to feel that her husband might not believe her if she denied the story, and the general shame and disgust might have worked upon her so powerfully as to unbalance her judgment temporarily."

"Suicide while of unsound mind," said Joanna.

"Exactly. I shall be quite justified, I think, in putting forward that point of view at the inquest."

Joanna and I went on into the house.

The front door was open and it seemed easier than ringing the bell, especially as we heard Elsie Holland's voice inside.

She was talking to Mr. Symmington who, huddled in a chair, was looking completely dazed.

"No, but really, Mr. Symmington, you must take something. You haven't had any breakfast, not what I call a proper breakfast, and nothing to eat last night, and what with the shock and all, you'll be getting ill yourself, and you'll need all your strength. The doctor said so before he left."

Symmington said in a toneless voice, "You're very kind, Miss Holland, but—"

"A nice cup of hot tea," said Elsie Holland, thrusting the beverage on him firmly.

Personally I should have given the poor devil a stiff whisky-and-soda. He looked as though he needed it. However, he accepted the tea, and looking up at Elsie Holland, said:

"I can't thank you for all you've done and are doing, Miss Holland. You've been perfectly splendid."

The girl flushed and looked pleased.

"It's nice of you to say that, Mr. Symmington. You must let me do all I can to help. Don't worry about the children—I'll see to them, and I've got the servants calmed down, and if there's anything I can do, letter-writing or telephoning, don't hesitate to ask me."

"You're very kind," Symmington said again.

ELSIE HOLLAND, turning, caught sight of us and came hurrying out into the hall.

"Isn't it terrible?" she said in a hushed whisper.

I thought, as I looked at her, that she was really a very nice girl. Kind, competent, practical in an emergency. Her magnificent blue eyes were just faintly rimmed with pink, showing that she had been soft-hearted enough to shed tears for her employer's death.

"Can we speak to you a minute?" asked Joanna. "We don't want to disturb Mr. Symmington."

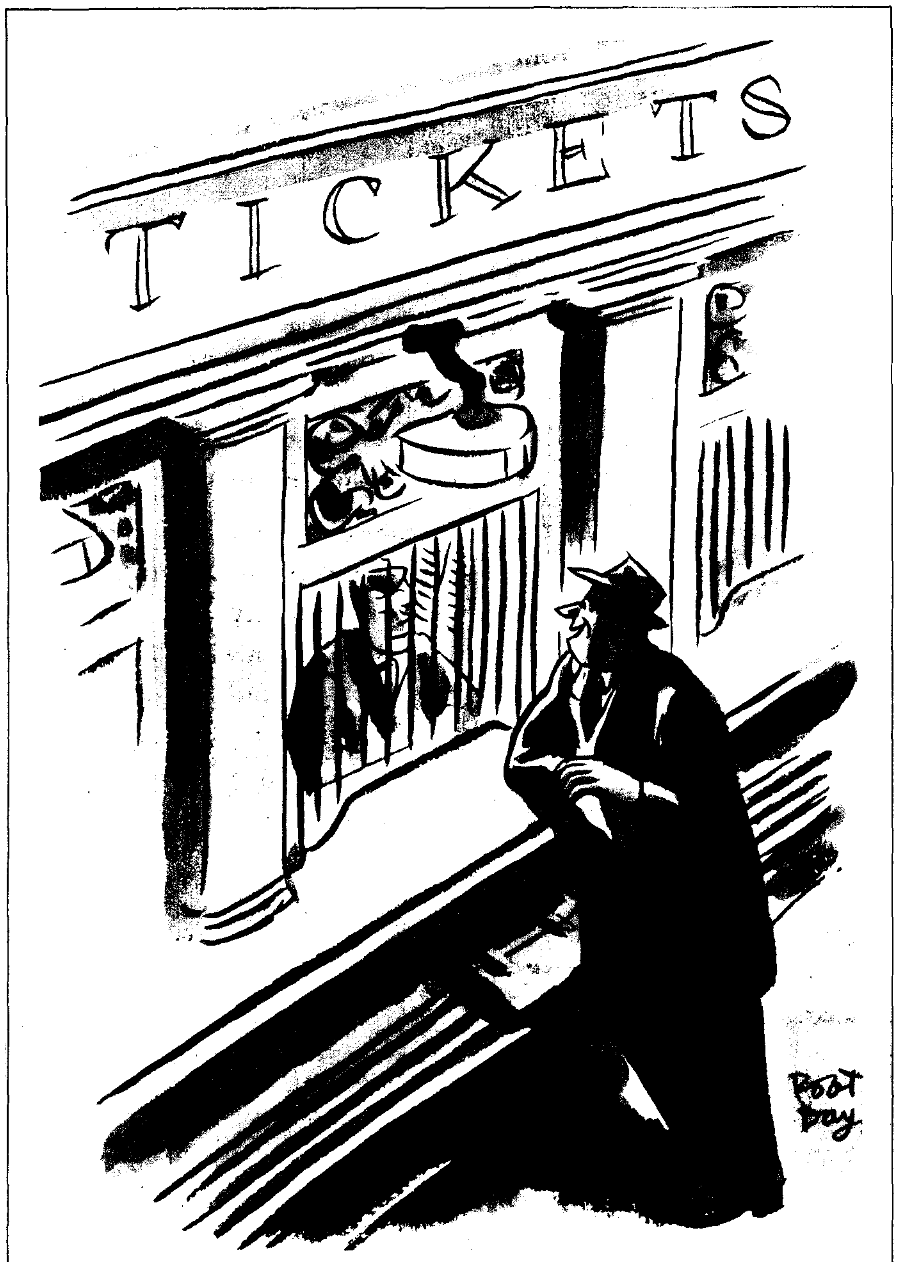
Elsie Holland nodded comprehendingly and led the way into the dining room on the other side of the hall.

"It's been awful for him," she said. "Such a shock. Who ever would have thought a thing like this could happen? But of course, I do realize now that she had been queer for some time. Awfully nervous and weepy. I thought it was her health, though Dr. Griffith always said there was nothing really wrong with her. But she was snappy and irritable and some days you wouldn't know just how to take her."

"What we really came for," said Joanna, "was to know whether we could have Megan for a few days—that is, if she'd like to come."

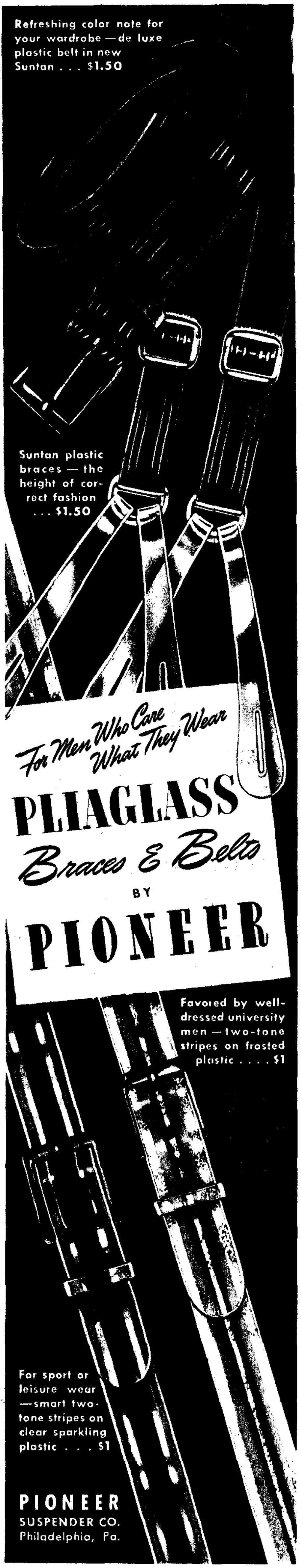
Elsie Holland looked surprised.

"Megan?" she said doubtfully. "I don't know, I'm sure. I mean, it's ever



"Lately, I suppose, you have had quite a rush on tickets to Chattanooga"

ROBERT DAY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so kind of you, but she's such a queer girl. One never knows what she's going to say or feel about things."

Joanna said rather vaguely, "We thought it might be a help, perhaps."

"Oh, well, as far as that goes, it would. I mean, I've got the boys to look after (they're with cook just now) and poor Mr. Symmington—he really needs looking after as much as anyone, and such a lot to do and see to. I really haven't had time to say much to Megan. I think she's upstairs in the old nursery at the top of the house. She seems to want to get away from everyone. I don't know if—"

Joanna gave me the faintest of looks. I slipped quickly out of the room and upstairs.

THE old nursery was at the top of the house. I opened the door and went in. The room downstairs had given on to the garden behind and the blinds had not been down there. But in this room which faced the road they were decorously drawn down.

Through a dim gray gloom I saw Megan. She was crouching on a divan set against the far wall, and I was reminded at once of some terrified animal, hiding. She looked petrified with fear.

"Megan," I said.

She stared at me, but she did not move, and her expression did not alter.

"Megan," I said again. "Joanna and I have come to ask you if you would like to come and stay with us for a little."

Her voice came hollowly out of the dim twilight:

"Stay with you? In your house?"

"Yes."

"You mean, you'll take me away from here?"

"Yes, my dear."

Suddenly she began to shake all over. It was frightening and very moving.

"Oh, do take me away! Please do. It's so awful, being here, and feeling so wicked."

I came over to her and her hands fastened on my coat sleeve.

"I'm an awful coward. I didn't know what a coward I was."

"It's all right, funny face," I said. "These things are a bit shattering. Come along."

"Can we go at once? Without waiting a minute?"

"Well, you'll have to put a few things together, I suppose."

"What sort of things? Why?"

"My dear girl," I said. "We can provide you with a bed and a bath and the rest of it, but I'm darned if I'll lend you my toothbrush."

She gave a very faint weak little laugh.

"I see. I think I'm stupid today. You mustn't mind. I'll go and pack some things. You—you won't go away? You'll wait for me?"

"I'll be on the mat."

"Thank you. Thank you very much. I'm sorry I'm so stupid. But you see it's rather dreadful when your mother dies."

"I know," I said.

I gave her a friendly pat on the back and she flashed me a grateful look and disappeared into a bedroom. I went on downstairs.

"I found Megan," I said. "She's coming."

"Oh, now, that *is* a good thing," exclaimed Elsie Holland. "It will take her out of herself. She's rather a nervy girl, you know. Difficult. It will be a great relief to feel I haven't got her on my mind as well as everything else. It's very kind of you, Miss Burton. I hope she won't be a nuisance. Oh, dear, there's the telephone. I must go and answer it. Mr. Symmington isn't fit."

She hurried out of the room.

Joanna said, "Quite the ministering angel!"

"You said that rather nastily," I observed. "She's a nice, kind girl, and obviously most capable."

"Most. And she knows it."

"This is unworthy of you, Joanna," I said.

"Meaning: Why shouldn't the girl do her stuff?"

"Exactly."

"I never can stand seeing people pleased with themselves," said Joanna. "It arouses all my worst instincts. How did you find Megan?"

"Crouching in a darkened room looking rather like a stricken gazelle."

"Poor kid. She was quite willing to come?"

"She leaped at it."

A series of thuds out in the hall announced the descent of Megan and her suitcase. I went out and took it from her.

Joanna, behind me, said urgently, "Come on. I've already refused some nice hot tea twice."

WE WENT out to the car. It annoyed me that Joanna had to sling the suitcase in. I could get along with one stick now, but I couldn't do any athletic feats.

"Get in," I said to Megan.

She got in, I followed her. Joanna started the car and we drove off.

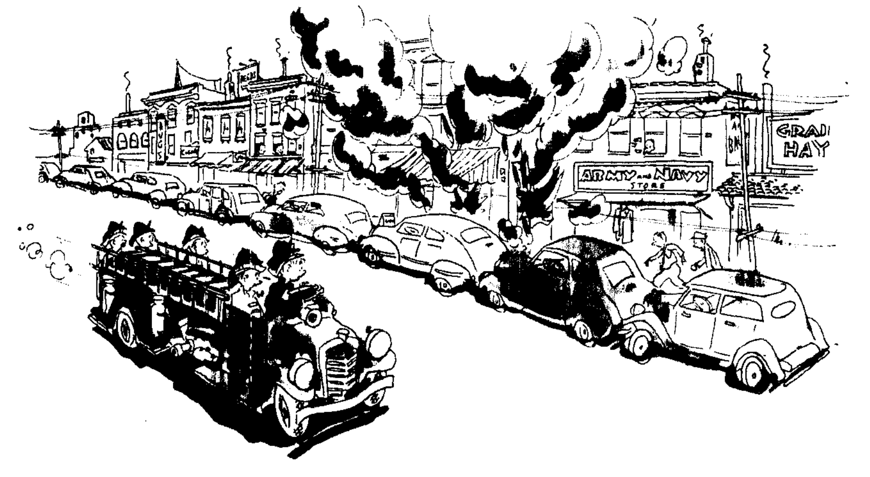
We got to Little Furze and went into the drawing room.

Megan dropped into a chair and burst into tears. She cried with the hearty fervor of a child—bawled, I think, is the right word. I left the room in search of a remedy. Joanna stood by, feeling rather helpless, I think.

Presently I heard Megan say in a thick choked voice, "I'm sorry for doing this. It seems idiotic."

Joanna said kindly, "Not at all. Have another handkerchief."

I gather she supplied the necessary article. I re-entered the room and handed Megan a brimming glass.



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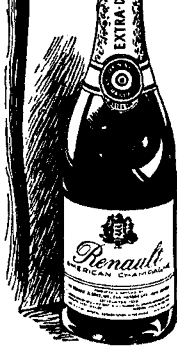

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"A cocktail," I said.

"Is it? Is it really?" Megan's tears were instantly dried. "I've never drunk a cocktail."

"Everything has to have a beginning," I said.

Megan sipped her drink gingerly, then a beaming smile spread over her face, she tilted her head back and gulped it down at a draught.

"It's lovely," she said. "Can I have another?"

"No," I said.

"Why not?"

"In about ten minutes you'll probably know."

"Oh!"

Megan transferred her attention to Joanna.

"I really am awfully sorry for having made such a nuisance of myself, howling away like that. I can't think why. It seems awfully silly when I'm so glad to be here."

"That's all right," said Joanna. "We're very pleased to have you."

"You can't be really. It's just kindness on your part. But I am grateful."

"Please don't be grateful," said Joanna, "it will embarrass me. You're our friend and we're glad to have you here. That's all there is to it. . . ."

She took Megan upstairs to unpack. Partridge came in, looking sour, and said she had made two cup custards for lunch and what should she do about it?

THE inquest was held three days later. The time of Mrs. Symmington's death was put at between three and four o'clock. She was alone in the house, Symmington was at his office, the maids were having their day out, Elsie Holland and the children were out walking and Megan had gone for a bicycle ride.

The letter must have come by the afternoon post. Mrs. Symmington must have taken it out of the box, read it—and then in a state of agitation she had gone to the potting shed, fetched some of the cyanide kept there for taking wasps' nests, dissolved it in water and drunk it after writing those last agitated words, "I can't go on . . ."

Owen Griffith gave medical evidence and stressed the view he had outlined to us of Mrs. Symmington's nervous condition and poor stamina. The coroner was suave and discreet. He spoke with bitter condemnation of people who write those despicable things, anonymous letters. Whoever had written that wicked and lying letter was morally guilty of murder, he said. He hoped the police would soon discover the culprit and take action against him or her. Such a dastardly and malicious piece of spite deserved to be punished with the utmost rigor of the law. Directed by him, the jury brought in the inevitable verdict: Suicide while temporarily insane.

The coroner had done his best—Owen Griffith also, but afterward, jammed in the crowd of eager village women, I heard the same hateful sibilant whisper I had begun to know so well: "No smoke without fire, that's what *I* say!" "Must 'a been something in it for certain sure. She wouldn't never have done it otherwise . . ."

Just for a moment I hated Lymstock and its narrow boundaries, and its gossiping, whispering women.

Outside, Aimée Griffith said with a sigh:

"Well, that's over. Bad luck on Dick Symmington, its all having to come out. I wonder whether he'd ever had any suspicion."

I was startled.

"But surely you heard him say most emphatically that there wasn't a word of truth in that lying letter?"

"Of course he said so. Quite right. A man's got to stick up for his wife. Dick would." She paused and then explained: "You see, I've known Dick Symmington a long time."

"Really?" I said, surprised. "I understood from your brother that he only bought this practice a few years ago."

"Yes, but Dick Symmington used to come and stay in our part of the world up north. I've known him for years."

I looked at Aimée curiously. She went on, still in that softened tone, "I know Dick very well . . . He's a proud man and very reserved. But he's the sort of man who could be very jealous."

"That would explain," I said deliberately, "why Mrs. Symmington was afraid to show him or tell him about the letter. She was afraid that he might not believe her denials."

Miss Griffith looked at me angrily and scornfully. "Good Lord," she said. "Do you think any woman would go and swallow a lot of cyanide of potassium for an accusation that wasn't true?"

"The coroner seemed to think it was possible. Your brother, too—"

Aimée interrupted me:

"Men are all alike. All for preserving the decencies. But you don't catch *me* believing that stuff. If an innocent woman gets some foul anonymous letter, she laughs and chucks it away. That's what I—" she paused suddenly, and then finished, "would do."

But I had noticed the pause. I was almost sure that what she had been about to say was: "That's what I did."

I decided to take the war into the enemy's country.

"I see," I said pleasantly. "So you've had one, too?"

Aimée Griffith was the type of woman who scorns to lie. She paused a minute—flushed, then said, "Well, yes. But I didn't let it worry me!"

"Nasty?" I inquired sympathetically, as a fellow sufferer.

"Naturally. These things always are. The ravings of a lunatic! I read a few words of it, realized what it was and chucked it straight into the wastepaper basket."

"You didn't think of taking it to the police?"

"Not then. Least said soonest mended—that's what I felt."

An urge came over me to say solemnly, "No smoke without fire!" but I restrained myself.

I asked her if she had any idea how Mrs. Symmington's death would affect Megan financially. Would it be necessary for the girl to earn her own living?

"I believe she has a small income left her by her grandmother and of course Dick would always give her a home. But it would be much better for her to do something—not just slack about the way she does."

"I should have said Megan is at the age when a girl wants to enjoy herself—not to work."

AIMEE flushed and said sharply, "You're like all men—you dislike the idea of women competing. It is incredible to you that women should want a career. It was incredible to my parents. I was anxious to study to be a doctor. They would not hear of paying the fees. But they paid them readily for Owen. Yet I should have made a better doctor than my brother."

"I'm sorry about that," I said. "It was tough on you. If one wants to do a thing—"

She went on quickly:

"Oh, I've got over it now. I've plenty of will power. My life is busy and active. I'm one of the happiest people in Lymstock. Plenty to do. But I do go up in arms against the silly old-fashioned prejudice that woman's place is always in the home."

"I'm sorry if I offended you," I said. I had had no idea that Aimée Griffith could be so vehement.

(*To be continued next week*)

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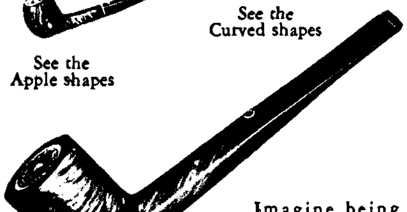
See the Curved shapes

See the Apple shapes



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YELLO-BOLE $1

All Yello-Boles are made of Imported Briar

Heart of Poland

Continued from page 19

this cannot be accomplished within a few days or even months.

Strictly speaking, the job of getting the Poles out of prison is the embassy's, still it falls on Anders. Russians always prefer to deal with a person they feel is at the top and nothing happens unless he pushes it. In other words, the entire business is being carried through on the strength of his personality.

The hardest part of the work isn't over, once men, women and children have been freed. It has just begun. The men who are fit to be soldiers and the women who are sufficiently strong to be capable of work in the auxiliary services must be selected and sent to Buzuluk or one of the other camps. The others get pushed on farther east and south. The Soviet authorities have arranged to settle them mostly in the Tashkent region. This entails many conferences and many conversations with NKVD, besides making financial arrangements.

In the final analysis it is always Anders who has to do the negotiating, and make decisions. Such questions as what to do with the thousand prostitutes just released come up. That was one with which he refused to deal. "All I ask of you," he said to the ambassador, "is that you keep them far from my troops, at least until the army is organized."

Miserable But Determined

The condition of the people when they arrived from the camps was pitiful. By dint of much hiding and sneaking around I managed to be on hand when a trainload of 2,000 came into Kuibyshev. There were sixteen corpses in the cars—men and women who had died of hunger on the way. Those who survive are more often than not in bad health or greatly weakened from nearly two years of hard labor with insufficient nourishment. Many were formerly professors, lawyers, members of the nobility, government officials, and the women were not all prostitutes; in fact the majority came from respectable families and had good educations. They were thrown in with criminals, murderers and other scum. They were working twelve hours a day, often in snow up to their armpits, at heavy manual labor such as loading ships and trains and cutting wood in the forests. In the way of food they received six hundred grams of black bread a day, a glass of tea for breakfast, a glass of soup for luncheon and a glass of groats for dinner. Those who didn't fulfill the working requirements were given smaller rations, which made them weaker and less able to work, in which case their rations were cut again, and so on in a vicious circle.

A doctor who had been allowed to treat his compatriots in one camp told me that all had dysentery from hunger, one in three had scurvy and fifty per cent of those under twenty had tuberculosis. This was confirmed by others I spoke with. I asked one if many people in his camp had died. "Oh, no," he replied. "The mortality was low—not over ten per cent."

The less said about hygienic conditions the better. Beds were wooden bunks placed one on top of another like shelves, where prisoners slept huddled together for warmth in clothes soaked from working in snow and which froze stiff by morning. Rats would snatch any pathetic morsel of food saved out of the day's rations. Bedbugs covered the sleepers like brown blankets, the only blankets they had. Usually the prisoners received a monthly wage ranging from twenty to forty rubles to spend at the local store. It sold only bread and tobacco; bread cost ten rubles a kilo package, tobacco cost forty. In all fairness it is necessary to add that the Poles were not segregated. They were in with Russians who received exactly the same treatment.

The only way I could obtain this information was again by playing detective, going off when nobody was looking to interview Poles as they came into the station. It wasn't easy, as Russians were determined no outsider should see the condition of these people, and General Anders insists the veil be drawn over the entire question of the sufferings endured; in fact he has given orders to his troops to forget the last two years completely. "Our task now is to help beat the Germans," he said. "We have no time for personal rancor or self-pity."

In the same way he has forbidden anti-Semitism in the army and accepts into the ranks any Jew who looks as if he might have the makings of a good soldier. The general may order his men to forget their tragic experiences but every day, in one form or another, he is confronted with the results of those hard times. Still he never grows discouraged. What makes him so optimistic is the morale and spirit shown by his soldiers.

As an illustration he tells the story of a Mass he ordered held when the original batch of 16,000 assembled at Buzuluk. Although a Protestant himself, he realized what the holy service would mean to the devout Catholics who had been deprived of the consolations of their church during the two years, and he arranged it at the first possible opportunity. He describes how he reviewed his men as they went by—one in four had a shirt, one in ten shoes, one in twenty a coat. "It was with difficulty that I restrained my tears, for they marched past like guardsmen," he adds.

He insists that this superb spirit is due to their patriotism alone. His officers assured me that it is also greatly due to the fact they feel they have a leader in whom they can place full trust and respect. In Kuibyshev I had many opportunities of seeing him with his men and it was always clear how they felt toward him. Whenever he came into a hotel restaurant all the officers rose and waited until he had taken a seat at his table. When he went out they again rose. It was homage paid to the man as much as to the two stars on his shoulders.

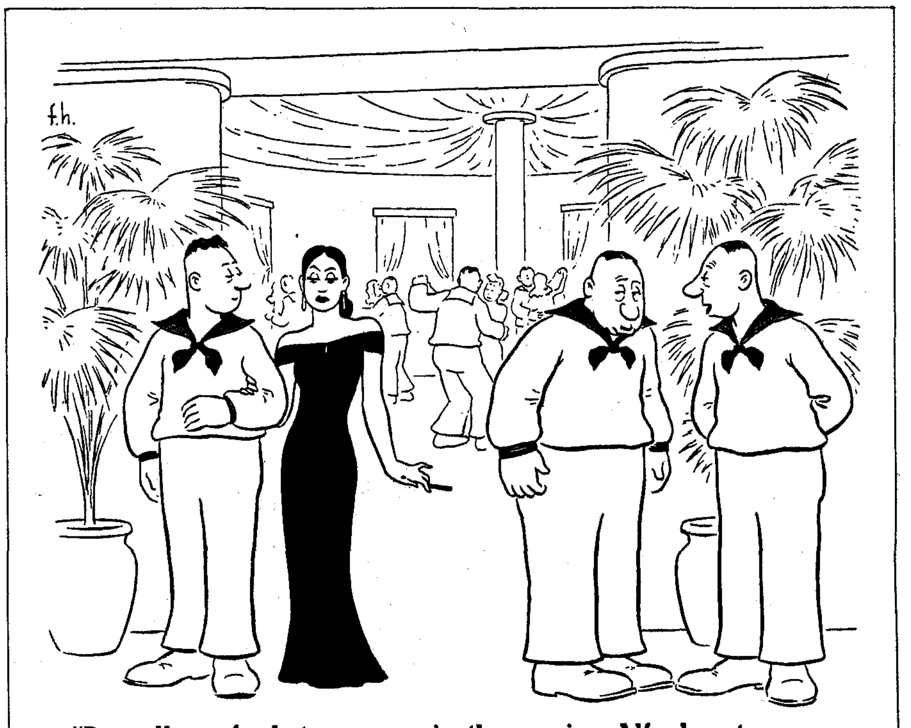
No stern disciplinary measures are needed in his army. It is enough for "Our General Wladeck," as they call him, to issue an order. As a good executive he picks the right man for the job and sends him out to do it. Having to interview fifty or sixty people daily, he cannot afford to waste time in detailed instructions, but so far nobody has ever failed to come back with what he was sent to get.

A Lifetime of Preparation

The general's own theory of why he can command men is that he has served in every capacity from private soldier on up, and they realize he knows his job thoroughly. Born near Warsaw, August 11, 1892, he began his military service as a private at the age of seventeen. His father, whose ancestors had come from Saxony (this heredity probably explains Anders' extreme efficiency) was a well-to-do landowner who could afford to give his children a good education. There were five in all—four boys and a girl. Two of the general's brothers, now colonels, are prisoners in Germany; the third is a captain serving in England. His sister is in Warsaw.

When the thirteen months military service were up, Anders went to Riga, where he studied four years at Polytechnic with the intention of becoming an engineer. A British officer I met in Moscow told me he remembered Anders well in the Riga days when, the handsomest man there, he cut a dashing figure as the leader of cotillions and as the best mazurka dancer.

At the outbreak of the World War, Anders, being a lieutenant in the reserves, was called into the Russian army. At first he served with a cavalry regiment in East Prussia, but that was only the beginning. In 1915 his squadron had the Baltic on its right flank; by



"Regardless of what you saw in the movies, Alfred, not every woman in a long black dress is the secret agent of a foreign power"

F. HUMFREVILLE

No Time For College

The Story of a Man Who, Not Being Able to Go to College, Nevertheless Found a Way to Obtain a Liberal Education and Make a Notable Success of His Life

I MET BOB WILLIS on the train from Boston to New York, a week or so ago. Bob finds it necessary to travel a great deal in the interest of his very successful wholesale coal business. I have known Bob for several years socially and as a golfing companion, but, under such circumstances, one is not inclined to get below the surface of superficial pleasantries.

Bob was sitting in his seat in the Pullman on this day—and I stopped casually to have a friendly word with him. I made one or two remarks about his golf game, and then my eyes happened to fall upon a book which he had in his hand. I said, "I see that you are following the teachings of the advertisements—'When traveling bring along a good book.'"

He laughed and replied, "I was not conscious of the advertisements, but I agree with them—particularly if I can choose *my* book."

I ASK A LEADING QUESTION

"May I be so bold," I said, "as to ask what you are reading?"

"Sure," said he; "it is a volume of The Harvard Classics."

"It is?" said I, with just a suggestion of surprise in my voice.

"Why the astonishment? I think that I have spent enough time on The Harvard Classics to have read the whole fifty volumes at least a half-dozen times."

"Whew!" I ejaculated. "Aren't you a glutton for punishment?"

"Far from it. I get a lot of satisfaction in reading books that stay with you. I would no more think of starting off on a trip without a volume of The Harvard Classics than I would without my toothbrush or my shaving kit."

"But I was under the impression that they are pretty heavy reading."

NO LONGER WASTES TIME

"Never! On the contrary. The Harvard Classics is the most fascinating collection of reading that I know of. I used to while away my time on trains by reading newspapers, or looking at magazines. My time was wasted. I was bored. Now my problem is solved with The Harvard Classics."

"Perhaps you are right," said I.

"But this is not the whole story, by a long shot," continued Bob. "To while away the time pleasantly is only a very small part of the value I have gotten from The Harvard Classics. I went into the coal business just out of High School. I had no time for a higher education. I had to have a job. As I had rather a natural talent for selling, I got along. But I always had some sort of inferiority complex. Nearly all of the other men in our organization were college graduates. They had an educational background. I didn't. I felt that I was not on the same level with my associates, either in the office or in the suburban town in which I lived.

A FORTUNATE DAY FOR ME

"But one day, on one of my trips, I happened to be leafing through a magazine, and my eyes fell upon an advertisement for The Harvard Classics. I tore out the coupon and when I got home I mailed it to Collier's. Eventually I bought the library of fifty volumes. That was something like ten years ago. Today I am one of the principals of our company. I am received on an equal plane with associates in my office and in my clubs. I have acquired that something which I missed by not going to college—a combination of general knowledge of the liberal arts and self-confidence in my ability. Man, I wish that I could shout from the housetops to the hundreds of thousands of boys handicapped like myself in starting life. I wish that everyone could have The Harvard Classics, and profit from these magnificent volumes as I have."

Bob Willis's experience is by no means unusual, for 25,000,000 volumes (500,000 sets) of The Harvard Classics have been purchased by ambitious men and women. Other boys and men and women have sensed their needs as acutely as has Bob Willis. By pleasant and profitable reading, they have overcome the handicaps that were holding them back, and have made for themselves happy and useful lives.

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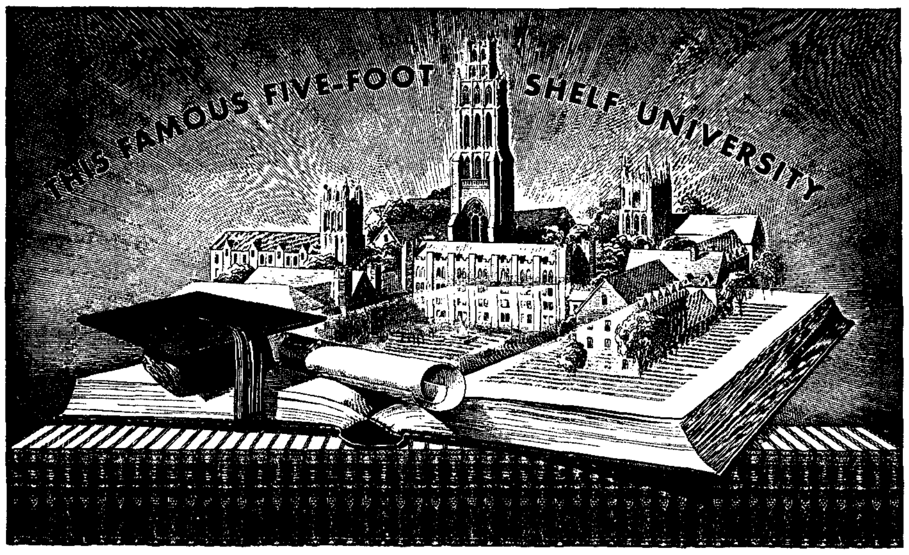
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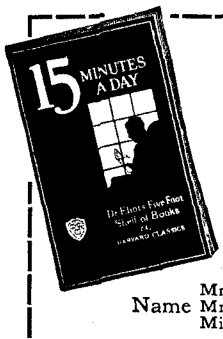

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1916 it had the Black Sea on the left flank. In the three years that he fought with the Russians he received every decoration they had to give, including the very rare cross of St. George. This was awarded him in 1915 after he and his men broke through the German lines to operate behind them. Knowledge of terrain is Anders' forte and he proved invaluable directing guerrilla warfare in the Polish marshes. During the course of these operations he captured the general staff of the group and took a general prisoner. This was the only German general taken prisoner by the Russians during the entire war.

By 1917 there was a shortage of staff officers in the Czarist army, due to heavy losses and the increase in army size. One officer from every corps was selected and sent to Petrograd to study. Anders was one of those chosen. After graduating he became chief of staff of the seventh division of chasseurs and at the time of the Russian collapse he left the army with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He was then twenty-six years old.

That same year, during the revolution, when the Polish army was organized, he served in the First regiment of uhlans and afterward was chief of staff in the First division of Polish infantry. After the war he remained in Poland, where he worked as a member of the underground organization which eventually succeeded in throwing the Germans out of Poland. At the end of December, 1918, Paderewski arrived in Posen and the nationalist movement broke out. Anders was there and assisted in disarming the Germans, which took just twenty-four hours.

Another Unheard Prophet

He became chief of staff of the Posen army, then he commanded the crack First regiment of uhlans, which later was known as the Fifteenth. With it he fought against the Germans and Bolsheviks in 1919 and 1920. His regiment was one of only five to receive the order of the *Virtuti Militari,* Poland's highest award. Anders also got the *Virtuti Militari* to add to two others he had received for courage in the field. One cross of bravery was given to him four times. His other medals he shrugs off as "peacetime decorations." He never wears the Czarist ones.

When things had calmed down he went to France, where he finished a two-year course at the *Ecole Supérieur de Guerre,* and then he returned to Poland to act as chief of staff to the inspector general of cavalry. He became a full colonel in 1926.

As an officer under oath to serve the government, he fought against Pilsudski during the revolution of 1924. When Pilsudski won and took over power, Anders remained in the army, taking command of a brigade. Eight years after he attained the rank of major general.

Between 1926 and 1939 the general spent his most quiet period of adult life living in Warsaw with his wife, whom he had married in 1918, and their three children, two boys and a girl. With the same foresight as shown by De Gaulle he devoted his peaceful years trying to persuade the powers that were of the necessity of mechanizing the army. As an experienced cavalryman he realized that tanks could be used in the same ways as horses but to better effect. How unsuccessful his pleas were was too apparent during the German invasion of Poland. These were the years when he could fully enjoy the sports at which he excelled particularly, riding, boxing, swimming and shooting. In 1925 he was on the Polish riding team that went to Nice. Three years later he rode for Poland at the Olympics in Amsterdam. Twice he received the first prize of the Paris government for pistol shooting. He started a racing stable which, formed with knowledge rather than money, eventually became the third most important in the country.

It all came to an end on the day the Germans attacked Poland in September, 1939. Anders was immediately placed in command of several divisions and started fighting near Litzbark on the East Prussian frontier. Three weeks later he had retreated as far south as Sambor. There, with very little ammunition left, it was his intention to make a last stand against the Germans before taking his troops over the border into Hungary. He had counted without the Russians, in fact he'd been moving so fast he had never heard about their taking over part of Poland, and he backed right into them. His men went on fighting until the last bullet was spent, but the general was in the hospital by that time with a severe wound, the third he had received in three weeks.

"I'm not worried about meeting his father. His mother will be the problem"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

It was there that the Russians picked him up and put him in a hospital train, ostensibly to return home. On the way, early in December, he was arrested and taken to prison in Lwow, where his wife was allowed to visit him only once. He has neither seen nor heard from her since. All he knows is that until recently she was living in Warsaw with their daughter and younger son—the elder was killed fighting against the Germans. Once, happening to listen in on the German radio (he speaks fluent German as well as French and Russian) he heard that the day after he was appointed commander in chief of the Polish forces in Russia the Gestapo had visited Mrs. Anders' apartment in Warsaw. It was a vain search, for she apparently had been warned in time and was gone.

At the end of February, 1940, the general was transferred from Lwow to Lubianka, Moscow, where he spent the first seven months in solitary confinement. It is impossible to get him to talk about his prison experiences—all he will say is that the library of Lubianka was excellent and that he was able to catch up on his reading. He got through several historical and other serious works in eight or ten volumes which in ordinary active life he would never have had time to finish. However, I have several Russian friends who are Lubianka graduates (in the Soviet Union most of one's friends have served time) and they assured me his stay there couldn't be regarded as a rest cure.

On August 4, 1941, General Anders was released from prison. From one day to the next his life changed completely. One moment he was nothing more than one prisoner among many others, next he was a person to be treated with respect. His suitcase was carried out of Lubianka by the commandant of the prison himself; the car that drove him away belonged to none other than Beria, head of NKVD and politically the most important figure next to Stalin. A four-room apartment had been furnished for him in a new building complete with an excellent cook and maid. Supper for eight people awaited, an impressive spread of caviar and every other delicacy, including huge pats of butter. This for a man who hadn't seen butter for twenty months. There also was champagne and several other kinds of wine. He was wise enough to eat sparingly but nevertheless he was very ill the next day.

Uniforms were made for him by the best NKVD tailors from the finest materials, exactly to the right shade of khaki complete with silver embroidery. It doesn't take genius to figure out how the Polish cloth happened to be available in Moscow. Even his three most prized medals, which had disappeared with his clothes, were suddenly found for him. He happened to mention that he liked dogs; a few days later not one but two of the finest police dogs in the country were produced as presents.

The cement pavement opposite the entrance of his building was laid down in a few hours: The general mustn't run any risk of hurting his bad leg by walking in rubble. The same kind treatment has continued. The Russians, who are constitutionally unable to do anything without evasion, procrastination and complication, are very much surprised by Anders' frankness, his ability to make immediate decisions, his insistence upon cutting red tape. They don't know quite what to make of these qualities, but they respect him for them and they like him.

They also trust him as much as a Russian ever trusts anybody. He has greater freedom of movement than any other foreigner and when he sends someone out on a mission with a letter, his signature is enough to get the officer into any factory or around any part of the countryside, studying the terrain. The staff tells him more than it tells any member of the Allied or semi-Allied missions, and it has faith in his judgment. In October it had an opportunity of seeing how good his soldier's instinct is. Two weeks before there was any sign of a German push on the central front Anders gave warning that the enemy was going to attack through Briansk. "I have no reason to suppose this is true," he said. "But my nose tells me it is."

The Russians had undoubtedly scented this out themselves; nevertheless it was impressive that, with far less information than they had, Anders could call the turn correctly.

A Ready-Made Army

At this moment the Polish army in Russia could number 150,000 men. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining provisions, it amounts to less than 50,000. At Buzuluk the soldiers are in barracks, in other camps they are under canvas, not exactly ideal living conditions in the Russian climate, but the men who survived so much can probably survive this also. Their uniforms (British battle dress) and other kits have arrived from England for a hundred thousand. At least now they have warm clothes.

Anders plans to organize an army with every sort of unit—infantry, tanks and so on, except for aviation. He has shipped some 800 pilots to England to form squadrons there. With this setup the Polish army could be extraordinarily valuable, even though small. Its greatest asset is the fact that it is made up of men who are not only brave but seasoned soldiers. They need no training and if they had the necessary equipment 150,000 could go into battle tomorrow. The great question is where the equipment is coming from.

The Soviets have armed one division and are supposed to arm the rest. The Harriman-Beaverbrook mission made no special provision for sending material direct to the Poles.

There is another angle which was explained to me by the British and Americans who may be regarded as Russian experts. They feel that there's reason to doubt whether—no matter how great their faith in Anders—the Soviets will really ever allow a large force of fully armed Poles in Russian territory. Their ingrained distrust may prove too strong, coupled with the fear of what such a force might do in case of a debacle.

In the meantime Polish troops could be used to advantage elsewhere. Where, exactly, must be left to the imagination of the reader. The same Russian experts, having reasoned thus far, went on to wonder whether Soviet authorities would permit the Poles to leave the country and decided it could be accomplished if enough pressure were brought to bear. If these experts are right it means that the only way a trained force of fine soldiers led by a great general can get in a blow at the Nazis is with outside help. That seems to put it up to Great Britain and America.

Gay and Easy

Continued from page 21

New York City, with blond hair and big brown doe eyes, had studied commercial art at Pratt Institute. They both saw opportunity for practical application of their art in, of all things, shoes.

They set up business together, and were able to sign up four designing contracts immediately. The Julianellis work only under contract. The shoes they design sell anywhere from $6.50 to $22.50 a pair and up to $90. One of their biggest manufacturers produces 13,000 pairs of shoes a day, which are sold in all parts of the country and are famous for their style with comfort, at low cost. Another makes shoes for one of the leading New York stores, where Julianelli shoes are sold by name and include some of their most fanciful and daring creations.

An Idea That Paid Off

The chopine, for example, is an exotic clog consisting only of a platform sole, and an ankle strap which is anchored at the instep and swoops gracefully around to hold foot and sole together. Worn free and open like that, or over a brilliant suède sock. Modified for a touch less nudity by the addition of a broad band across the toes, following the asymmetric line of the ankle strap, the chopine has turned into what they call the slave sandal, a popular seller that is a proved success.

"Charles," says Mabel, "thinks up our most original, unexpected ideas. But I get most of the credit, because it's chiefly men in this business. And you know how they are."

"Mabel," says Charles, "does just as much designing as I do, and she sees right away how to adapt and work out an idea to make a good shoe."

The Julianellis operate very successfully in this Alphonse and Gaston fashion. Each defers to the other, they work out their designs in the most felicitous manner, and they agree exactly one hundred per cent.

In the Julianelli workroom, where they employ three artisans, only sample shoes are made, on the lasts provided by the various manufacturers for whom they design. The last is a wooden mold of a foot. It wears size 4B, and other sizes are scaled up and down from there. The sizing and the reproduction in quantity from the sample are, of course, the job of the manufacturers, after the Julianellis have worked out the design.

Look at the lasts lined up in the Julianelli workroom, and you'll see why size isn't the only measure for your shoe. They vary from a fragile-looking, high-arched thing, standing on tiptoe, obviously built for high heels, to the corrective last, more solid and flatter, meant to wear low heels. Some are a little broader in the instep, some longer in the toe. They differ by subtle variations that match those in human feet. That's why you need to find your right last in a shoe. Styles will change, but those built on that last will fit your foot.

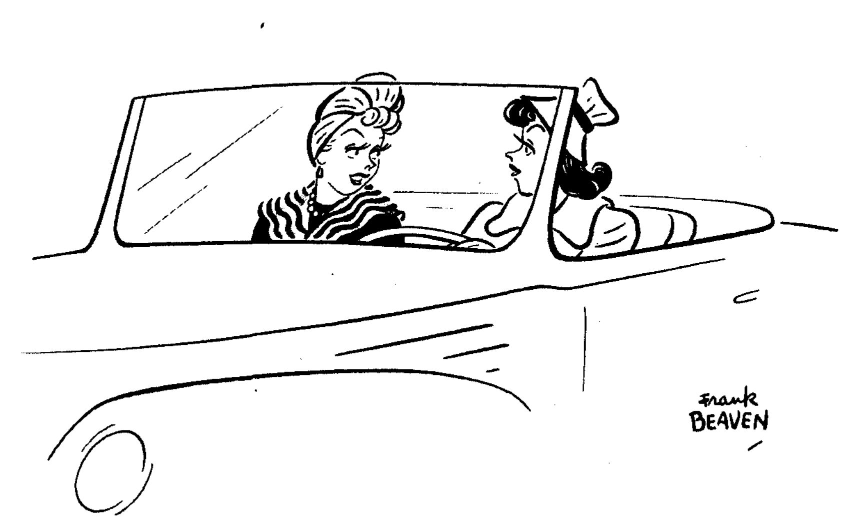
The Julianellis design directly on these wooden molds. A piece of colorful fabric may be the start of a design. Mabel will drape and twist and tack the material to the wooden foot until it takes shape as a workable and effective shoe. Consultation with Charles, final decisions, and then Charles draws the pattern from which the sample shoe is to be cut—a highly technical job which he knows from his factory days. One of their artisans will then cut and make the shoe. If a corrective shoe, to be made of leather, is the design problem, Mabel will work it out on the mold with her pencil. There are special needs to keep in mind, like good support, and lines that can give grace to even a heavy foot. The Julianellis have done this job so successfully that they have contracts with three of the best-known manufacturers of such shoes, whose products are worn all over the country.

Working now on fall designs, the Julianellis see more closed toes coming in, more low heels, more comfortable looking, casual shoes. "They suit our lives today," says Mabel, "and they look right with cotton stockings."

"And cotton stockings look right with leather and low-heeled shoes, and with casual clothes," put in Charles. "Women never should have worn silk and nylon with everything."

The Julianellis aim to supply your lighter fall moments, too. "We are going to design some irresistible shoes," says Mabel.

Shoes will keep on changing, fashion —and women—and priorities—being what they are. But one thing is sure. No matter what material shortages occur, they won't stymie the designers now that the bars are down, and anything goes to make a shoe. They'll always think of something.



"I hear he's got money. I like that in a husband" FRANK BEAVEN

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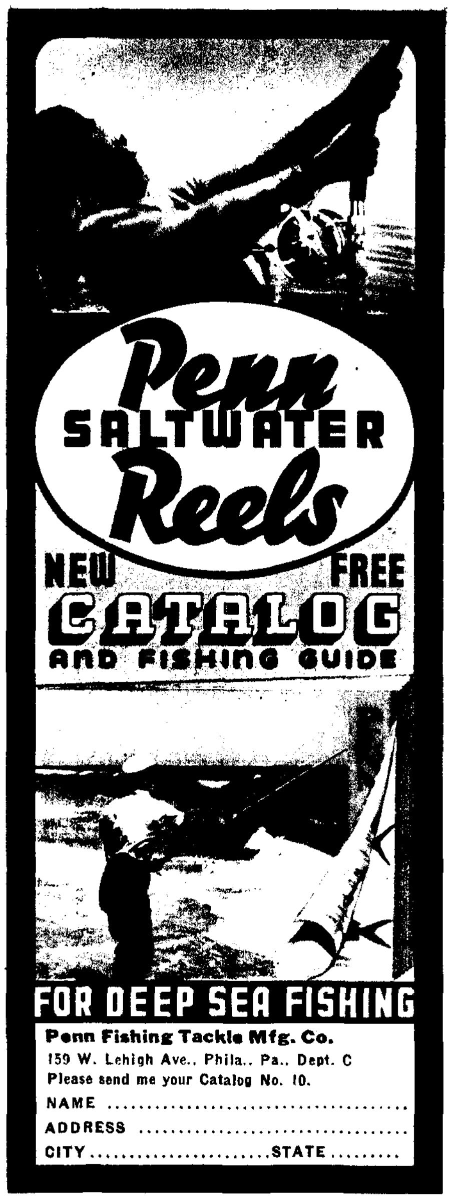

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

Born to Act

Continued from page 17

the estate, rode to hounds during the day and played bridge at night with the old folks.

"Auction bridge," says Maria, shuddering.

At intervals she fled to London and Paris and eventually she reached New York. Mr. McFeeters kept cabling her to return; she answered that things were very pleasant and she would bide a while. Eventually he arrived by boat to reclaim his spouse. She met him at the dock. On the way to the hotel in the cab she broke the news to him. She was in love with another, she wanted a career, she was not going back. Mr. McFeeters proved to be a gentleman; he refrained from kicking her out of the cab. He smiled through his tears, gulped several times bravely and wished her luck. In due course he returned to Erin and that part of the Montez legend was finished.

Her New York campaign was a rehearsal of what was to come later in California. Through European friends, such as a duke and duchess of Bavaria, she met all the eligible young men of town. What was better, she was seen with them in the proper places. The news photographers, long sick of looking at the same inane faces, fell upon her with relief. Her pictures began appearing in the papers with regularity. McClelland Barclay, the artist, selected her as a model of the complete cosmopolitan woman.

The Lady Was Willing

That brought her some money but she had no idea of settling on modeling as a profession. By chance (and a discreet word spoken to the headwaiter at "21") she found herself one day sitting at a table next to George Schaefer, president of RKO Pictures. The Montez personality went into high and Schaefer was a gone gosling halfway through his soup. Mr. Schaefer's card came along in due course, the introductions were made and the question was popped: Would the young lady consider a screen test?

The young lady leaned her lovely head on her hand and gazed at the rafters and mused.

"Moving peectures?" she said as if in doubt. Then she shrugged as if to say "What harm can it do?" and the affair was arranged.

The only hitch was that before a formal contract was signed she was to take a three-months course in speech to correct her accent. Her agent was asking $750 a week for his client; the studio was allowing her plenty of time to cool off. Rumors reached La Montez that their figure was in the neighborhood of $100 a week. At this juncture Universal entered the bidding with an offer somewhere in between, the contract was signed and RKO implored the heavens to witness what an injustice had been wrought.

Whether it would ever be possible to separate the real from the manufactured Montez is a question. She is tall and beautiful and honestly ambitious. She has aspirations as a writer and has had poems published in Spanish. Not knowing the language, deponent can only say that they sound musically beautiful when recited by the lady herself. Since the sarong incident (Universal insists on calling them "slendangs" as being the proper Malayan word for the garment), her progress has been rapid. She is now to be featured in White Savage, with such important gentlemen as Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine in support.

Although her friends previously belonged to the nobility, she plays the democratic game in Hollywood and is popular at the studio. She has a small apartment in Beverly Hills, drives a small car, and entertains constantly. Whenever she hears of a great star's new contract for the usual thousands a week, she says matter-of-factly:

"I'll soon be doing that."

She rides and swims but really likes nothing but dancing. She doesn't smoke or drink and she is rather a trial for the young men who take her out for the evening.

"If I miss a dance, I feel awful," she says, making it very difficult for romantic gentlemen who would prefer to sit in a dark corner. By the time she is through with the ninth rumba, they have lost all notion of romance and are anxious merely to get home alive.

She is frank in saying that if her father were alive she wouldn't be in Hollywood and most certainly wouldn't be in the present ferocious glare of the limelight. To suggestions that the emancipation of women might have led her to revolt against parental authority, she says only:

"Oh, I wouldn't dare."

She has five brothers and four sisters, who look on her with a mixed gaze of pride and horror. According to the studio publicity she lays great stock in her family heirlooms, including a set of Goya prints and valuable antique jewelry claimed to have once been part of fifteenth-century Queen Isabella's gems. However that may be, it is true that she has a very important set of topaz gems and aquamarines. The typical Hollywood assumption that her jewelry was paste was shattered by a local jewel expert who watched Maria on the set one day.

"That little bauble on the wrist," he said quietly. "You could easily duplicate that for about sixty thousand."

She is intelligent, quiet-spoken and agreeable. When the Harvard Student Union selected her last fall as its annual guest, the Harvard Crimson was set for its usual barbecue. It ended with her complete triumph and an editorial in the paper laying the collective heart of the staff at her feet. She keeps in constant touch with exhibitors, will go to any length to popularize herself with the public and takes pride in her success.

If the public wants her to climb cliffs and jump from airplanes, she'll do it. In White Savage she consorts with tigers, plows through jungles and escapes disaster in a regular Perils of Pauline script. It will have lots of thrills and lots of Montez leg art. She is said to be very good in the gams.

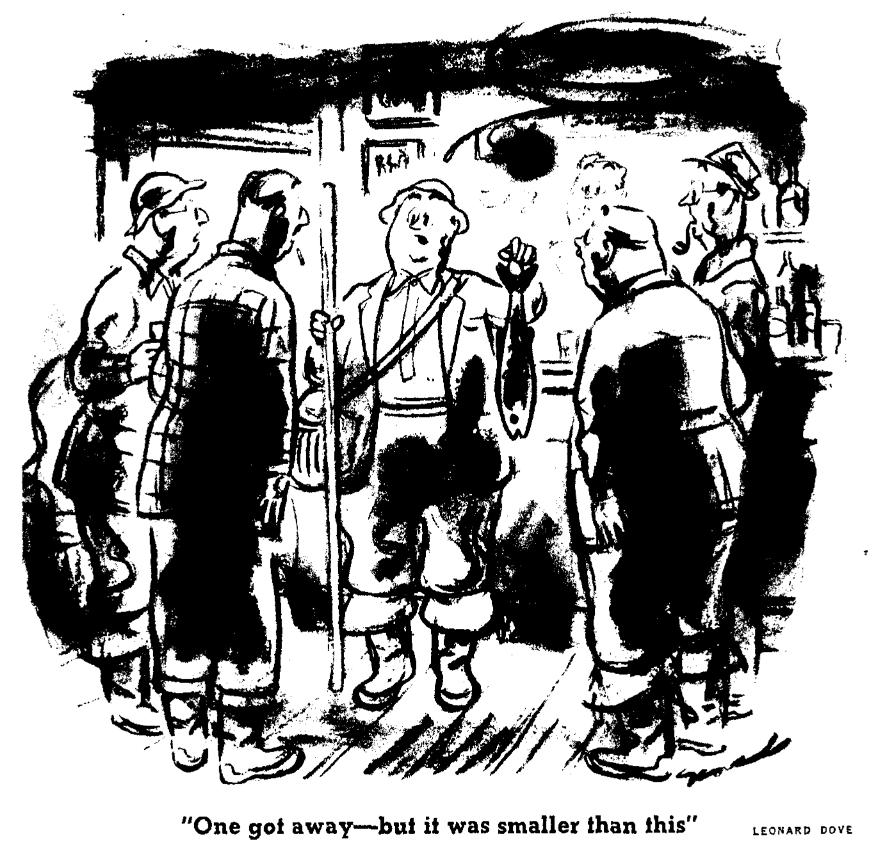
Well-Dressed Businesswoman

She seems to be a strange type of vamp because women like her. She is seductive and clever but entirely simple. She has the largest collection of hats in Hollywood and can wear the most outlandish creations with success. Her wardrobe is very large and she has great collections of shoes and accessories. Most of her gowns are cut very low. She is a good businesswoman and knows to the penny what she has in the bank and what she can afford to spend. She refuses to buy a big car until she makes enough to hire a chauffeur. She thinks that women who depend on their beauty and health for a living have no right to drink.

At times she speaks perfect English and at others her accent is atrocious. She has cute expressions like "rear the car" for "back up the car." She likes to talk and will chatter on in a haze of tangled adverbs unless spoken to sternly. She is adventurous in starting new clothes styles for herself and is copied by many women in Hollywood. When she enters a night club or restaurant, people pick their faces out of their salads and pay attention.

She has talent, she is learning to act, audiences seem to like her and she has an uncanny knack for picking angles and breaking down the proper doors.

If she isn't a big star in about two years' time, a lot of sage observers are going to be chagrined.



"One got away—but it was smaller than this"

LEONARD DOVE

Battle Damage

Continued from page 13

the wheel-house communications and killed or wounded all but three of the bridge's personnel.

Splinters, either steel, wood or shell fragments, are the curse of explosions. Sometimes the explosion itself does little damage, but a splinter may rupture a steam main forty feet away, or even strike down through the bottom of the ship. The Graf Spee, up against ships with lighter guns at the Battle of the River Plate, escaped spectacular damage. Yet her forward control tower was riddled by the holes of shell and splinter penetration which seriously affected her fighting qualities.

The concussion of explosions warps metal like a giant hand. Sometimes it plays pranks, such as blasting its way two decks up a ventilator to jolt a heavy cowling a couple of feet to one side.

Two Kinds of Shell Damage

The worst shell damage in the interior of ships is the result of armor-piercing projectiles. These long-nosed missiles have a "cap" of metal softer than the shell itself. They arrive with an impact velocity of a mere 1,200 miles per hour, and the weight of the shell (the 16-inch shell weighs one ton) squashes the "cap" in what amounts to a double punch at the armor. If the armor is heavy enough it may grunt, groan and bounce the shell off, suffering little more damage than badly scarred paint. But frequently the shell penetrates. A delayed-action fuse holds up the explosion until the projectile has crashed its way deep inside the ship, where the bursting charge of TNT, cordite or other high explosive goes off, scattering damage in all directions.

"Common" shells are different. They are not meant to penetrate. They have thinner walls, and a fuse set to go off on contact—even a bit of the superstructure, or a smoke-pipe stay does it. These shells work devastation on the upper decks, clear away antiaircraft gun crews and other topside personnel, and wreck range finders, gun directors and the instruments needed for gunfire and navigation.

Bomb damage is simply shell damage done from overhead, the great difference being that the maximum speed at which a bomb can arrive—the maximum speed of a falling object—is only about half the impact velocity of a shell fired from a gun. In other words, bombs have considerably less penetrating power than the same weight of shell.

When bombs hit lightly armored objects, they go right through. One of the war's unpleasant surprises has been the number of times bombs, on hitting light ships, have plummeted down and exploded in the fuel-oil bottoms. The bomb damage wasn't serious, but in more than one instance the fuel-oil fire cost the ship.

On the other hand, the oft-predicted bomb devastation to capital ships can be said, on the whole, not to have materialized. Both the battleships in the sinking of which bombs have played a major role—the Arizona and the Haruna—were exceptions rather than the rule, because they were both unusual cases.

The Arizona was struck by a bomb which went down her smoke pipe. We've heard a lot about dropping bombs in bushel baskets, but just the same a hit down a battleship smoke pipe is one of those things that you don't go out and duplicate in a hurry.

A battleship smoke pipe is protected, inside, by very thick armor bars forming a sort of grid across the uptakes at the base of the stack. Those bars presumably detonated the bomb in the funnel. The explosion struck downward and exploded a boiler in one of the firerooms below. The boiler explosion was worse than the bomb explosion, and led to something still worse. It penetrated the ship's forward magazines, and that finished the Arizona.

Boiler explosion is one of the most serious casualties that can befall a man-of-war. Escaping live steam is sure and sudden death to anyone who breathes it. On the assumption that fireroom personnel will be killed in such a case, all important valves have emergency extensions that can be operated from outside. But the loss of a main fireroom means the loss of a good part of a ship's speed.

As for magazine explosion, with tons of powder blowing up, the usual result is to blow a ship in two.

The Haruna was struck by a bomb delivered by the U. S. Army's Captain Kelly, rest his soul, and the bomb did the business. The Haruna-class ships are thirty years old. They were originally battle cruisers, and though remodeled, rebuilt, and reclassed as battleships, the suspicion remains that they are still battle cruisers.

Bombs do damage. But it is not bomb hits, but "near misses," that have the grimmest effect. A "near miss" is a bomb which explodes in the water alongside a ship, close enough for the explosion to take effect through the bottom. This does damage about as serious as that of a mine or torpedo.

The torpedo is the most deadly weapon of naval war. It socks the hardest—and it socks in the most embarrassing place.

Armor won't keep a torpedo out, no matter how thick it is, and for that reason there is no armor on ships' bottoms. A torpedo explosion, down underwater, breaks its way into the ship in spite of hell and because of high water—that is, water is incompressible and weighs 62½ pounds per cubic foot; it is so heavy that the torpedo explosion, 25 feet deep abreast the turn of the bilge, finds it easier to puncture the hull than to jet up a geyser of water. The explosion has to go somewhere, quick, because a torpedo war head full of one of these modern superexplosives is simply malevolent with kinetic energy.

Some Ships Are Lucky

Torpedo damage varies extensively. The destroyer U. S. S. Kearney survived a torpedo hit—partly good construction, partly luck. The German battleship Bismarck absorbed a number of them, as any well-built modern battleship should if she has her watertight doors closed and her damage-control party on the job. And yet one particular torpedo hit (by a "tin fish" dropped from a plane launched from an aircraft carrier) was the Bismarck's undoing—one that hit her, way aft and put her rudder and screws out of business. After that the German battleship was barely able to crawl. The British brought up dreadnoughts with superior fire power and battered her with gunfire until her turrets were out of action, then sent in a cruiser for the kill with a final wallop of torpedoes.

Had anyone predicted a "retake" of this particular casualty to rudder and screws, with the second of the world's newest battleships as the victim, he'd have done well to predict something easy, like two straight royal flushes in

JITTERBUG

fascinates fish
and fishermen!

Hebren Bowen of Texarkana, Texas, writes: "Enclosed is a picture of my wife and myself with recent catch on the famous Jitterbug. This string weighed 52 lbs. after it had been out of water for several hours. Although we got the fish, the man that was responsible for this string was Mr. Tom L. Brown of Texarkana, Texas. He gave us instructions as how to fish them and the kind of bait to use."

The Jitterbug is especially effective for night casting or daytime when the water is calm. Then its noisy surface action kills bass.

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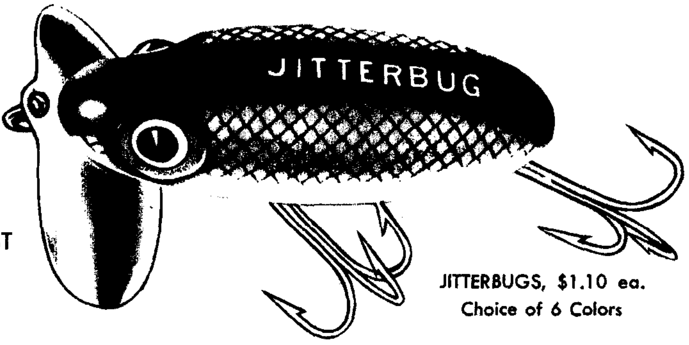

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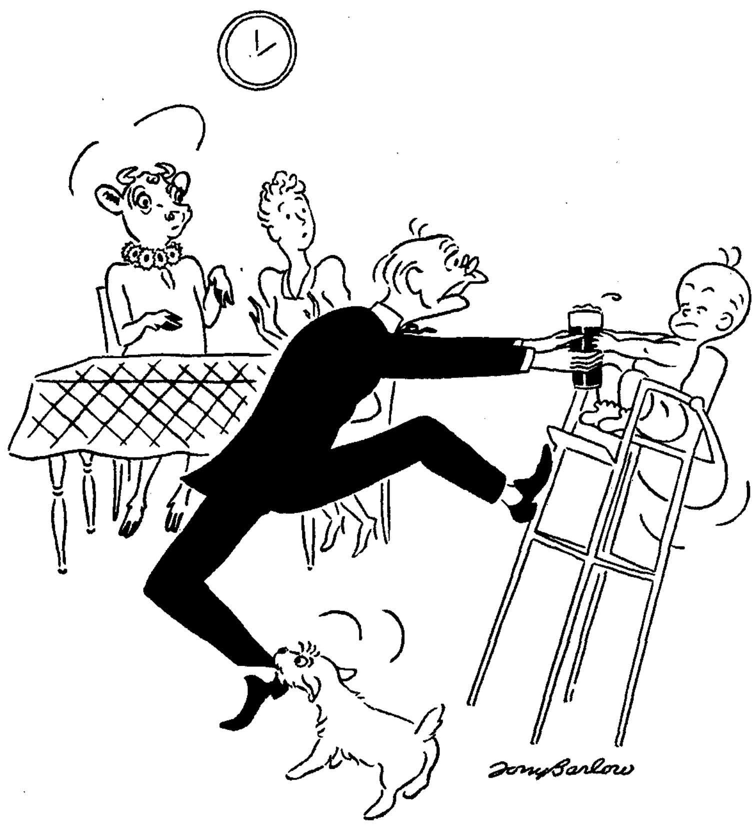

"Grandpa will stop at nothing to get a glass of Borden's HEMO
. . . the grand new way to drink your vitamins and *like* 'em!"

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one poker game. But just about six months after the Bismarck battle, the same misfortune hit the big British Prince of Wales off Malaya, when Jap torpedo bombers caught her without aircraft protection and gave her the works.

A battleship's defense against torpedoes is largely built into her—bulges, double bottoms, triple bottoms, watertight compartmentation so intricate that it takes a newcomer anywhere from a week to a month to learn his way around the interior of a capital ship. It takes longer still to learn the network of piping, drains, valves, floodcocks and pumps by which the damage-control party equalizes the flooding and fights to maintain buoyancy after a torpedo hit.

As for lesser ships, when they have the misfortune to be caught by torpedoes or mines, the term "battle damage" is more or less academic. The British cruiser Galatea took three torpedoes from a German submarine, one after another, and lasted just three minutes after that.

The aftermath of battle is just as tragic aboard the prosaic, unsung work horses of the sea, such as the little Canadian corvette which found her way into a big East Coast navy yard after taking a lot of punishment on convoy duty in mid-Atlantic.

Navy yards are specialists in the repair of battle damage.

We have ten principal navy yards, nine of them along the East and West coasts. The tenth is at Pearl Harbor, but under the conditions of the present war that is more an operating base than a repair base.

Ships are usually assigned to their "home yards" for the repair of battle damage. These yards do all their repairs during peacetime, have full sets of their blueprints and special spare parts, and know their idiosyncrasies (including the boatswain's habit of borrowing any odd bits of hawser he can get his hooks on). When a voyage to the "home yard" is impossible, a ship goes to the first best yard available, and her special equipment comes overland by freight (or overseas, if she happens to be a Britisher putting into a Yankee yard, or a Yank getting help from the British).

Wartime navy yards work in an atmosphere like the pits of a 500-mile speedway race. Workmen totaling into the thousands swarm over a ship, filling her decks with air hose, crouching in corners with oxyacetylene torches, hammering, wiring, cutting, lifting, in what looks like the original madhouse, but has a peculiarly efficient scheme of its own. The ships come in from the ends of the earth, with the habits of the sea and the fleet still on them; their officers and crew look at the workmen with the kind of alien watchfulness that knows how to deal with U-boat attack but not with repair.

In the navy yard a ship gets filled with grime and refuse. The dock alongside her is cluttered with steel plating, spare guns and gun shields, sometimes a new torpedo tube or a new barber chair to replace the one that got knocked out of the ship's barbershop through two inches of gundeck plating.

In one of our East Coast yards, not long ago, a British battleship from the eastern Mediterranean was tied up opposite a big American cruiser from the North Atlantic patrol; a converted yacht was being hauled out of dry-dock to make way for a destroyer fresh from convoy duty. They were painting a 7,500-ton light cruiser with a new kind of camouflage paint to get her ready for sea, and chipping the paint off another until she was measles-specked with red lead.

In peacetime that batch of ships would have stayed in the yard for months. But a week later every one of them was gone, and a fresh batch had taken their places.

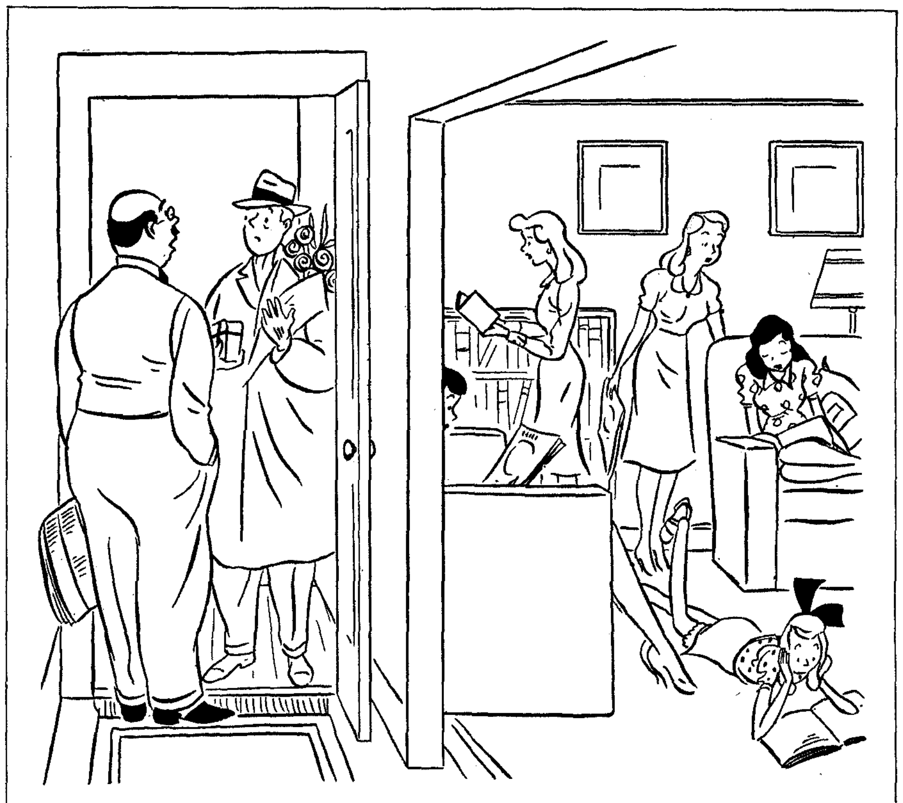
Hot spots of the moment are the West Coast yards at Bremerton and Mare Island. They're doing a good job there, one of the epics of the war, as they service the big battle fleet.

"Hey, Pop!" yaps a sailor working on a stage hung over the ship's side where he can clean anti-fouling paint on the old girl's bottom. "Don't use no wooden rivets! We gotta go back after them yella-bellies!"

"Okay, boy!" says the veteran shipfitter. "We rivet 'em. You sock 'em!"

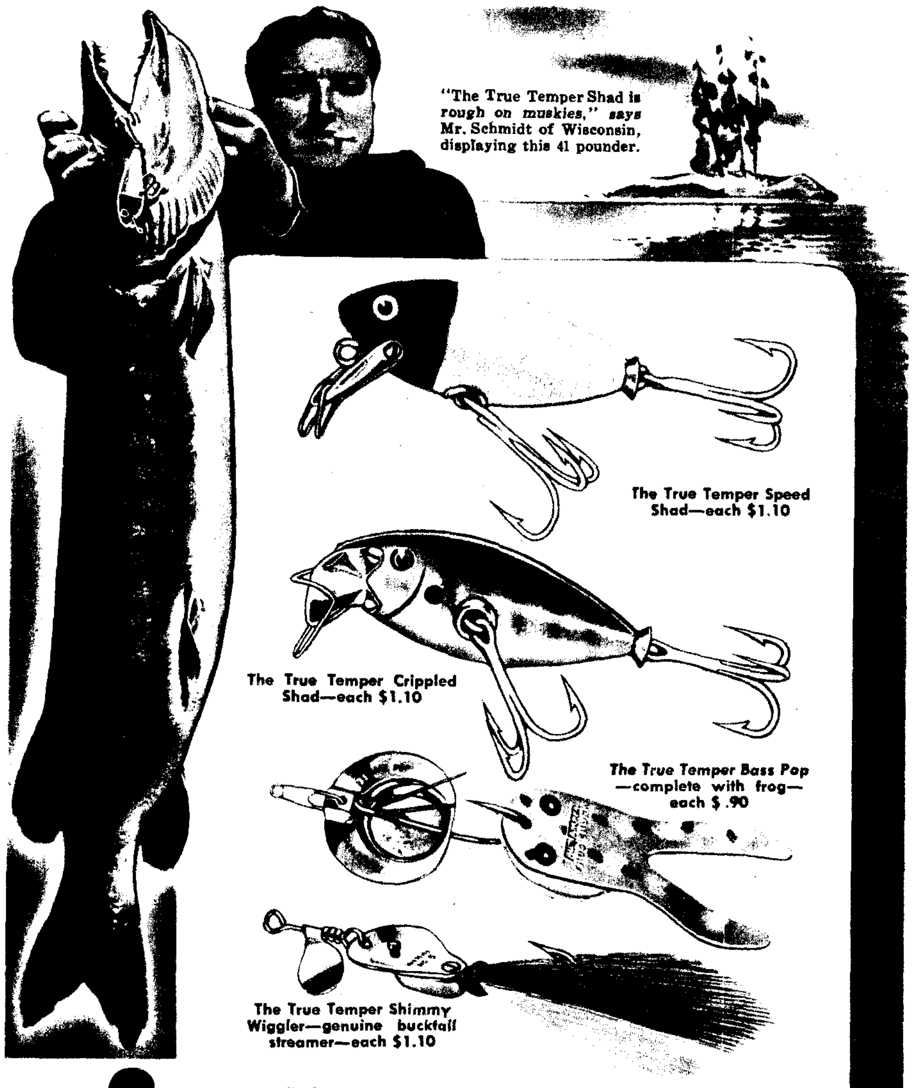
As for the injured ship, you can feel her lift her head, inch by inch, as the battle damage receives its steel healing.

One of these days, shrouded by darkness, she will go back to sea, back to the fleet, ready for another crack at the business of making history.



"No, *she's* not in. Would you like to try one of the others?"

WADE MONROE



"The True Temper Shad is rough on muskies," says Mr. Schmidt of Wisconsin, displaying this 41 pounder.

The True Temper Speed Shad—each $1.10

The True Temper Crippled Shad—each $1.10

The True Temper Bass Pop—complete with frog—each $ .90

The True Temper Shimmy Wiggler—genuine bucktail streamer—each $1.10

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MAKERS OF THE ROD OF CHAMPIONS

● Once in a decade a bait is born that takes fish with ease and in unprecedented number. Result—it sweeps to universal popularity with the speed of a grass fire on the prairie.

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The small shad minnow is the natural food of game fish. The True Temper Shad Lures are a perfect replica of this natural food.

The True Temper Crippled Shad is a floater with perfect wounded minnow action for top water fishing.

The True Temper Speed Shad is a deep running bait with fast, snappy swimming action of unequalled attracting power.

These baits are equipped with a new rock and stump jumper (patent applied for) which prevents hanging up on underwater obstacles. The five-coat baked enamel finish is unequalled in iridescent beauty. Treble hooks are best quality. The exclusive design and action of these baits are protected by patent applications. In results, they are unexcelled.

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The True Temper Bass Pop is a unique surface bait. To the fish it is an awkward live frog—its noisy, splashing action calls in the big ones from yards around—bass, pike, and musky smash it hard.

For fishing success in 1942, equip yourself with these True Temper Baits, the Lures of Experts. Produced only by the Makers of True Temper Products, Cleveland, Ohio—Address Sporting Goods Division, Box 30, Geneva, Ohio.

"Thanks for your wonderful invention." Mr. Freeman, Minn.

"Your True Temper Shad is tops for Michigan small mouth," says Mr. Aho of Mich. Average weight of this string, 3 lbs.

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I want to know more about True Temper—the Lure of Experts. Please send me free the 4-page, 6-color folder that shows your new Shad Lures in complete detail, also other True Temper Tackle.

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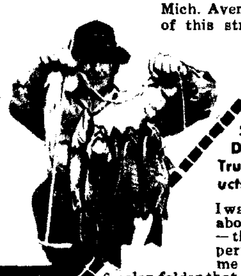

How to Catch a Trout

Continued from page 15

brown-streaked wings, its lemon-yellow legs and three fine, gray tails. What will match it?

Answer: The Green Drake.

There are six well-tied Green Drakes in each fly box. A new one is knotted to the leader. It is lightly touched with floater oil (gasoline and paraffin) to keep it floating higher and longer. Then come a few false casts to dry off excess oil. And the rod tip begins its smooth, bending action.

At the lower end of the pool, where there's room for a long cast, the line flies out, then comes slowly back into the reverse motion. The left hand strips more line off the reel and releases it for the next forward movement of the tip, a slow clockwise-counterclockwise movement—from 12 to 3, then 3 to 12, then 12 to 3 again. At last the line shoots far out. The leader falls lightly down forty feet away. The Green Drake flutters down onto the water, floats among the natural flies passing downstream.

Ten feet, twenty—and then a burnished, violent shadow speeds from behind a sunken boulder, straight to the fly, and strikes. His strong, curved back flashes above water for an instant. A quick thrust of the butt sends the tip bending backward, drives the iron in. The battle is on.

Give Him the Iron!

The plunging trout at once feels the pressure of the hook cutting into his jaw. It maddens him. He breaks water and bounces upward, glittering and bending, his jaws gaping. A rainbow—easily fourteen inches long!

Three times he takes to the air. At each leap, he gives a hard jerk of his canny head. But the sensitive rod tip absorbs the shock, maintains its infuriating pressure. He dives and swings in a lightning-fast arc toward his hiding-place under the boulder. Lifted rod and a tight line keep him out of there; it's a dangerous place, where a leader may be fouled by his antics.

Once more he lunges. This time he dives headlong into the pebbly bottom and bangs his jaw against a stone. Suddenly he rolls to the surface, turns over. The Green Drake gleams in his upper jaw. He's lightly hooked and must be carefully handled. He feints, pretends he's all in, then once more lunges down against the pebbles. This time he darts away, faster than ever. Because he's free. He has knocked the hook out by hard work.

Pupil's voice from the shore: "Why didn't you keep a tight line on him?"

Now it's the pupil's turn. The May flies troop over the water, blown by the rising wind. She selects another well-tied Drake. She lays out a neat cast toward a split rock under the far bank. A thick-bellied trout is working there. His hunger makes him careless. Once he turns over right on the surface. He looks like a "native," a real brook trout and a prize indeed.

Her fly alights just to one side of him, an almost exact shot. But a splashing ripple douses the fly. It drags lifelessly. She retrieves, dries off the fly with a few false casts—and then she makes a sad error. Eager to get a straighter shot at the big fish, she wades too close to the farther shore. There she breaks a most important rule of fly fishing: she fails to glance behind to see if there's room for her back-cast. Her line rolls back and catches in a branch. The fly snags in the leaves, the leader is entangled.

By the time the fly is free and the leader straightened out, the hatch is ended. The wind changes, blows the Green Drakes back into the forest. Moreover, something has frightened the trout, put them down. They have stopped feeding. Or maybe they are feeding deep. This is the time to try another trick, another type of fly.

That first fly is known as a Deceiver. That is, it imitates the natural insect closely enough to make a trout think it's a real one. He'll take it if there are flies like those on the water or if he expects something of the sort. But most of the time there's no hatch going on. That's when the fly fisherman makes his new play and takes advantage of another characteristic of the trout: the ready, ferocious anger that is just as strong in him as his hunger. He likes his comfort there below the ledge and doesn't care to be disturbed. Young trout and minnows keep away from his bailiwick. He'll get mad, too, if any strange thing floats over his private water. Once there was a trout in this pool who hated matches. Every time one came by he struck at it. It wasn't long before he struck at one that had a hook in it. These are the circumstances when the Attractor fly comes into play. Unlike the Deceiver, it's not an imitation of any known insect. It's just a pair of exciting wings, set on a gleaming body.

Best and most popular of all the Attractors is a beautiful dry fly with a beautiful name: Fan-Wing Royal Coachman. It has two large white wings, a smart dash of red in its body, and a long, dark tail. To some people its origin and name are deep mysteries. But a good fly fisherman can explain anything. So here goes:

Once upon a time a king of England, who was just as clever with a fly rod as he was with his scepter, drove out to a famous chalk stream with a party of friends. His Majesty went to work on a great trout that was feeding freely on some natural fly, but nothing in the royal fly box could entice the fish into acceptable action. The king tried six or seven patterns to no avail. Wearied by the trout's inconsiderate behavior, the king waded back to his coach to refresh himself with a glass of wine. He wasn't surprised to find the royal coachman tying a fly. The coachman was an excellent fly tier. But the king was astonished to see the fly as it lay in the coachman's hand. It had two large white wings, a dash of royal red in its body, and a long tail.

Fisherman's Tall Tale

"Steven, my man," cried the king, "what have you there? By hackle, I've never seen the like!"

"Your Majesty," replied the coachman, "I don't know what I have here. I just made it up out of my mind."

"Faith!" cried the king, "I'll try it, Steven. If it kills, you're immortal."

His Majesty thereupon waded back into the stream, laid out the newfangled fly. On the first cast, the trout smashed at it. His Majesty sank the iron in, and, presumably, the coachman become immortal.

There you have it. The story is a deliberate lie, but, like all fishermen's lies, it's a very nice one.

And Steven is immortal. The Fan-Wing Royal Coachman takes more trout, especially in the twilight, than most other flies, and it's the most exciting to fish with because it's so easy to see.

The Fan-Wing is laid out about a foot below the spot where the big fellow is

POWERED TO PAY OFF

● The True Temper Toledo —Rod of Champions— is powered to pay off when a record smasher grabs the lure and starts for parts unknown. It is forged from a single piece of finest rapier steel, clock spring tempered and ground to the taper (patented) that gives perfect action.

True Temper Rods are unmatched—in supple, unconquerable strength—in stamina to halt the punishing power plunge of monster musky, pike, and bass—in speed of action which foils all efforts to shake the hook.

True Temper Power Pays Off—with prize winning fish.

Results 1941 Field & Stream Fishing Contest

More than half of all prize winning bass, muskellunge, great northern pike, and walleyed pike caught on rods of known make in this national contest were taken on TRUE TEMPER—the *Rod of Champions.*

The True Temper Toledo—solid forged steel tip, and the True Temper Professional—with tubular tip formed from a seamless tube of super alloy steel and tapered by our famous Step Down Process—are unequalled in perfection of finish. Guides are Trutempaloy—next in hardness to the diamond, itself. The True Temper Offset Speedlock Handle never lets the reel come loose in battle. Your sporting goods dealer will gladly supply you.

Make your fishing trips in 1942 pay prize winner dividends. Use True Temper—the Rod of Champions. Produced only by the Makers of True Temper Products, Cleveland, Ohio — Address Sporting Goods Division, Dept. K, Geneva, Ohio.

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feeding. A breeze catches its big wings, makes it dance. But it dances in vain. He's not mad yet. Quickly it's retrieved, laid out again, this time five or six feet above him and a little to the right. A turn of the current bears it right over his yard. Suddenly he jerks around, shows his shining back. You can almost hear him growling: "What the devil is that?"

In the next instant he attacks. He bears down on it in a smashing drive. There's no need of giving him the butt. He has hooked himself hard and fast. Out he comes, turns over, splashes back. He starts a fast run upstream. He's hooked so deeply that it's safe to give him the works and in seven or eight minutes he's ready fo the net. He spends his last fury against the mesh and then takes his last dive—right into the creel.

The question now is: What are the others feeding on down there?

Her best guess: nymphs.

Try Eight Times

The quickest and best way to prove it is to clean the last trout, take a peek at what's in his tummy. Sure enough, there's a nymph, one called the Caddis Creeper. But the trout feed hungrily on the Caddis itself—and here in the box is an artificial nymph that ought to do the job. It's fished downstream on a strong wet-fly leader that sinks quickly and will hold the big fellow that it ought to get. Some Catskill anglers simply cast it out into the riffles and let it float down, like a nymph cast loose from an overturned stone. Others prefer to give the nymph a slight jerky action as it rolls under the water.

The lady chooses the second method. She casts over the rock, lets the nymph go down, then tightens the line, and gives her rod tip a slight action. The nymph passes over the place where a good-sized trout has been feeding. The big fellow ignores it, probably because there are plenty more right near him.

"Try again. Try eight times." That's the rule.

For the third, fourth and fifth time the nymph soars out, comes easily down by the rock, vanishes in the water and goes washing down. The trout is suspicious. That's clear. He knows too much. He lies out of sight. But sometimes the wariest trout can be fooled if enough casts are made.

At the seventh cast, he so decides. Out he comes, just as the yellowish nymph goes down. It's a hard hit and he's probably hooked himself deep.

But: "Hit him! Give him the iron!"

The line is tight. His strike has made it tighter, has straightened the leader. Smartly she thrusts the butt down, takes a long stride backward. The rod tip does its work. In goes the fatal iron.

At once he lashes fifty feet down the pool. He seeks deeper water, where he can show his bag of tricks.

"Rod tip up!"

The whole rod bends into a beautiful curve. Its pressure turns him in a rush toward the shore. He fights it, then accepts the lead. There's a ledge handy—and fifteen feet of water under it. The rod holds him back. He bends and unbends in the sunny air, jerks his big head savagely when he bangs back into the water. His spots of golden red melt into a swath of gold. He's a "native" all right and a wise one, hard to handle.

He has plenty of strength in his broad back and thick belly. He takes one more long dash into deep water, tugs at the line to get free for a dive into the rocks below.

"Bring him out of that!"

Slowly, firmly she increases the pressure and he obeys. Inch by inch, turning and yanking before yielding, he stubbornly swims into shallower water. Then, with a wide, halted run toward the bank, he shoots into a safer spot, just where a side-stream flows into the pool. She retrieves line constantly, lifts her rod higher and higher. At last she snatches her net off its clasp and makes ready for the last act in the drama.

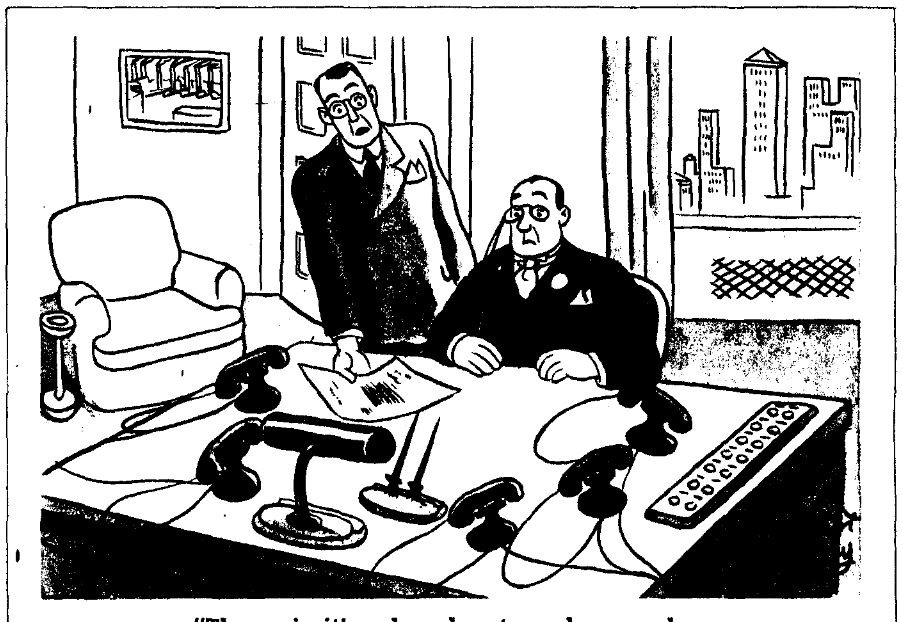
This is the kill. And it's the most delicate, most dangerous part of the sport. For that fat fish still has one last terrific lunge left in him. They always have.

She thrusts the net gently forward, starts to sink it below the water. At the same time, she thrusts her rod away until her rod arm is fully extended. This brings the trout nearer to the net. But not near enough. He backs off again, throws his bulk against her tiring arm and gains a yard. She checks him neatly and repeats the thrust backward of the rod, the deep thrust forward of the net.

Her nearness drives him to the last terrible burst. He threshes, heaves himself upward and then falls backward—falls over the rim of the net. Swiftly she sweeps the net up to the surface. He's in. He gives one last blow against the mesh and nobly subsides.

Now she thrusts a thumb into his gill to make sure that he doesn't make a last break for freedom. And the last job is to take the nymph out of his throat.

The noon whistle blows in old Phoenicia. The fire flames red under the pan and the bacon is sizzling. Into the pan they go, one by one, to make the best possible dish by the best of all possible pools.



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China Gold

Continued from page 42

abruptly. His thick hands were trembling and he thrust them into the breast of his apron.

"Not safe for me here with Father Valerian and you?"

"You must go," he said. "I cannot tell you why. But there are very important things about to happen—let us say only that."

She stared at his flushing face, at his small blue eyes evading hers. "Now you are treating me like a child, Rudolf, and I am not a child. I will not go away so easily. This is where I am happy. I have never been so happy before in my life. I will not go away just because you say I must unless you tell me why."

Rudolf struggled with himself. "You see, I know who you are," he said curtly. "I know you are a very—you are the richest woman in the world, aren't you? So I am told by Father Valerian. Therefore you are worth more than your weight in gold. So many things might happen to you. It is conceivable that the Japanese, if they knew who you were, might—why do I say the Japanese? There are also Chinese bandits to whom your ransom would be a temptation."

"Father Valerian—" she began but Rudolf cut her off:

"Father Valerian is a saint and he knows nothing. What are men to him? He stays here and he cares for anyone who needs care, and that is his life. You must believe me when I tell you that in a few days your life may be in danger."

"And you will give me no more reason than that?"

"I can give you no more," he said. He had himself controlled now. He could look at her sitting there in the strong northern Chinese sunlight, her hair blazing with it, and her flesh transparent in it, and bear the beating of his heart because he knew she was not for him. "I will say only that there are things stirring beneath the scene you see from that window."

"Ta-ming looks very quiet," she said gazing down upon it.

"So also does a volcano until it bursts," Rudolf replied.

SHE could not but be impressed by the seriousness of his voice and his look, and she rose. "When do you think I should go—if I go?"

"At once," he said.

"Tomorrow?"

"Today."

She shook her head. "You know it is not possible."

"It may be possible," he insisted. "Fräulein, I have heard that the American has come here again from Shanghai—he and another American. How do I know? Well, I have my ways of knowing what happens. It is true they are here. They landed only a little while ago in a plane from Hong Kong. They have told the pilot to be ready to return at any moment. Now they will be coming for you—yes, I am sure it is why that man returns, that he may take you away from here. Tell me, do you—" he broke off, biting his sand-colored mustache.

"I will not go away with him," she said.

"He is in love with you," Rudolf said harshly. "If it is at all possible—it may be well for you to go with him."

"Be quiet," she told him shortly. "You are too silly." She came near to him. "You behave very strangely, I think," she said clearly. "Anyone would imagine you were plotting something and that you wanted me out of the way."

"Imagine what you like," he said in a low voice, "but this is my advice—whether you love him or not, go away with the American. Get out of China!"

She flung up her head. "It will take more than your advice—or your command." She marched out of the room and closed the door behind her.

Nevertheless when she was alone in the corridor her pride disappeared and she was only conscious of Elton Field, at that very moment perhaps coming toward the mission. She stood in the middle of the corridor, fingering her red underlip, oblivious to the Chinese who passed and stared at her. Elton Field would go first to the Japanese as he had done before. That meant that he would be approaching the mission from the northern street. Then she must walk in the opposite direction—the direction of the airfield, it was true, but still it would scarcely be likely that he would come direct. She was suddenly determined to be out of the house when Elton came, and she flew out of the hospital toward the chapel, where at this hour Father Valerian would be saying a noonday Mass.

SHE went into the chapel breathlessly. Only a few people were there because it was an hour when the Chinese liked best to be out in the sun. It was a grief to Father Valerian that they would not come to pray except at hours when it was not pleasant to be doing something else. A few devout old people stood before him and crossed themselves at his bidding. She waited while he pronounced his blessing and then he saw her.

Father Valerian came down the aisle toward her, his robes flying back from his long legs.

"Father, I want you to come out of the compound with me—now," she said quickly.

"Now, my child, it is time for luncheon and then afterward I must—"

"Please, Father!" She dropped her voice, though the listening old men and women could not have understood. "Elton Field is here again—I don't want to see him."

"Who told you?" His voice was stern.

"Rudolf says so—Rudolf wants me to go away with him—"

"Rudolf wants you—" Father Valerian was plainly bewildered.

"Rudolf says it is not safe for me in Ta-ming—"

Father Valerian looked as angry as he could. "It may not be safe for you here, doubtless it is not safe, but I think it is safer than for you to go away with that man. I will go and see Rudolf."

"No, Father, please—don't take the time now—he may be here at any moment. Please, Father, just walk out of the gate with me for a little while."

"As we are, child?"

"Just as we are!"

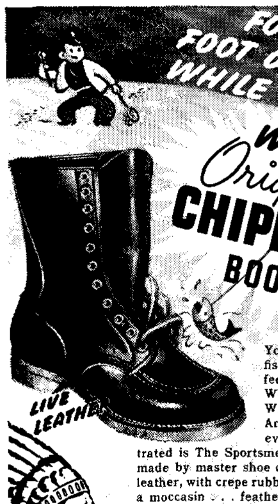
Her voice was so pleading, her eyes so urgent, that he was disturbed and wondered if there were something she had not told him. He said uncertainly, "There can be no harm, if you wish, in walking a little while—but—"

"Then come, Father!"

She wanted to pull him by the hand, but she did not, knowing that he could bear no human touch upon him. She flew ahead of him therefore, and he was compelled by her swiftness to follow.

The hard winter sunshine was pouring down so brightly that it seemed almost warm, but the day was not warm. A piercing wind came down from the northwest and bit into the flesh.

"You have nothing on your head," Father Valerian said. He did not re-



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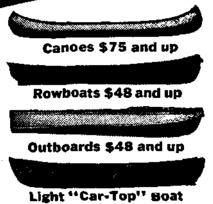

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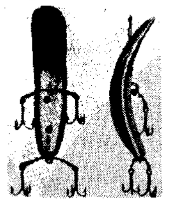

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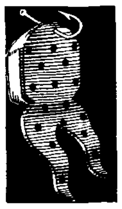

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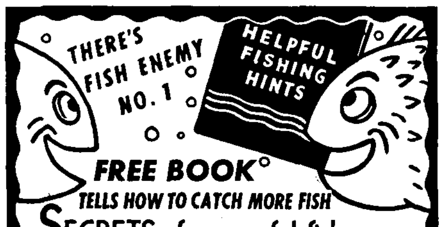

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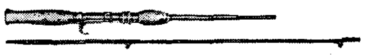

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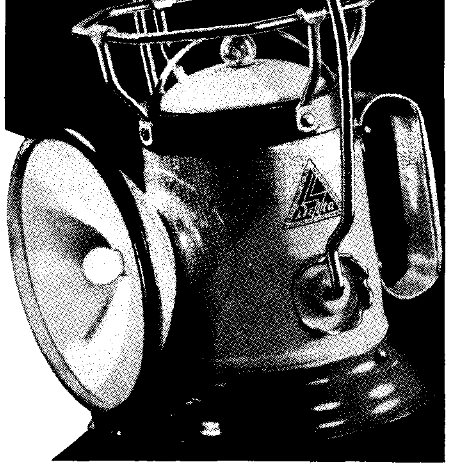

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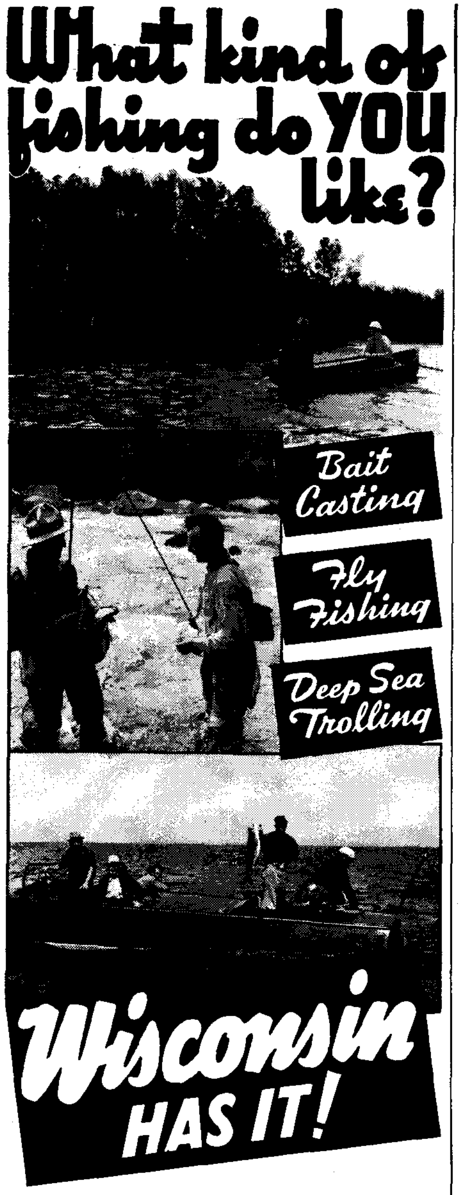

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alize that he was following her lead toward the south. There was almost no one on this southern street. High walls of houses were on either side.

"It doesn't matter—I'm used to being bareheaded," she said but she was breathless.

They walked on, and he wondered at her necessity for speed. He glanced at her profile, rosy with the wind.

"My child—" he began.

But at that moment a certain beggar who had been cowering in the crevice between two walls saw Father Valerian and came to him with a loud cry, and Father Valerian turned his head to the cry.

"Do you remember me, Foreign Priest?" the beggar asked. "See, look at my face and tell me if you know me!"

The man turned a hideously scarred face toward him. He was nearly blind for even his eyelids were scarred, but out of the pinholes left for his sight, his eyes blazed.

"I do not know you," Father Valerian said. "But I can see you have suffered very severely."

"Do you remember a little shop at the corner of the Street of Three Virgins? You used to buy bean curd there, sometimes, when I had it fresh."

Father Valerian stared at him, forgetting all else. "I do remember you," he said. "You had a round, cheerful face. Why, you were only a young man!"

The man began to sob. It was horrible to see the tears try to squeeze themselves out of those pinholes. "The devils—" he sobbed. "They soaked me in foreign gasoline—and set me on fire. Yes, I was truly burned to death. This is not I—a piece of bone and flesh!"

Father Valerian's beard jerked. He could not anwer. How many times he had seen this and yet his throat swelled and his eyes smarted always the same.

"Our Father in heaven, how long!" he murmured. He put his hand into his robes and took out all the money he had in his pocket and poured it into the beggar's stiff, seared hand.

THEN he turned to Elaine. But she was not there. He looked and she was not near him. She was nowhere—he could not see her.

"Elaine!" he cried. "Elaine—Elaine!" It was the first time he had ever uttered her name, and he did not know now that he cried it.

"Where is she?" he asked the beggar. "Did you not see her go?"

"I saw no one but you," the beggar said. "I looked up and saw you going by."

"But there was a young woman with me—a young woman with yellow hair. She was ahead of me, but not very far—I mean, only a few feet!"

"I did not see her," the beggar said, "but then I cannot see much at a time. What I really saw was your shoes. You have bigger feet than anybody in Ta-ming and I looked across the street from where I lay and saw your big shoes and your black robes above them. So I cried out."

Father Valerian did not wait to hear more. They were at a cross street and he ran up and down the streets and shouted her name again and again. But there was no answer. The few people looked at him, and when he asked them if they had seen a young woman with fair hair, they shook their heads, smiling. They all knew who he was, and they were not astonished. No one could be astonished at foreigners who were always strange in their behavior.

He stopped running at last and stopped calling. On either side of the streets for half a mile the high walls and closed doors went on. He was now so terrified that he knew he must go back and get help. He must waste no more time looking for her like this. They must organize a real search.

"Oh, Mary," he panted under his breath as he strode back through the dust. "How could this have happened to our child?"

IN THE square mission house Larch and Elton Field waited, the box of anesthetics between them. They had been met at the door by an old manservant who would not let them in until he had called the German. This German Larch had liked at once, partly because Elton Field had told him he did not like Rudolf Helgel.

"There is something queer about that German fellow," he had told Larch as they rode muleback from the airfield. "The Japanese captain told me they couldn't make out why he stayed on in Ta-ming. He used to be a military adviser in Tientsin but he didn't go back with the others when they were all ordered home. Well, why didn't he? And why is he living with that fanatic old priest? You will see why Miss Brian ought not to stay there. That German—he certainly is not there for any simple reason like the priest."

But Larch had liked at once the straight look out of Rudolf's small bright blue eyes. When he had opened the door he had bowed and clicked his heels.

"Please come in," he had said formally.

So they had come in and sat down on as uncomfortable benches as could be made, and Larch had stared about the room. Was this where Elaine lived? He could not have believed it and then he saw a blue scarf thrown across the one chair in the room with a back. It was so obviously a woman's scarf that he knew it was hers.

"Miss Elaine Brian, please," Elton Field said very coldly.

Rudolf Helgel bowed. "If you please," he said as coldly. "I will see if she is here."

He went away, and the old manservant came and stood motionless by the door while he was gone. Elton Field sneered. "I don't know what they think we can steal here," he said.

Larch laughed. "Maybe—Elaine," he said cheerfully. But Elton did not laugh. He did not like to hear that name coming so gaily from this young man's lips.

In a moment the German came back. "I regret," he said clearly. "She is not here. I cannot find her."

"Do you mean—not in Ta-ming?" Elton Field asked.

The German laughed. "But certainly she is here in Ta-ming. I mean, she has gone out, she is somewhere I cannot find out, perhaps Father Valerian will know when he comes in. He also is out at this moment. The gateman says he thinks they went together. Perhaps there was a call to a house. Sometimes he takes her with him when it is a woman."

"Then we will wait," Larch said. "I'll just sit here if you don't mind."

"Not at all," the German said. He looked from one to the other of these two men. "Perhaps you are cold," he said. "I will send for some charcoal."

"It is cold in here," Elton Field said.

It was at this moment that the door of the room burst open and Father Valerian stood wildly before them. His beard was blown and his skull cap was gone, and the white hair on his head was awry. He saw no one but the German.

"Rudolf!" he shouted. "She is lost!"

ELAINE closed the great gate silently and stood leaning against it. Before her was a brick screen, the wall that guarded the gate, and beyond it the court of a strange Chinese house. No one was

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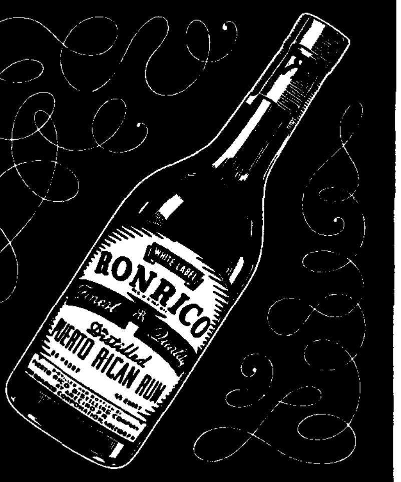

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in sight and she had a moment in which to think. How had Larch come to Ta-ming? If she had not seen him so clearly she must have believed her own eyes mistaken. She had been thinking about Larch so much in the past weeks that her eyes might have lied to her. But she had not been thinking about him at the moment she saw him. She had been thinking only of how to escape Elton Field.

When Father Valerian stopped to speak to a beggar, at that instant there had ridden across the street two white men on mules. One was Elton Field but the other was Larch—there was no mistaking the tall easily upright young figure. His hat was off, as it always was, and she had seen his head clear and dark against the bright blue morning sky. He had been shouting something to Elton, who rode behind him and so had not looked toward her, and she, the instant she had seen his face, had slipped into this gate that stood ajar.

"Larch!" she whispered. She stood dazed—yes, it was he—but how had he come here? She thought, "I ran away from Larch and not from Elton Field." She did not want to see Larch. If she saw him she would love him and all the old misery of her mother's life would be repeated in her life. She thought, "Father Valerian will be frightened when he can't find me, but he will understand when I tell him why I hide myself."

She tiptoed behind the spirit wall and looked about her. The court was a large one with a small formal garden in the middle, a pool and a few fantastic water-shaped rocks in monoliths among the trees. She had seen no houses like this in Ta-ming. But then Father Valerian's life was among the poor. The wall of this house along the street had revealed nothing but a gray blankness. Was no one here? There was only silence. She knew that most of the few wealthy people of Ta-ming had fled before the Japanese came in.

But even as she stood thinking and wondering which she ought to do, an old lady came out of the main house which faced the court. She was very old, small and thin as a child, but she was not bent, and she walked with energy, though her feet were bound into tiny satin shoes not three inches long. Instead of a cane she used a long bamboo pipe that had a silver bowl and mouthpiece. Her eyes as she looked at Elaine were small and exceedingly sharp in their blackness and she cried out in a clear youthful voice:

"Little Peach, here is a white foreign devil!"

At the sound of her voice the maidservant came running out of a side court, as ugly a woman as could be found anywhere. She had had in childhood some disease which had scarred her face not in pits but in heavy welts, and had blinded one eye. But it had mercifully left her mouth untouched, so that now it was sweet and smiling in the ravage of her face. She laughed when she saw Elaine, and swore by her mother in her surprise. "My mother!" she cried. "This is the very first white woman I have ever seen, old mistress, and all that we have heard is true! Her hair is yellow and her eyes are glass!"

"So they are," the old lady said amiably. She stood leaning on her pipe and looking at Elaine with an interest that was almost affectionate.

"Do you not wonder how I came here?" Elaine asked and could not forbear smiling a little at the naïve pleasure of the two women. She could speak Chinese now well enough to understand what these two had said and to answer them.

THE old lady looked frightened. She turned to her bondmaid. "How is it that I can understand a white woman when I have never learned even to read and write my own language?"

"It must be foreign magic," the bondmaid replied. She stepped forward and lightly held the embroidered sleeve of the old lady's coat.

"It is not magic," Elaine said. "I have been studying to learn your language, and if you can understand me, I thank you."

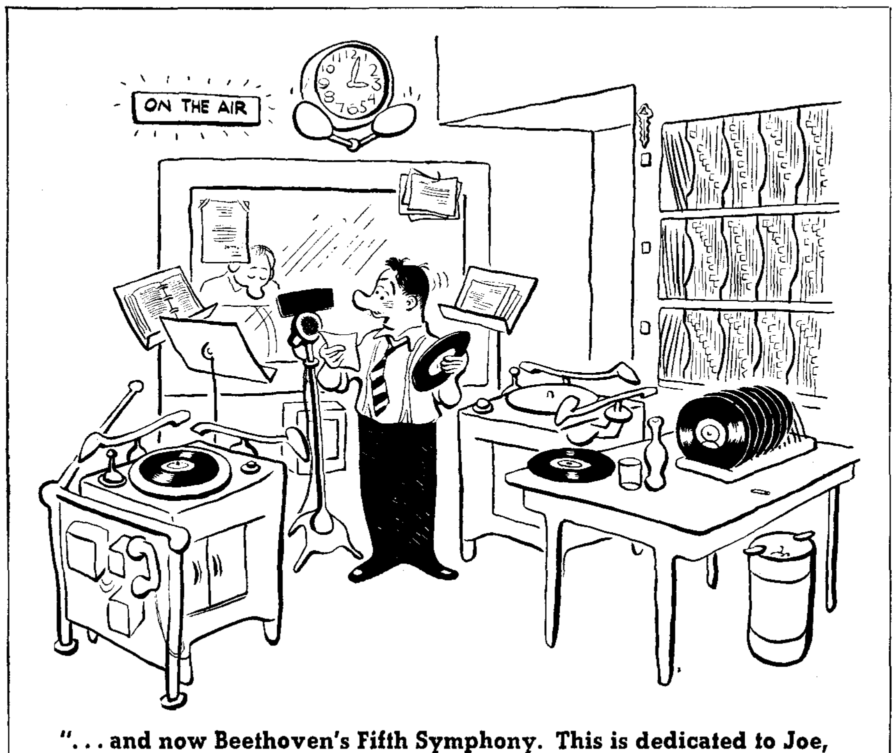
The two still stared at her and so she felt she must say more: "I am very rude to come into your gate but I did it to escape—someone."

"A man?" the old lady asked with sudden perception.

"Yes," Elaine replied in a low voice.

The old lady nodded her little head. "You should not be out on the streets. It is true there is not so much danger for a young woman like you—are you young with that light hair? Here our hair grows light only when we are old. But your face looks very young."

"I am young," Elaine said, "and it is true I should not have been out on the



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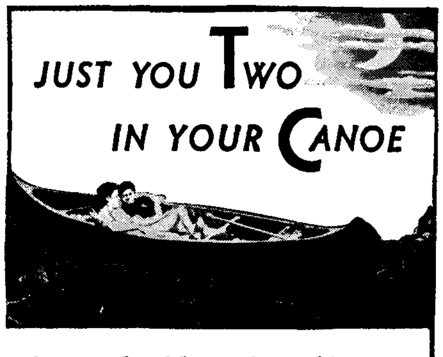

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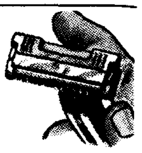

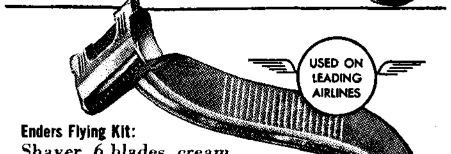

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street. May I shelter myself in your house for a little while?"

The old lady looked at her bondmaid. Plainly the two were doubtful. "We are alone except for one manservant," the old lady said. "My sons and their wives and children and all the young bondmaids went away before the enemy came. I am too old. When they wanted me to go, I said I would not go. So I pay the enemy something—you understand, every month, I pay them rent for my own house, the devils, and they leave me in peace. I myself bargained with that son of a turtle who is their captain. As for Little Peach, even the devils' stomachs turn when they look at her, and so we are safe enough. But what will they say if they find you here? It is not in my bargain with them. I told them we are only an old woman, a bondmaid with a scarred face, and an old gateman."

"Let me hide here for a little while," Elaine begged. "I will send a letter to the foreign priest and he will tell me what to do."

She saw doubt and curiosity struggle on the lively old face before her and curiosity won. "Let the devils be deceived," the old lady said. "This is not the day for them to come and collect the money. Come in and hide in my first daughter-in-law's room. And you must tell me all about yourself and your people." She came forward and seized Elaine's hand. "How white your hand is! Little Peach, look at her hand! It is not small but how white! Is it fragrant?"

She put Elaine's hand to her nose and smelled it and made a grimace. "Ha, it does not smell sweet! It smells of something I do not know. Little Peach, smell!"

The bondmaid smelled Elaine's hand. "It does not smell sweet," she agreed.

"Medicine-water," Elaine said. "I have been caring for the sick."

"You?" the old lady cried.

"Yes, I help the foreign priest," Elaine said. She could scarcely keep from laughter, these two were so naïve, so eager in their interest, so unconscious, seemingly, of their plight in this enemy-ridden city.

The old lady did not let go her hand. "I like you," she said as though she were a queen speaking to a pretty beggar girl. "Yes, you cannot help your glass eyes, and your skin is very beautiful. Tell me, what do you put on your skin to make it white?"

"Nothing," Elaine said. She was following the gentle pull of the little claw of an old hand that led her into the house. "I was born white."

"Was your mother the same before you?" the old lady asked.

"The same," Elaine said.

THEY were now in a room off the main hall. It opened into a small court of its own. Under the surface peace of this strange moment she was thinking in her daze: "Of course I cannot simply stay here. I must indeed decide what I ought to do." She could not sidestep life and slip into a gate ajar and escape it. Or perhaps she could? Would it be possible to send word to Father Valerian and tell him where she was and beg him, command him, to let her stay here and say nothing of where she was until they had given up the search for her? But she could not think clearly. She was living in a fantasy.

The little old lady pushed her into a carved chair upholstered in scarlet wool. "Sit down! You are hungry and thirsty. Little Peach, go and fetch her food. Now, white one, tell me everything. Do the people in your country eat the same food we do? Perhaps they eat some other food to make them such a color? And your hair—let me feel it!" She felt the texture of Elaine's wind-tossed hair. "It is softer than our hair but why does it curl? You must have eaten something when you were a child to make it curl."

"No, I was only born so," Elaine said again.

The old woman laughed. "Tell me, are children born in your country as they are here? Do men beget and women conceive?"

Elaine nodded, suddenly shy, and the old lady laughed again, a ripple of curiously young laughter. "Ah, you are shy, just like our girls! Are you married?"

"No," Elaine said. "I shall never marry."

"Never marry!" the old lady exclaimed in horror. "But all women must marry! Whoever heard of a woman who did not marry? How then will you have children?"

"I shall not have children," Elaine said and thought what folly it was so to speak out her heart to this old one who could have no understanding of a life different from her own.

"You are a nun," the old lady said.

"Perhaps I am," Elaine agreed. It was as easy an escape as any other.

THE old lady leaned over and tapped her knee with a finger as slender as a delicate child's. The nail on it was an inch long. "It is very well to be a nun when you grow old," she said, "but it is a great pity when you are young." She nodded, smiled, and coughed behind her hand. Then she looked grave, put on a grand manner and called out, "Little Peach!"

"Here!" Little Peach shouted. In a few more minutes she came in with a tray of steamed meat dumplings and a pot of hot tea.

"Eat," the old lady commanded Elaine. "Eat and drink!"

She put the dumplings into a bowl for Elaine, and Little Peach poured tea. It was miraculously quiet behind the wall; the court was pretty, even yet. The sun shone down warm into it, and shrubs of heavenly bamboo stood dark green and scarlet with berries. It was impossible to be afraid. Elaine was suddenly hungry in the momentary security. She ate heartily and pleased the old lady so much by her appetite that when the meal was finished, the little creature leaned over and caressed her cheek with her tiny hand. It smelled of musk.

"I like you," she said sweetly. "I like you very much. You may stay with me. You will be quite safe. Even if the Japanese come they will not want a woman who looks like you. You are as safe as Little Peach with her scarred face."

"If I may stay for a few days," Elaine said, "I will thank you."

"A few days!" the old lady cried. Now that she had made up her mind she liked this foreigner she could not like her enough. "You shall stay with me forever! I will make you my daughter—eh, Little Peach? Shall I make this foreigner my daughter?"

Little Peach considered, staring very hard at Elaine. "But if you make her your daughter you must in duty marry her off, and how can that be done?"

The old lady pouted a moment. Then her face cleared. "I will not make her a full daughter—I will just keep her for a toy, a foster-daughter."

"Ah," Little Peach said, "why not, then, if she amuses you, old one?"

These two, Elaine thought, were there two like them anywhere? Around them the whole world had changed, but behind this gate they did not know it. Yes, she could shelter here for a few days, at least.

"If I amuse you, I am glad," she said, and laughed half sadly as she might have laughed at children who did not know there was a war around them.

(*To be continued next week*)

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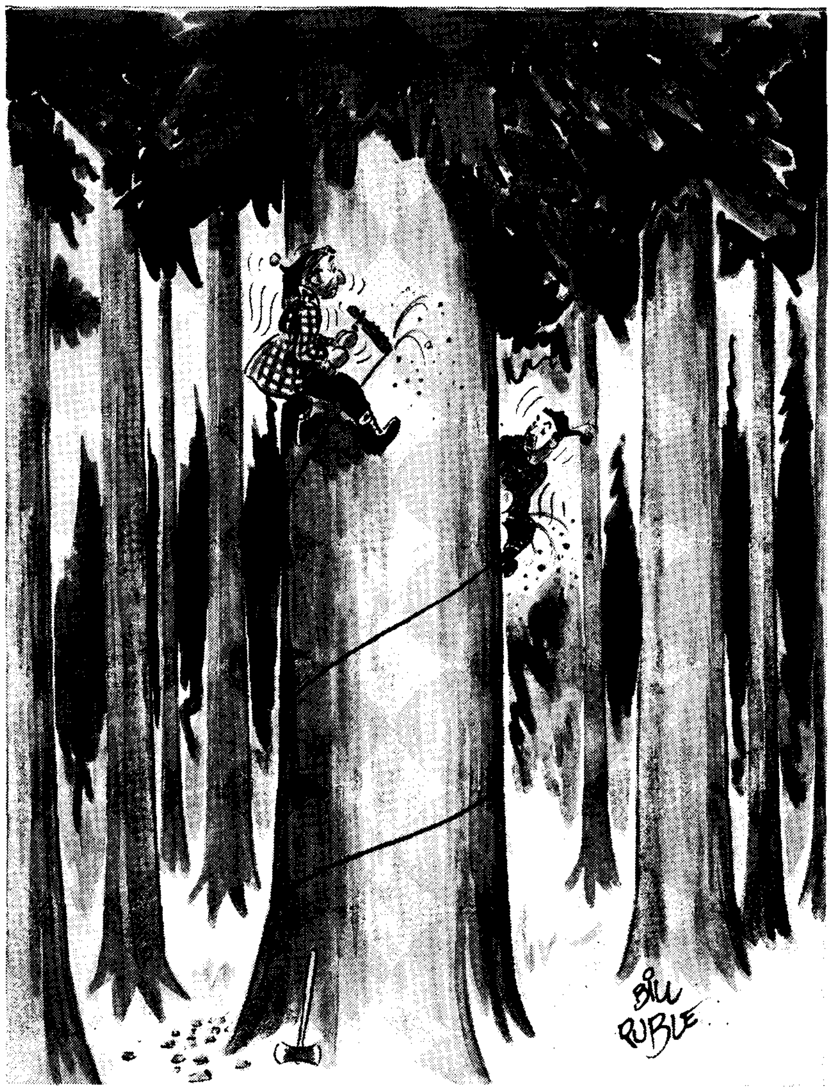
Any Week

Continued from page 4

We are told too, that to the question: "How did you get into the Army?" numerous soldiers are replying: "Political influence." This is most regrettable, indicating that we have made very little progress in the past quarter century. And in this belief we are supported by a bit of intelligence to the effect that a ceteran Infantry officer was overheard warning a group of new draftees not to be carried away by the glamor of mechanized arms. "Look at Hitler in Russia," said he. "He has the most mechanized army in the world and where is it getting him?" But he may be one of that old guard saved from total disaster by General Grant in 1863. General Grant was not noted for his humor. Therefore we suspect grim truth in his reply to a suggestion that, for sanitary reasons, officers of the Union Army shave off their beards. "Take it easy," Grant replied. "If we take off our whiskers there might not be anything left."

A GREAT many of you—Mrs. Willha Bredenbeck of Toledo, Ohio, for a particularly positive one—think that Mr. Roosevelt should set the nation an example of self-denial by getting along without a few dozen nondefense agencies and bureaus. Mrs. Bredenbeck is not content merely to criticize. "If I can get along without sugar," says she, "the government can get along without the CCC. If I can't have a couple of new tires for my jaloppy, Mr. Roosevelt ought to try to get along without his NYA. I gave up my aluminum pots and pans and I think it only fair for the government to close down the Rural Electrification Administration for the duration. Why can't Mr. Roosevelt match us dollar for dollar especially when they are both our dollars?"

BUT now that we're gradually getting used to War Time, we've begun to wonder why the idea isn't being carried on to ultimates. Suddenly an hour was snatched out of our lives while we were deep in defenseless sleep on a remorselessly cold morning. And we find that we didn't miss it. With Mr. Harald T. Bergquist of Portland, Oregon, we don't know why similar Joshua methods might not be applied to whole weeks, months or even years. Why can't we pretend that it is December 6, 1941, all over again and be prepared for the fateful morrow, notifying Admiral Kimmel and General Short to be on their guard? If Congress can say that it is 1926 or some such year for farm prices and if the President can say that it's three o'clock instead of two, what's to prevent the rest of us from letting on that it is next year or any other time less defeated than the moment? We've had quite a lot of correspondence on the subject. For example, why can't we drop a couple of days out of the week, thereby establishing labor's longed-for five-day week? Although that's clearly unscriptural and something we never quite understood anyway. Of course the idea isn't particularly new. A lot of our generals are acting and thinking as if it was still 1917. And for some of our leaders, the clock hasn't budged since the turn of the century. . . . W. D.



"Frankly, I don't think we're getting anywhere" BILL RUBLE

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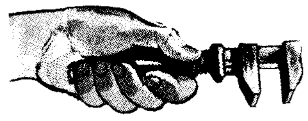

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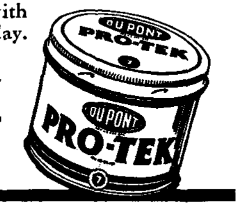


MADE BY DU PONT

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 41

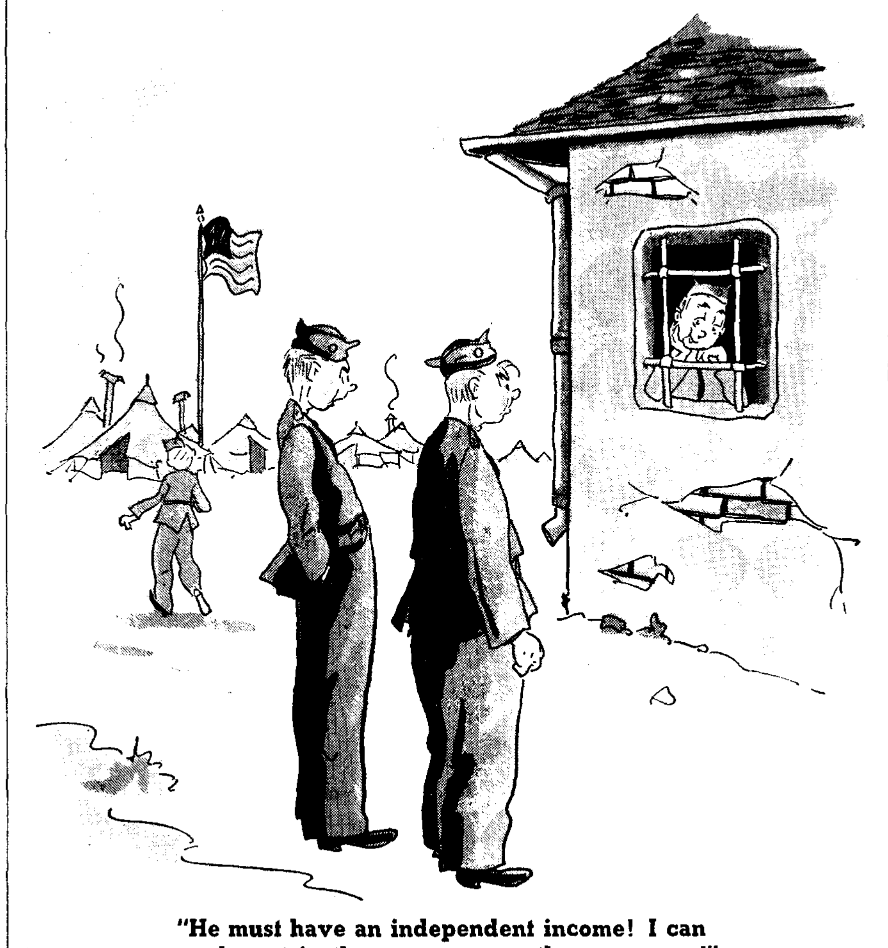
SLOAN FIELD, Texas. Laid out on a flat, barren stretch of what was West Texas ranchland, this installation is slated to become the largest bombardier training school in the world. The site was selected because of the wide open spaces ideal for egg dropping and for climate and atmospheric conditions sized up as the nuts by aviation experts. Five million dollars worth of construction got under way last July 7th, and the first "Hell From Heaven Men" who checked in February 7th are now more than halfway through the 12-week course. Other batches of bombardier cadets will pour in direct from one of the Gulf Coast Air Corps Training Center's two "kindergartens" (Kelly and Ellington).

The field is equipped with the new AT-11's, especially designed for bombardier and gunnery training; with some B-18's; and with the secret bombsights, kept in jail-like vaults that make Alcatraz look like a chicken coop. It boasts the largest ordnance company (the 437th) and the nation's biggest bomb dump, made up of 100-pound practice bombs soon to drop at the rate of about 1,000 a day on near-by ranges. Each AT-11 is rigged to hold ten 100-pound practice bombs, racked five to each side and to be released individually or in salvo from as high as 20,000 and as low as 100 feet over the 80-mile campus of the bombardier college. White circles form daytime targets, crosses of lighted flares are the objectives at night. Hits are checked from spotting towers near each target and with giant aerial cameras carried in the planes.

MATHER FIELD, California. Private phone calls to the boys in camp have been restricted, but a love-inspired gal in Beverly Hills has found a way to beat the ban. After 8 P.M. she calls the field and asks to speak person-to-person to the squadron commander. It's a legitimate request but she's told—as she knew she would be—that the commander has gone home for the evening and will she speak to anybody else? "Well," she says with well-studied hesitancy, "if the commander isn't there I suppose Private So-and-so (her boy friend) COULD take the message for him." She says it works like a charm. Or has up to now anyway.

CAMP CALLAN, California. The stork made a powerdive on this cantonment at Torrey Pines Mesa one quiet Sunday morning and discovered the Army and Navy ready to work hand in hand. Object of his visit was the wife of a pharmacist's mate stationed at the San Diego Naval Hospital. Returning from a visit in Los Angeles, the highly expectant mother was transferred to an ambulance 20 miles north of Camp Callan, and the baby arrived before the vehicle swerved into camp and screeched to a stop at the nearest infirmary. Medical Officer Lt. James R. Matson dashed out. . . . Later, Mamma and her five-pound boy proceeded leisurely to the Family Hospital at the San Diego Naval Air Station—the original destination—where the sailor father waited, oblivious to his debt to the Army; and Camp Callan chalked up another first for any Army replacement center: The birth of a Navy baby on its premises.

CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, Arkansas. The hutment song is being tapped out by hammers in the hands of carpenters converting this tent camp into frame buildings 16-feet square for officers, who, since last month, are required to live on the post, and for men who are spending eight weeks in the Medical and Branch Immaterial Replacement Train-



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ing Centers. (Try and find out what Branch Immaterial means. Nearest we could get to an explanation was, it's immaterial what branch of service you get into—you get eight weeks' basic anyhow). If, by the way, you think enlisted men have a monopoly on grousing, you should have heard the officers at Robinson when they learned that, instead of breakfast with the little woman in Little Rock, they now have to sleep and eat on the post, paying $30 a month for grub. This is war.

KAISER WILHELM was the given name announced by an Arkansas Negro, born in 1918, who showed up at Robinson for induction. Said his folks saw the name in the papers and thought it sounded nice. Later, when neighbors growled, the parents were "too contrary" to change it. . . . Robinson examiners also report the case of the Harvard graduate, who, inadvertently put into the wrong group, went through a test designed for illiterates. He came out looking slightly puzzled. "The questions," said he, "were extraordinarily simple."

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Missouri. His commanding officer wanted to know why he was six hours late returning from leave, so Pvt. John MacDonald told him. "Sir," said he, "I came through 600 miles of blizzard, as follows: In Minneapolis I boarded a transport plane for St. Louis and we were grounded at Des Moines, where I laid out a hundred bucks for a private plane, which managed to fly ten miles before the weather forced her down. Then I walked eight miles and hooked a ride in a coal truck for forty-six more miles, after which I hired a taxi. The taxi stalled in the drifts. A bus came along and I got to Kirkville just as all road traffic was stopped. Finally, I got a train for Columbia, another cab to Jefferson City, and a bus brought me into the fort. Sorry I'm late, sir."

MARINE BASE, Quantico, Va. Sixty-two newly commissioned lieutenants have fanned out from this base and are visiting universities and colleges in every state in the country where they are putting on a sales talk for the Marine Corps. Within the next thirty days they hope to have persuaded a sizeable gang of college students to take officers training courses. If the Army doesn't get you, the Marines will.

FORT BRAGG, N. C. For the first time since the Signal Corps lost the aircraft in the early days of the last war, a branch of the Army other than the Air Corps will be equipped with organic aviation. The 13th (Heavy) Field Artillery Brigade is in line to receive a dozen or more low-powered, two-place "Grasshoppers" (Collier's, Nov. 22d, 1941) which the brigade will use to observe its own long-range fire. Artillery officers will act as pilot-mechanics and observers, thus releasing Air Corps pilots for combat duty. Another important advantage is that the artillery will control its own observation, no longer dependent upon infrequent release of Air Corps ships for this duty. The Air Corps likes the idea; so do the brass hats in the light artillery, which will conduct similar tests with 2d Division units.

CAMP BLANDING, Fla. Artilleryman Pvt. Sheldon Summers sat in front of his tent, the other day, with a five-pound carton of dog biscuits, one of which he handed to each guy who walked by. "It's on me," announced Pvt. Summers. "My dog has just had four pups."

COMPLETION of eight theaters at Blanding has put the Station Complement in the picture-show business in a big way. Seven of the theaters seat 1,038 men each; the other, for the small detachment of Negro troops, takes care of 600. First-run movies play to an average of 15,000 customers nightly and there's no more griping about three-mile walks to reach a show; the new theaters are so located that no company street is more than half a mile away from a Hollywood epic.

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. Four of five cadets, invited to dine with five Jacksonville gals, returned to the station glowering and exhibiting unmistakable signs of a slow burn. Seems the missing cadet had copped the prettiest mouse and scrammed from the party. After a council, one of the quartet phoned the beauteous babe at her home and announced he was the Communications Office. "Will you please," he asked, "give Cadet Blank the following message? 'Twins arrived. Doing nicely. Love. Your wife.'" Presently the outraged victim boiled back into camp. "Even if I were married," he told the quartet after an hour's discussion of the business, "I'd never think of having twins."

GENERAL

"THERE'S a vast army of us," writes an Army wife, "doing our job for defense, not wearing the uniforms of any volunteer corps and unknown to one another, although we have a very common bond. Why isn't there some badge to show the part we are playing, or an insignia to show our position, and our husband's rank, in this fight? It would help us recognize one another and save us many embarrassing incidents." The housing problem, by the way, continues to be pretty bad in spots. At Fort Dix, N. J., for instance, Army wives are permitted to live in the Officers' Mess (Club) for a week only; then they have to move into a $21-a-week room in some near-by town and share one bathroom with thirty-five other disconsolate Army wives. It's not only expensive but tough on morale.

IF YOU'RE interested in new slang and the derivation of Army terms, get yourself a copy of Army Talk, written by Col. Elbridge Colby and recently published by the University of Princeton Press. It's the answer to a lot of letters received by this department from readers who get yardbirds mixed up with dogfaces, and vice versa.

NOTE to people who write letters to the commanding officer at Camp Boyd, Texas, and especially to the Bureau of Public Relations, Washington, D. C., which has been mailing press releases regularly to this post: All mail addressed to Camp Boyd is automatically forwarded to Fort Bliss. Camp Boyd is a hangover from the previous world war and isn't garrisoned. Hasn't been for 24 years.

ALL available chromium is being used in war industries, with the result that the Army is beginning to order a silver finish for all flatware to be used at mess. Fancy stuff, but another headache for the boys on K.P. duty.

THE supply of nickel is limited, too. According to recent newspaper dispatches, the nation needs a name for the new five-cent piece, which will be made of mixed copper, silver and any other alloy the Director of the Mint decides will do the trick. Some of the suggested names heard around Washington include "sico," "cosi," and the well-known "jit."

HOW about just plain V—for you know what? G. W.

Spud
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SOOTHING MENTHOL
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ACTUAL SIZE
20% More Length—equal to 4 extra cigarettes per pack!

Throat Husky?

Time to give it a Rest!

WHENEVER -

√ YOUR THROAT IS DRY—PARCHED

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√ YOU DEVELOP SMOKER'S COUGH

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When smoking begins to "tell" on your throat, accept the pleasing relief of mildly mentholated Spud Imperials! They're *specially designed* to protect your throat from the irritation usually caused by cigarettes. Spud Imperials give you:

MILDER MENTHOL—Because *just enough* soothing menthol is distributed evenly throughout the cigarette by an exclusive patented process. *No menthol overdosing!*

GREATER SAFETY—Because the special moisture-retaining agent used in Spuds does not produce the common throat irritant present in the smoke of nearly *all* cigarettes. And, because Spuds are 20% longer, you get a still cooler and better-filtered smoke.

EXTRA QUALITY—Because only finest vintage tobaccos—aged to perfect mellowness—are used in Spud Imperials. No coupons—just fine tobaccos.

Try new improved Spud Imperials for a few days. Or smoke them regularly, as thousands do—purely for pleasure. But *by all means* change to Spuds whenever your throat is irritated.

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New Improved
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THE WORLD'S COOLEST CIGARETTE

Collier's

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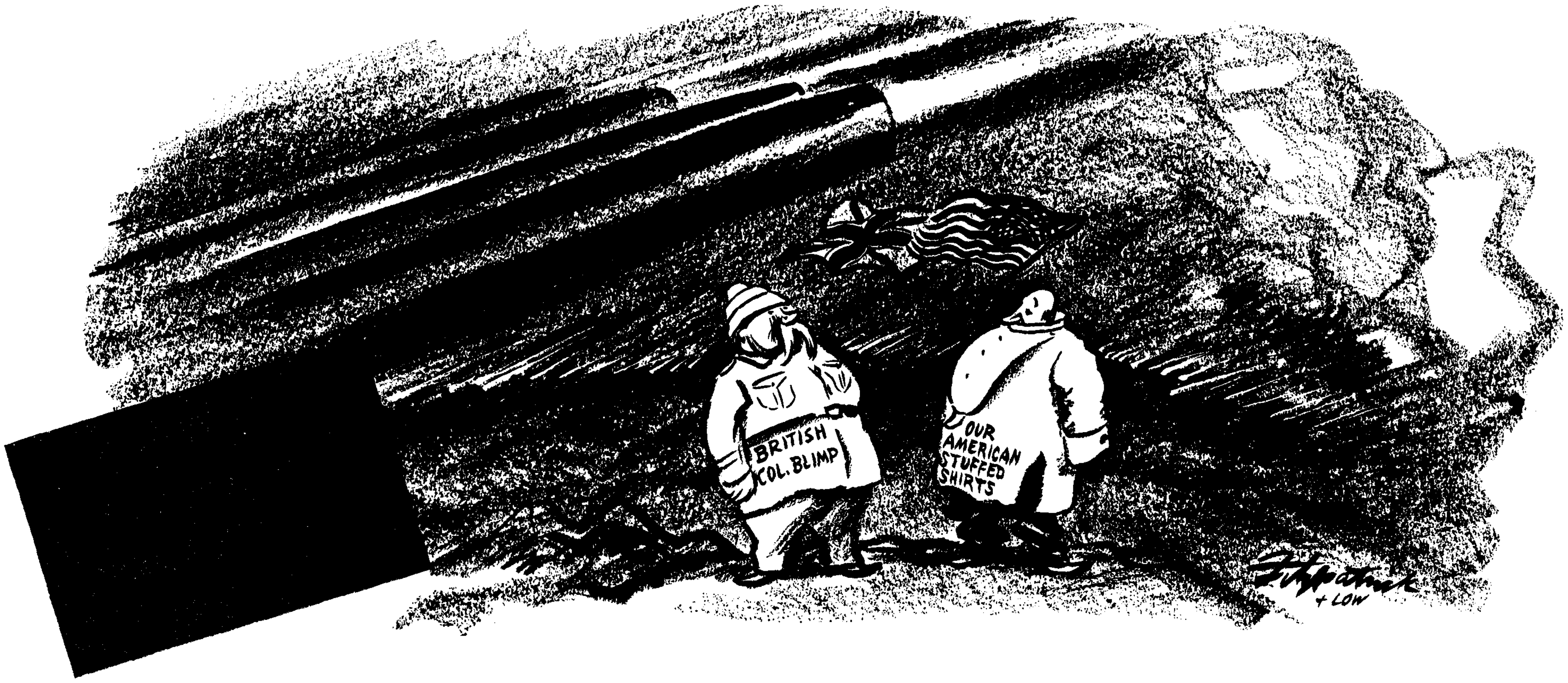


THIS reporter, for one, has now heard enough jokes and beefs about our British allies to last till next Thanksgiving Day at least. Whenever we hear another of these japes, the thought goes thundering through the bean that we Americans haven't been so superior to the British in our conduct of the war to date that we can justly snoot them.

The British pulled some awful boners in Malaya and in the short-lived defense of Singapore. But in two and a half years of war, the British have yet to surpass the boner of Pearl Harbor. And according to a broadcast by Martin Agronsky from Australia, a United States fighting ship in one of the early actions off Java found itself trying to struggle along under a Japanese dive-bomber attack with 1930 and 1931 ammunition which had been tested a year before and found to be only 30% effective. The Navy is now investigating this charge.

Britain's famous old-school-tie boys, who cluttered up her government in such profusion until Churchill began weeding them out, and the equally famous Col. Blimps who still clutter up her army to some extent, have no doubt been responsible for a lot of Britain's griefs in this war. There is no objection that we can see to well-aimed gibes at these gentry, in the hope of cutting down their power to gum the British war effort.

But we have a few Col. Blimps of our own, to say nothing of a few Admiral Tubbaguts and a selection of all but incredible stuffed shirts in high government circles. For all our vaunted flexibility and mental agility, we didn't pigeonhole enough of these characters in time to avoid the Normandie disaster.

And so it goes. Making allowance for the different lengths of time the two nations have been in the war, you can match boner for boner between the United States and Great Britain.

Our two countries are in this war together, for better or for worse, and up to the neck. The more energy we refuse to waste in mutual recriminations, the more we'll save to spend on the Axis. Up to now, the Axis has shown itself capable of absorbing all the energy we've been able to send against it. It has also shown itself to be adept at making military capital out of every suspicion of inter-Allied friction.

Au Revoir—But Not Goodby

THE automobile industry has gone in for war work 100%, most likely for the duration. It hasn't been any too much fun to see those photographs or newsreel shots of the last cars rolling off the assembly line. It makes you feel as if a chapter in American history has been finished.

As a matter of fact, it has. The automobile wrote a large part of the history of the last 40 years or so in this country.

Its development from a curio into something that would actually run with fair dependability was a characteristic American achievement, to begin with. We always were a gadgety, mechanical-minded people. The gasoline engine harnessed to a buggy had an irresistible appeal to that trait in us, and the results were colossal.

Thoroughly American, too, was Henry Ford's notion that this rich man's toy could be simplified and improved into a cheap car which millions of people could afford to buy. Ford, along with various other pioneers of the motor industry, made that dream come true.

Among them, they produced another revolution. When they began to tinker, this was a giant, sprawling country, loosely knit by a network of railroads, scarred by unspeakable dirt and mud roads outside the cities, and therefore quite capable of coming apart under strain. The automobile forced the construction of a nationwide grid of fine roads—the finest highway system in the world. It brought us all closer together, mentally as well as physically; it united the nation as nothing else could have done.

Now that we are at war, the automobile is paying us still another national dividend. These highways can be—are being—used for the swift shuttling of troops and arms from anywhere in the United States to anywhere else in the United States. If we should be forced back to a last-ditch defense of our own country, our highways would constitute a ready-made system of interior lines on which we could put up a dancing-wildcat fight.

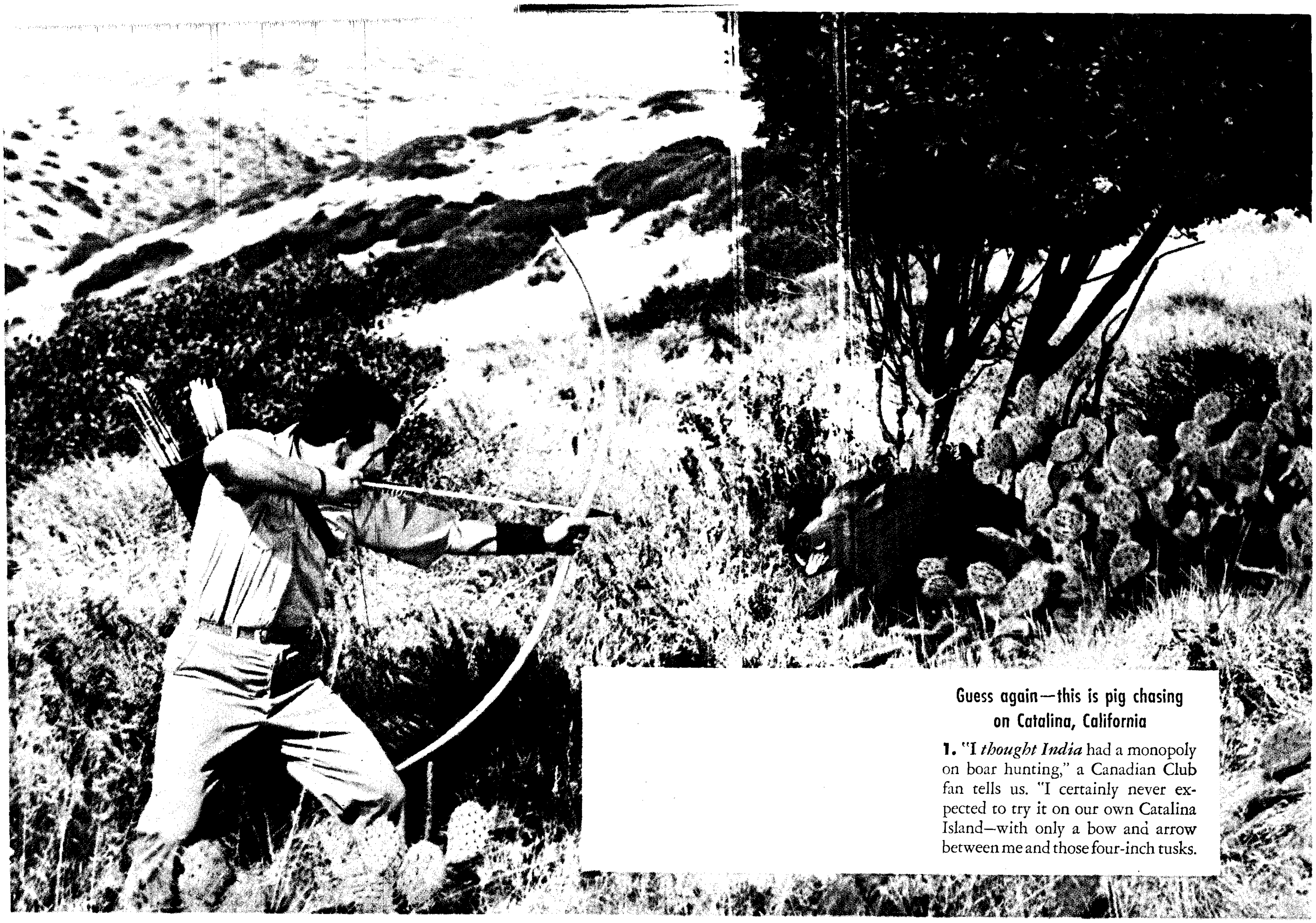
What next in the saga of the motorcar? Well, the veteran airplane designers and manufacturers have now teamed up with the automobile people in a number of instances to produce fighter, bomber and trainer planes for this war. The airplane men supply the designs that they have pioneered and improved; the auto men furnish the mass-production methods that they made into one of the great boasts of American industry. Between them, the two groups should be able to turn out enough planes and other machines of war to bat the ears off the Axis in time.

Then what?

Well, by that time a lot of the 33,000,000 cars now in circulation in the United States should be about ready for retirement. We can't believe the country will go forever short of rubber. We think that problem will be solved somehow—and that it had better be, unless we want our whole economic system to take a body blow.

After the war, there should come a new birth of the auto industry, plus a tremendously expanded airplane industry. There are all sorts of dreamy, half-baked plans floating around for beating the expected postwar depression. It may be beaten by the hard, cold fact that a lot of Americans will then want a lot of new cars, and that huge facilities for producing cars will exist, plus the fact that numerous homecoming fliers will be determined to keep on flying.

It's just possible that the automobile, aided by its younger brother, the airplane, will again make America over—after the big job now in progress is finished.



Guess again—this is pig chasing on Catalina, California

1. "I *thought India* had a monopoly on boar hunting," a Canadian Club fan tells us. "I certainly never expected to try it on our own Catalina Island—with only a bow and arrow between me and those four-inch tusks.

. "*Catalina* has an efficient custom for getting up its cky slopes. You take hold of your horse's tail, say 'Gid-p!' and up you go! Eventually, if you're lucky, you find urself facing a charging boar!

3. "I *managed to bag* a 200-pound tusker; so when we got back to Eagle's Nest, perched high up on the Catalina hills, we celebrated my unique achievement very appropriately—in the unique flavor of your Canadian Club!

4. "*Back to sea level,* it took a swim at one of the tropic beaches to get the kinks out of my joints for the evening ahead.

5. "*Popularity* must be Canadian Club's middle name! That evening I found its one-of-a-kind flavor as highly esteemed among the visitors at the smart Catalina night spots as among the men up at Eagle's Nest—and everywhere else my travels have taken me!"

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor.

No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch —*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).

Canadian Club
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Distilled and Blended by
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THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

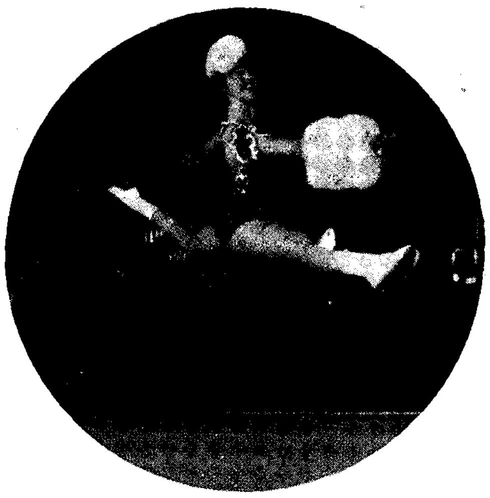
"*Canadian Club*"

Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Copr. 1942

1/30,000 OF A SECOND!

It takes high-speed photography to "stop" Dorothy Lewis's flashing blades, but it's easy to see her preference for Camels

FASTER than the blink of any human eye, the amazing stroboscopic camera catches film star Dorothy Lewis in one of her brilliant routines on the ice of the Iridium Room in New York's Hotel St. Regis.



DOROTHY LEWIS studied ballet from the age of 4, and almost all her routines combine the deft artistry of the toe-dancer with the fluid speed of the skater. Her cigarette combines extra mildness and flavor in a costlier tobacco blend that has never been duplicated. She smokes Camels exclusively.

THIS REMARKABLE leap above was first worked out in ballet slippers—in the same way Miss Lewis works out all her routines. Many's the Camel she smokes as she relaxes. "Yes, I smoke a good bit," Miss Lewis says. "I've found Camels milder by far."

"NOT ONLY are Camels milder," says Miss Lewis, "but they always taste so good. No matter how much I smoke, Camels never wear out their welcome. Smoking wouldn't be half the fun without Camel's full, rich flavor."

"CAMELS HAVE THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS WITH ME—LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE"

"THE MORE I SMOKE, the more I appreciate Camels," says Miss Lewis at a late supper with friends at the St. Regis. "Their cool, rich flavor is all the more enjoyable because Camels are so mild – with less nicotine in the smoke." You, yourself, try Camels. You'll like that grand flavor – and you'll like knowing that there's less nicotine in the smoke (*see below*).

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested – slower than any of them – Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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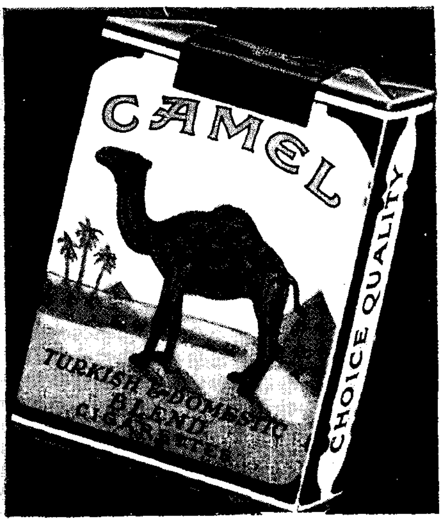
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

Camel

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